The Saturday Evening
POST
June 15, 1957 — 15¢

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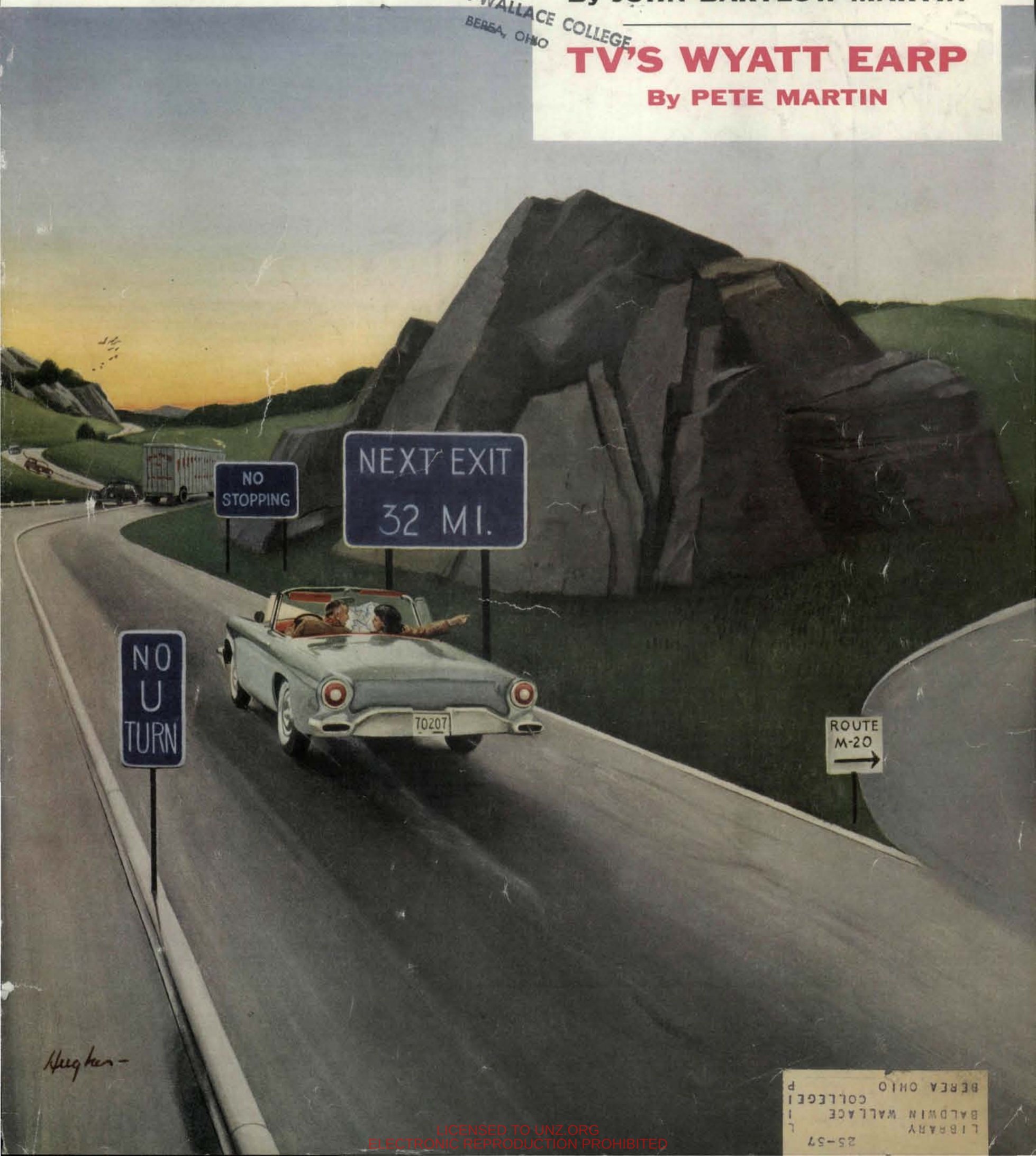
THE DEEP SOUTH SAYS "NEVER!"

The Hard Facts About "Integration"

By JOHN BARTLOW MARTIN

TV'S WYATT EARP

By PETE MARTIN



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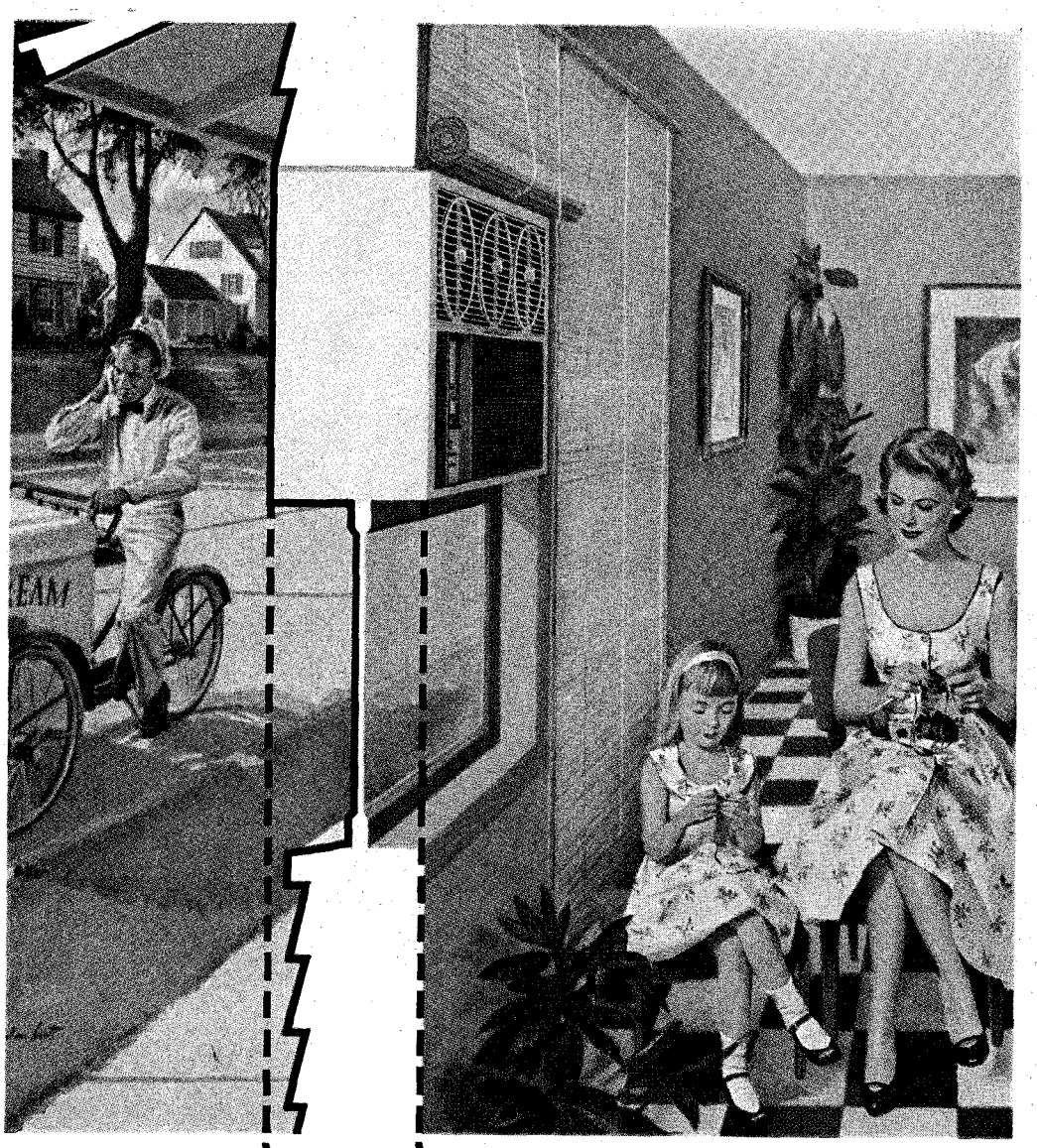
General Electric Thinline Air Conditioner has no unsightly overhang—inside or out



No matter what kind of windows, wiring, color scheme or budget you have, you can have the cool comfort of a modern General Electric Thinline.

Here's why the ideal air conditioner for your home is the General Electric *Thinline:*

It fits anywhere. So compact (only 16½ inches thin) that it fits almost any kind of window. Flush with inside wall, no unsightly overhang outside, takes up ⅓ less space than previous, old-style models.

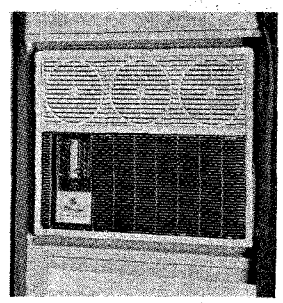
It fits any wiring. Some *Thinlines* work on so little current that there's one to fit the electrical service you already have.

It fits any color scheme. Six cheerful spray-on colors blend your Custom *Thinline* models with any décor.

It fits any budget. Both the Custom *Thinline* (shown at bottom) and the even lower-priced De luxe model (left) are temptingly priced. So *now* there's really no reason to do without cool comfort. They come in ½, ¾, 1 and 1½-horsepower models, range from 5500 BTU's* to 13,350 BTU's.* Accessories include a *permanent* electronic filter (at extra cost).

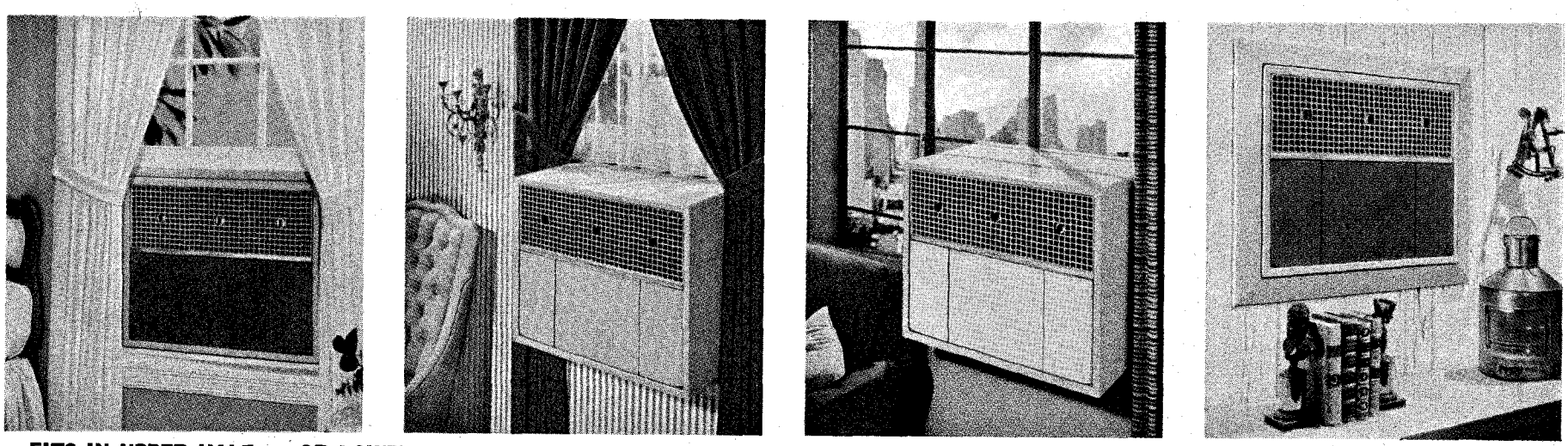
See your General Electric dealer now. General Electric Company, Room Air Conditioner Dept., Louisville 1, Ky.

New 115-volt, 1-HP Thinline packs a 9,000 BTU* cooling capacity. Another *Thinline* works on 7.5 amperes, has a rating of 6600 BTU's.* Both are De luxe models, at hard-to-resist prices.



***Cooling capacities** are tested and rated in compliance with ARI (Air Conditioning and Refrigeration Institute) Standard 110-56 and are stated in BTU's (British Thermal Units).

Only 16½ inches thin—takes up ⅓ less space, fits almost anywhere



FITS IN UPPER HALF . . . OR LOWER HALF . . . CAN GO ALL INSIDE OR ALL OUTSIDE . . . IN CASEMENTS . . . OR RIGHT THROUGH THE WALL

There are two General Electric *Thinline* styles—Custom and De luxe. Custom models, shown in four typical installations above, give you a choice of colors.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

LIVE BETTER ELECTRICALLY

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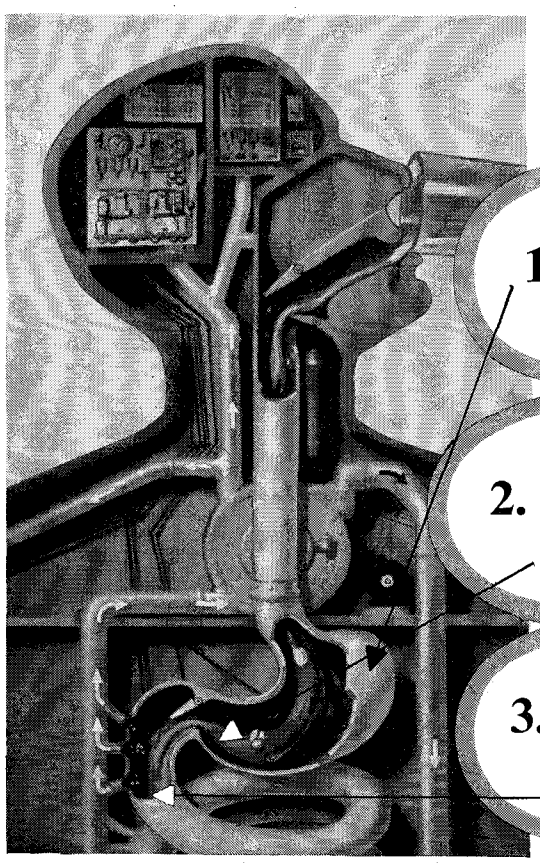
Pain? Headache? Cold Miseries? Muscular Aches?



1. Medical science knows that a pain reliever must go through the stomach and into the blood stream to relieve pain.

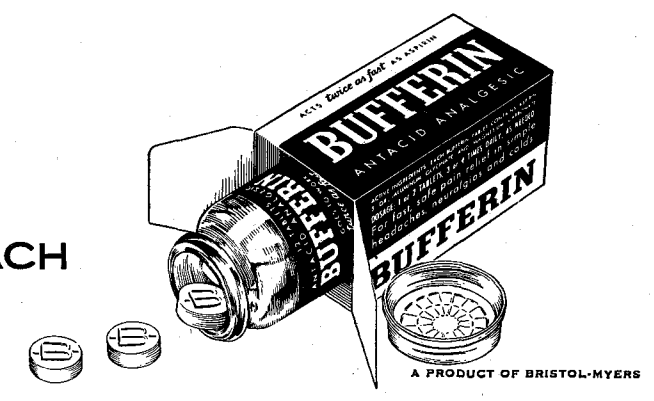
2. Bufferin combines aspirin with two antacid ingredients. These speed the pain reliever out of the stomach and into the blood stream twice as fast as aspirin. So . . .

3. Bufferin acts twice as fast as aspirin to relieve pain. And it won't upset your stomach as aspirin often does.

BUFFERIN®

acts twice as fast as aspirin!

WON'T UPSET YOUR STOMACH



A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

IF YOU SUFFER FROM PAIN OF ARTHRITIS OR RHEUMATISM, ASK YOUR PHYSICIAN ABOUT BUFFERIN

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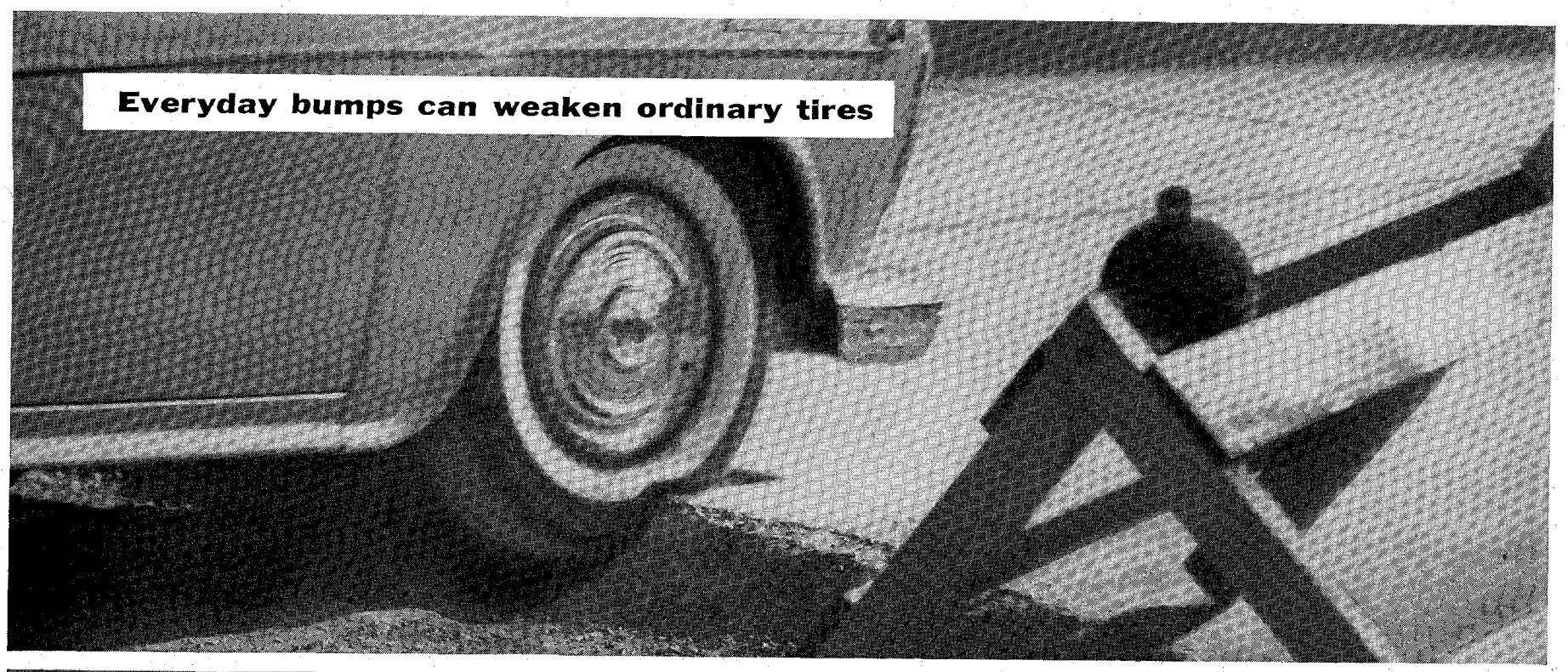
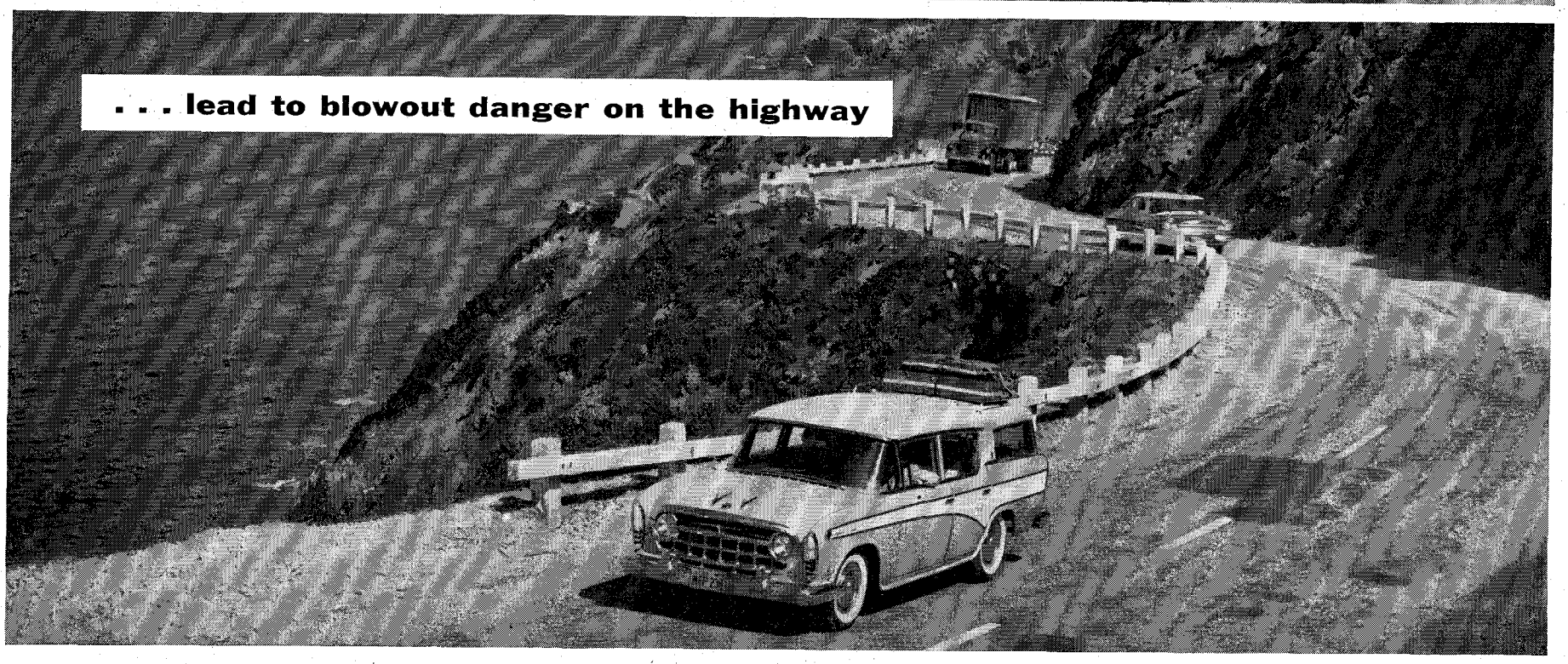




Now nylon cord gives tires lasting strength, means new freedom from fear of blowouts

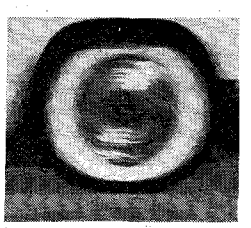
Nylon's shock-absorbing toughness shrugs off the everyday road shocks that can cause unseen damage to ordinary tire cord, lead to blowouts under the stress of highway driving. For today's heavier, more powerful cars, for the sustained speeds permitted on today's highways, nylon cord tires give you a priceless extra margin of safety. The *lasting* strength and protection of nylon cord tires have been proved in billions of miles of use by truckers.

All tire companies make nylon cord tires. Whether you choose premium or standard nylon tires, they offer you greater protection than comparable tires made with ordinary cord. Look for the identification on the sidewall. Insist on nylon when buying new tires—change to nylon when buying a new car.

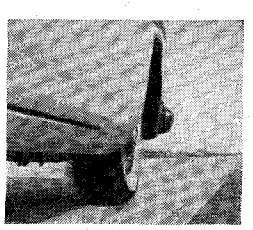
NYLON CORD PROTECTS AGAINST THE 4 MAJOR CAUSES OF BLOWOUTS

1. BRUISE DAMAGE. Nylon's shock-absorbing toughness protects against impact damage caused by hitting a bump, hole or rock.

2. MOISTURE DAMAGE. Water can't rot nylon cord. Nylon ends blowouts due to moisture seeping in through cracks or cuts in tires.



3. FLEX FATIGUE. Nylon's resilience gives lasting protection against the strength-sapping flex strain that occurs every time a tire turns.



4. HEAT DAMAGE. Nylon gives two-way protection. It not only has greater heat resistance, but also makes cooler-running tires.

THE SAFEST, STRONGEST TIRES ARE MADE WITH NYLON CORD

DU PONT
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING
. . . THROUGH CHEMISTRY

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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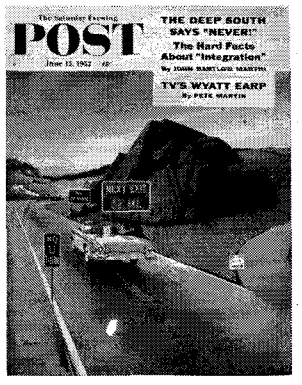

THE COVER

High-speed pikes are wonderful inventions, except for a few bugs that need to be ironed out, such as exit signs moving by too fast. To go along with George Hughes' trouble-making, let's assume that Mr. and Mrs. Tripp ran low on petrol some miles ago, had to exit into the hinterland to raise a gas pump, and now are unfashionably late as guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Waite, away over thataway via Route M-20. Should Mr. T. back up, thus enraging pilots of gasoline thunderbolts behind him, and mayhap landing himself a ticket? Should he, with keen regret, proceed ahead 32 mi.? Or should he throw cautionary signs to the winds, turn right beyond the rocks, drive gallopy-gallopy across the greensward, and beat it hell-for-rubber up old M-20? Real moot questions, eh?

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The LION'S ROAR

Published here monthly . . . Column No. 223

The greatest star of the screen!

After so many successes, it might seem hard to find a new first in the fabulous career of Bing Crosby.

★ ★ ★ ★

But not for Producer Sol C. Siegel, who has come up with such an innovation in a new M-G-M release called "Man On Fire."

★ ★ ★ ★

It seems only yesterday that Bing was singing those "High Society" duets with Frank Sinatra and Grace Kelly.

★ ★ ★ ★

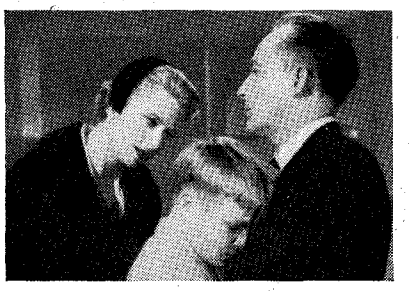
We enjoyed that picture, but realize now that it employed only one facet of Bing's many-sided talent.

★ ★ ★ ★

"Man On Fire" is a switch: from musical comedy to moving drama.

★ ★ ★ ★

During its production, TV's Ed Sullivan dropped in on the set. Afterwards, he told Bing: "I never thought you could bring tears to my eyes. But that scene with your son really did it!"



It's that kind of picture—real and honest and terribly true to life.

★ ★ ★ ★

And, somehow, a rich and rewarding experience because it has been so well written, well acted and well directed.

★ ★ ★ ★

Like so many great dramas, this is a simple story.

★ ★ ★ ★

Just some people any of us might know —and like.

★ ★ ★ ★

The picture takes them through stirring and difficult times as they work out solutions to their problems.

★ ★ ★ ★

The preview reports say "Man On Fire" is a personal triumph for Bing.

★ ★ ★ ★

They also record excited comment about the new players in the cast, most of them from the New York stage.

★ ★ ★ ★

People like pretty Inger Stevens, who is the younger woman; Mary Fickett, the ex-wife; Richard Eastham, the second husband; E. G. Marshall, the lawyer-friend; Malcolm Brodrick, the boy about whom the drama centers.

★ ★ ★ ★

Ranald MacDougall wrote the screenplay based on a story by Malvin Wald and Jack Jacobs. And directed it with distinction.

★ ★ ★ ★

For good, honest, moving entertainment and for a really fine performance by Bing Crosby, we recommend "Man On Fire."

—*Leo*

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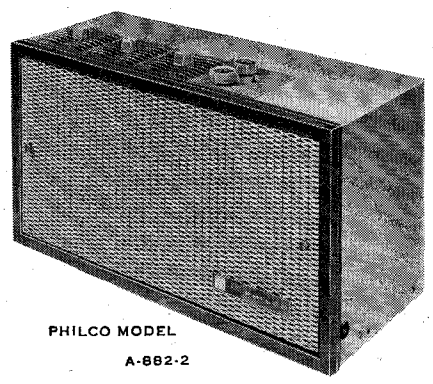
You can install it yourself . . .
big-capacity cooling - 3/4 hp

There's never been anything like the Philco Bantam 12! You can carry it home. You can install it yourself—everything you need comes in the box. And the Bantam 12 has all the luxury features you find on big air conditioners: 2-speed fan, adjustable grilles, Automatic Temperature Control! • Runs on ordinary house voltage (110-115v)—takes less current than a toaster • Fits almost any window • Meets most landlord requirements • 5-year warranty.



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LOOK AHEAD . . . and you'll choose PHILCO

Letters

Is the Post a Jinx?

Dear Sirs:

No other magazine has such a record for causing the downfall of sports personalities. In the past few weeks the Post featured articles on Gene Fulmer [BOXING'S PIOUS BATTLER, by Al Silverman, April 27] and Herb Score [CLEVELAND'S LEFT-HANDED LIGHTNING by Hal Lebovitz, May 11]. During the weeks following the articles, Fulmer was K.O.'ed and Score was hit in the face by a line drive. In former years the Post's victims have included Chuck Davey, Bob Grim, Don Larsen and Ezzard Charles.

Please, I beg of you, don't do articles on the Kansas City Athletics.

JAN VAN METER
W. Hartford, Conn.

● *On the other hand, within the past twelve months alone, the Post "jinx" has been survived in basketball by the Boston Celtics (March 16), pro champions, and Wilt the Stilt Chamberlain (Dec. 1), a unanimous college All-American. In football, our article on assistant coach Gomer Jones (Nov. 3) didn't stop the U. of Oklahoma from extending its winning streak to 40 straight, and Ron Kramer (Oct. 20) was an All-American selection at end. In baseball, Hank Aaron (August 25) won the 1956 National League batting championship.—ED.*

Bing and Elvis

I . . . have just finished reading Pete Martin's I CALL ON BING CROSBY in your May 11 issue. . . . I thoroughly enjoyed it. I almost feel as though both Pete and Bing had been sitting in my living room, talking things over.

MRS. RUTH N. DAILEY
Clarkston, Wash.

Dear Sirs:

The main theme of the article was Mr. Martin's trying to nag Bing into knocking Elvis Presley. How frustrated Mr. Martin must have felt when Bingo failed to come through.

MRS. J. B. CARPENTER
Memphis, Tenn.

Dear Sirs:

Bing's tolerance of some of the "freaks" of the entertainment world today is just what you would expect from Bing. Bing is truly a grand guy. . . . The nearest to Bing in the young crop of singing stars is Pat Boone, who seems to have a lot of charm and talent and should continue to go far. . . . The others can fight it out for *second place*—first place is still filled by King Bing.

JEANELLE JAMES
Nashville, Tenn.

Dear Sirs:

Bing is not the first to criticize Elvis, but to my knowledge, he is the first to offer *real* constructive criticism to him.

LARRY DIRECTOR
Jacksonville, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

You must believe in capitol punishment. Lower right hand corner page 119 you quote Crosby: "I'm going to cut this next week for Victor." Then go on to quote the lyrics to his newest Capitol (repeat Capitol, not Victor) records, Seven Nights a Week. That's why, to me at least, such an error is construed as "capitol punishment"—to Victor belong the spoils. Indirectly the groaner cut Seven Nights a Week for me, Victor (Rowland, not RCA) as a Capitol employee. All is forgiven.

VIC ROWLAND
Mgr., Press Relations
Capitol Records, Inc.
Hollywood, Cal.

Dear Sirs:

I disagree with Bing on the Elvis thing, and *thing* is just what I mean too! We are now in the worst era of music this country ever experienced due to a combination of spooks like Elvis and some of the 90-day wonder disc jockeys around the country. I think Elvis looks like he came right out of the wall paper. If he had a

nice appearance, possibly he might be a little easier to stomach, but he has that "grease-ball" look and is the only male in the U.S.A. who has enough guts to do a male strip tease.

JOHNNY COON
Kansas City, Mo.

Sacrilege?

Dear Sirs:

Re. NO OTHER WOMAN [by Kingsley Tufts, May 11]: of all the sickening sacrilege I have read, this is the most revolting. Debasing God to the status of an instrument of murder and slavering for pages over the joy of blood letting. What a tender-hearted couple, living just for the joy of depriving wild things [pheasants] of their lives!

J. L. CLEAVER
Avon, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

We do not criticize God who never makes a mistake nor do we speak of Him as a sport, poor or otherwise. I give you verbatim: "If The Gun Up There makes a cripple shot, I'll never forgive Him." . . . "The Big Gun can't shoot for sour apples." . . .

Exodus 20, 7: "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh His name in vain." . . . There is nothing clever, nothing amusing in calling God "Big Gun" and if the Post is to nourish this sort of thing, I, for one, am through reading it.

MRS. H. D. PERRY
San Diego, Cal.

Dear Sirs:

NO OTHER WOMAN . . . was truly great. I'm sure I'm not the only wife who did some serious thinking after reading the story.

(Continued on Page 6)

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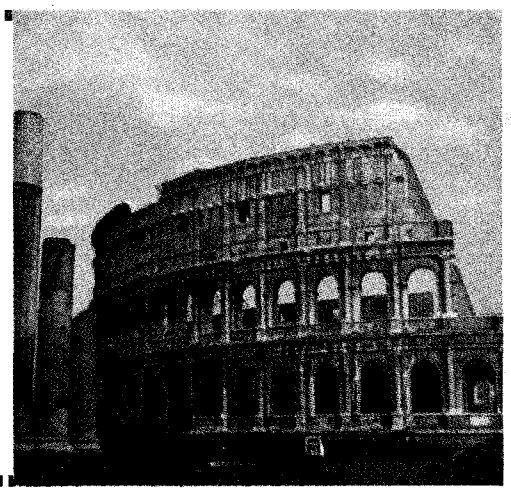
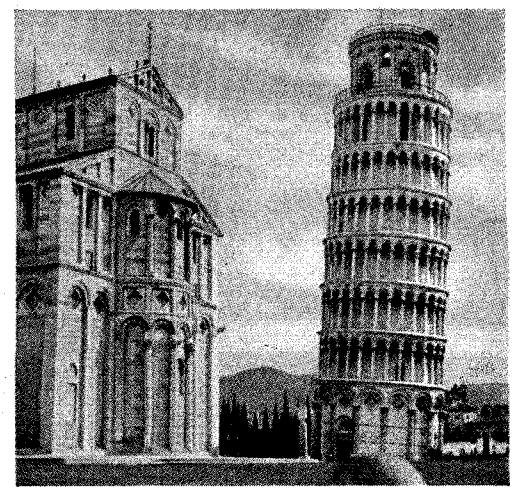
Can you name these cities in Italy? →



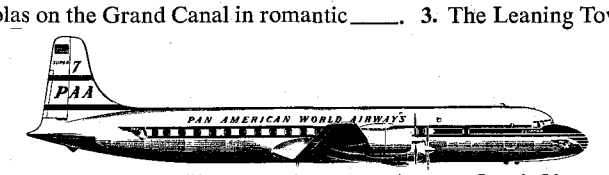
1. Ancient ruins of the Colosseum seen in_____.

2. Gondolas on the Grand Canal in romantic____.



3. The Leaning Tower awes all visitors in_____.

Win a trip to Italy via Pan American Airways



World's most experienced airline

CHEF BOY-AR-DEE® $100,000 HOLIDAY-IN-ITALY CONTEST

Trips to Italy! Nearly 1000 exciting prizes!

5 first prizes: Expense-paid tours of Italy for 5 couples! Relax for two fun-filled weeks . . . travel via luxurious Pan American Clipper . . . to historic Rome in 16 hours . . . see Florence and Naples in all their beauty . . . visit the fabulous Isle of Capri . . . explore exciting Amalfi, Sorrento, Pompeii, Taormina!

Imagine! Within weeks *you* may be winging your way to romantic Italy—as the door-to-door guest of Chef Boy-Ar-Dee!

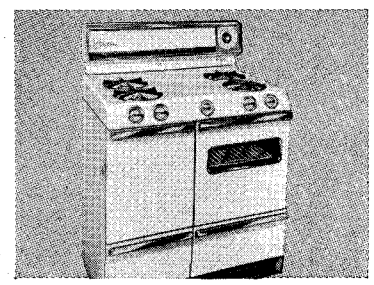
The five top winners in Chef's big Holiday-in-Italy Contest will receive a glorious free 2-week vacation for two—plus $500 cash to spend as they please!

They'll stop at the finest hotels, dine in the grand Italian manner, enjoy the holiday of a lifetime!

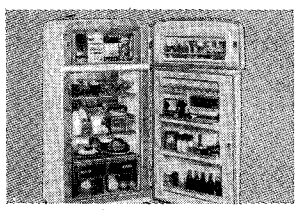
Take a holiday from cooking with CHEF BOY-AR-DEE Italian-style foods!

Easy to win! Enter today!

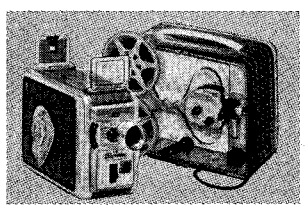
Look at all the other wonderful prizes! You have hundreds of chances to win—so get your pencil out now and mail your entry today!



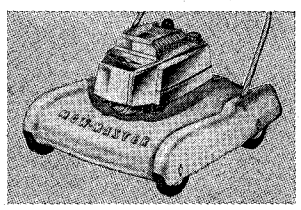
2nd prizes: 65 modern **Caloric** 36″ *White Sands* Gas Ranges . . . featuring Thermo-Set Burner and Roto-Ray-Barbequer, easiest range to clean!



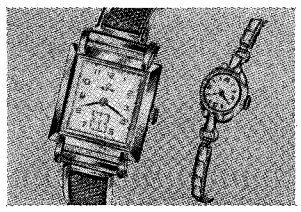
3rd prizes: 20 **Gibson** Refrigerator-Freezers with outstanding new combination features. Dependable, double-duty performance!



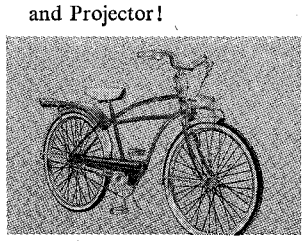
4th prizes: 50 complete **Kodak** Home Movie Outfits, featuring the famous *BROWNIE* Movie Camera and Projector!



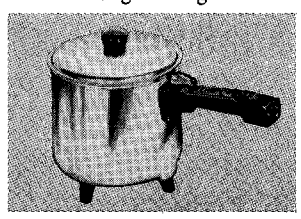
5th prizes: 100 **Mow-Master** Streamliner Power Mowers, famous for precision grass cutting and trimming, perfect lawn grooming.



6th prizes: 100 beautiful "Watches of Celebrities" by **Helbros** with 17 lifetime jewels, unbreakable mainspring! For men or women.



7th prizes: 75 **Evans** *Firebird* Bicycles, America's foremost Speed King plus 200 **Evans** Imperial Tricycles, super-deluxe models!



8th prizes: 350 sensational new **Sunbeam** Automatic Saucepans with exclusive Simmer-Safe Controlled-Heat cooking!

OFFICIAL CONTEST RULES

1. Fill in the name of the city in which each of the above Italian scenes is located and complete in 25 words or less the following sentence: "I like Chef Boy-Ar-Dee..... (fill in the name of product) because..... ....." Use either an official entry blank or a plain sheet of paper. Print your name and address clearly. Submit as many entries as you wish, but each entry must be accompanied by a Chef Boy-Ar-Dee label or box top or a reasonable facsimile thereof.
2. Send your entries to: **Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Holiday-in-Italy Contest Box 33C, Mount Vernon 10, New York** Entries must be postmarked no later than July 31, 1957 and received by August 10, 1957. Your entries must be your own work, submitted in your own name.
3. Any resident of the Continental United States or Canada may enter this contest except employees (and their immediate families) of American Home Products Corp., its affiliates and their advertising agencies.
4. Entries will be judged by The Reuben H. Donnelley Corporation on: (a.) the correct location of the three pictures, (b.) the originality of thought, sincerity of expression, and appropriateness to the product described in the 25-word completion. Judges' decision will be final. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties. All entries become the property of American Home Products Corporation, and none will be returned.
5. Winners will be notified by mail or in person approximately 30 days after the close of contest. Prizes will be awarded as listed hereon. Trips must be taken before June 30, 1958. A complete list of winners will be mailed to any contestant who encloses with his entries a self-addressed, stamped envelope.
6. This contest is subject to federal, state and local laws, ordinances and regulations, and is not open to contestants in any area where state or local laws, ordinances or regulations render participation illegal.

OFFICIAL ENTRY BLANK

Mail to: **Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Holiday-in-Italy Contest Box 33C, Mount Vernon 10, New York**

Write in names of cities identified above.

1.....2.....3.....

Complete this sentence in 25 words or less:

I like Chef Boy-Ar-Dee .....**(name of product)**

because.....

.....

Your name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

(Enclose Chef Boy-Ar-Dee label, box top or reasonable facsimile thereof)

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Men, if you have to put this picture right under your spouse's nose, do it! It's your turn to get a Whitman's Sampler as a gift. The girls shouldn't have a monopoly on this great candy. So drop a hint—it's their turn to give you a Sampler!
Give Dad a Whitman's Sampler on Father's Day June 16th
Whitman's Sampler
Chocolates & Confections
One Pound Net
Started in 1842
Whitman's
Chocolates
©STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, INC.

Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

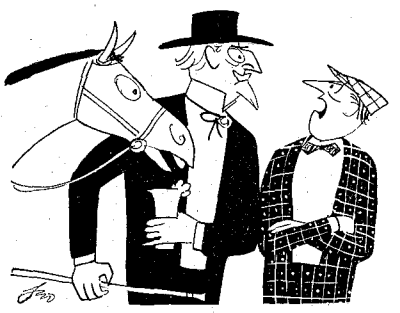
No, I don't mean I'm going to try shooting pheasant with my husband, but I'll be doing a little more encouraging and bragging about his interest in sports and do a lot less griping when he heads for the woods and fields.

MRS. MARIAN WIGGINS
Dallas, Texas

The Derby, Phooey!

Dear Sirs:

A great many racing fans share "Sunny Jim" Fitzsimmons' lack of respect for the Kentucky Derby as a true test of racing ability [I LIKE THE DERBY, BUT —— by Mr. Fitzsimmons, as told to Jimmy Breslin, May 4].



Masterful press agents have built up a misfit race into a "classic." Young horses are asked to carry too much weight too far too early in the spring.

Only the gullible are attracted to this circus, which is staged at the rattiest track, in the crummiest town, in the most backward state in the country.

ROBERT L. CARPENTER
Cincinnati, Ohio

Cut the Silver Cord?

Dear Sirs:

The article [YOUR CHILD DOESN'T NEED YOU FOREVER, by Hannah Lees, May 11] was excellent, and to the point. I wish that all parents could not only read the article but accept the lesson contained therein.

E. B. CUNNINGHAM, M.D.
Middletown, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

Hannah Lees and the Post have done a terrible thing to those parents who are wrestling with juvenile delinquency. Never again will these parents be able to say "NO" to their problem children and make it stick. And then, when the children have committed unforgivable sins, who will people like Hannah Lees blame? The parents, of course.

NORMAN NATION
Boulder, Colo.

Dear Sirs:

YOUR CHILD DOESN'T NEED YOU FOREVER, is plain poppycock.

PAUL S. WHITCOMB
Gladstone, Oreg.

Dear Sirs:

Such articles as YOUR CHILD DOESN'T NEED YOU FOREVER, condone the disrespectful actions of youth and lead the way to juvenile delinquency. Children can honor their parents and still be free to make their own decisions.

MRS. LOWELL STUKEY
Reading, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

God help our nation if all mothers were like Mrs. Lees.

G. G. SHAWEN
Norfolk, Va.

Dear Sirs:

Hannah Lees' article . . . is a great disservice to both parents and minor children. Also it makes a farce of Mother's Day—and is no help to the Mental Health Drive.

MRS. FRANCES B. COX
Ridgewood, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

Any reader who has had any experience with the destructiveness of the silver cord will give three cheers for Hannah Lees.

MRS. FREDERICK ASHBY
Kalamazoo, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

I included a copy of the article in my Mother's Day gift and also shall keep a copy for my husband and me along with our other household staples such as lollipops, plastic bandages, odd mittens, push-out window screens, etc.

MRS. GEORGE DUWEL, JR.
Park Ridge, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

Throughout some twenty years of the practice of pediatrics, I have tried to instill this sort of philosophy into the minds of the parents of my young patients. This has met with only minimal success, I am frank to admit, undoubtedly due to the prior conditioning by the "moms" of these young parents who have never quite been on their own from the start.

It is good to see such a realistic article for all lay people to read and it should help many of us in my specialty in teaching parents to let their children face life on their own feet.

DR. S. BUTLER GRIMES
Baltimore, Md.

Dear Sirs:

Ridiculous bilge.

R. J. TOMPKINS
Rochester, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

The article by Hannah Lees . . . brings to mind a friend's formula for raising children. Namely: In view of the fact that other persons have more influence with your youngsters than you, families should exchange children when they reach teen-age.

MRS. DAVID P. TOZER
Ellensburg, Wash.

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

24–Bill Shrout. • 25–International, three by Bill Shrout; Wide World. • 26, 27–Lynn Buckham. • 28–Sid Avery, Brown Brothers. • 29–Stan Wayman • 30–Paul Nonnast. 32–Ollie Atkins, International. • 33–Two from Library of Congress; two from U.P. 34, 35–Ralph H. Anderson. • 36–Harry Saltzman, two from U.P. • 37–Fred Otnes. 38–Don Ornitz, Gus Pasquarella. • 39–Jacob Lofman, two by Gus Pasquarella. 40, 41–Joe DeMers. • 42–Sid Avery. • 43–Sid Avery, two by Bill Brunk; Sid Avery, Bill Brunk. • 44, 45–Fred Ludekens. • 49–Robert Meyers. • 92–Sid Avery. • 132–Three anonymous; Gene Lester.

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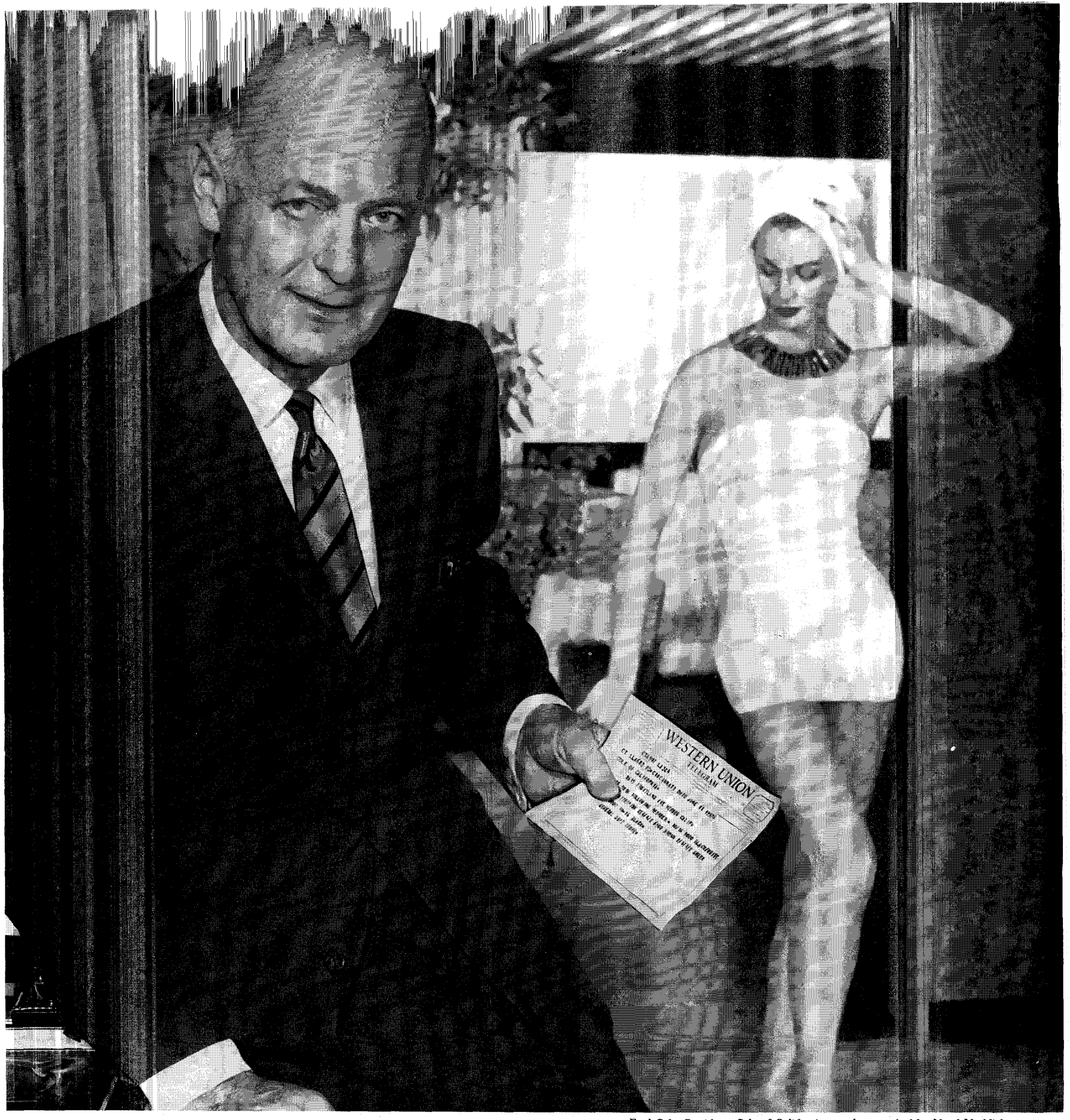

Fred Cole, President, Cole of California, as photographed by Mead-Maddick

Fred Cole shows beautiful figures with telegrams

"Reorders are the profitable part of our business," says Fred Cole, President of Cole of California, "and they could not exist without Western Union! Here's why: swimsuit sales are as sensitive as a barometer to changes in weather. Last summer, for instance, a hot spell in Cleveland brought a run on suits. Store buyers there reordered 101 dozen by wire; we acknowledged by return wire, giving shipping times as well. You just can't beat the telegram for getting business done fast —and in writing!"

More than a million times a day, business finds it wise to wire. Telegrams quote prices, confirm orders, route shipments. Speed plus the written record make the telegram essential to business.

WESTERN UNION
TELEGRAM

ON ANY OCCASION . . .

IT'S WISE TO WIRE!

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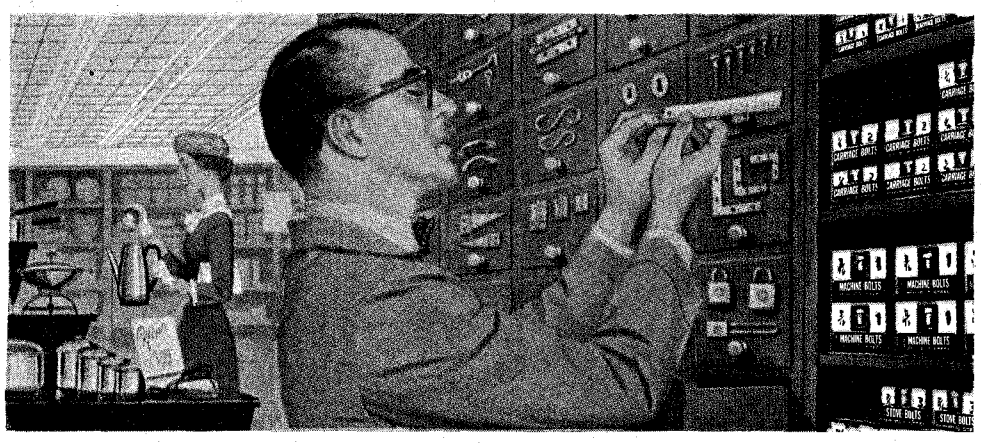
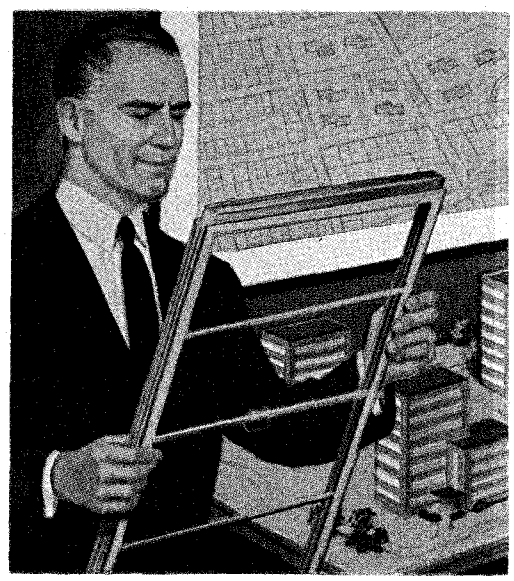


MERCHANT? What man—or boy—possibly can resist the fascination of the neighborhood hardware store with all its exciting tools and gadgets? Mostly made of steel. And, what man hasn't dreamed of owning such a wonderland? Why, even the bins and boxes of Republic Bolts and Nuts get you itching to spin them together. Racks of Republic Steel Chain suggest dozens of projects. And, the hardware-man also has that "latter-day wonder" for around the house and yard—Republic Plastic Pipe. Retailing of quality products such as these provides jobs for more people who manufacture, process, distribute, and sell.

BUILDER? People must be provided better housing. That's why slum clearance is headline news these days. Slums are a luxury no city can afford. New, modern buildings rising from the rubble of cleared-out slums use steel products in quantity. They capture sun and sky through steel windows made by Republic's Truscon Steel Division. Windows that are a joy to live with because steel can't warp or swell or shrink. Steel windows fit right, stay tight. Truscon Interior Steel Doors offer the same advantages. And, Republic Steel Kitchens—in white and in a choice of three colors—complete a bright and happy "take-it-easy" way of life.



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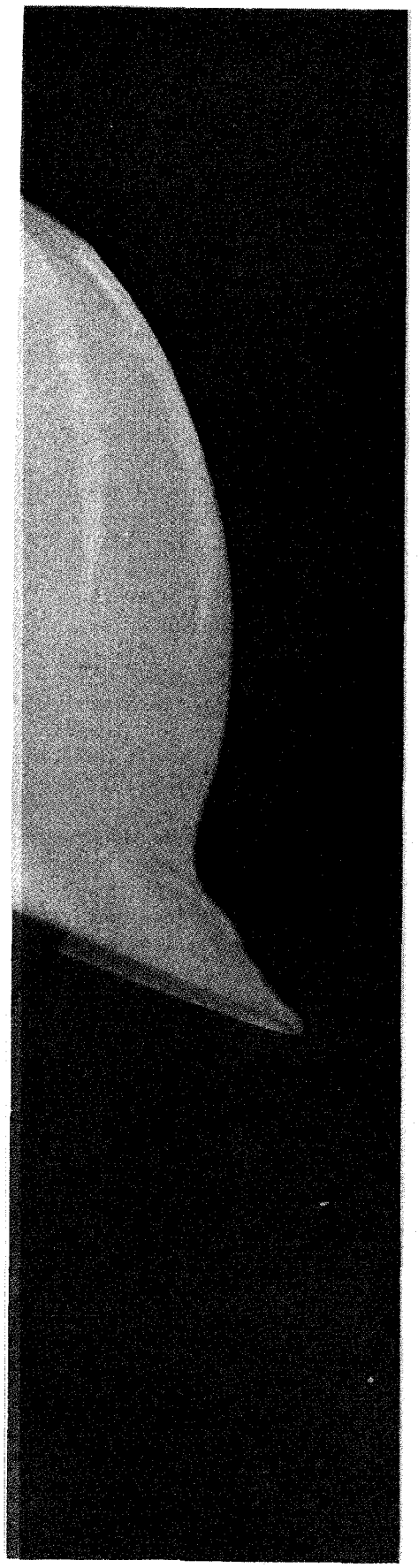


"What do you want to be when you grow up, Son?"

We all assume our little boy will have a choice. Because he is the son of an American, this little guy *will* have a choice.

Not so in most of the world, where increased population means increased starvation rather than a foundation for increased prosperity.

The reason for the difference is basic: Jobs are made, not born. The creation of enough jobs, and in America better paid jobs for each generation, is the result of forward-looking business management. Jobs are created when money is raised, when manufacturing facilities are expanded and when new processes and products are developed —*before* the new job-seekers arrive on the market.

At Republic our $150,000,000 expansion program is creating new jobs and more steel for the strength and the prosperity of the future.

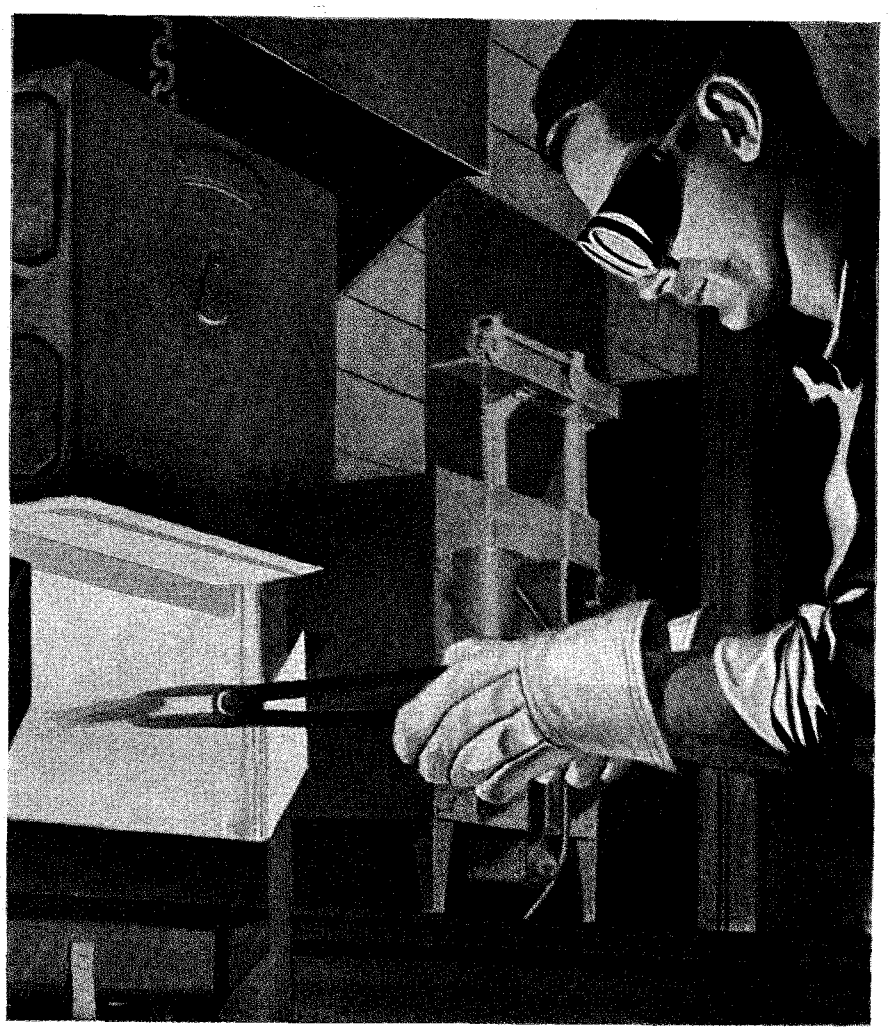
REPUBLIC STEEL

WORLD'S WIDEST RANGE
OF STANDARD STEELS
AND STEEL PRODUCTS

General Offices • Cleveland 1, Ohio

STEEL WORKER? The opportunities are enormous. Steel is basic—now and in the foreseeable future. Steelmaking is a good life with more than 3000 different kinds of jobs. A good life for scientists, metallurgists, chemists, engineers, craftsmen of most every kind, administrators, salesmen, and countless technicians who spark modern steel production.

New and exciting metals are on the horizon. And, in Republic's laboratories new chemistries of steel are being developed. New processes are being explored. All this activity means the creation of new jobs for ambitious men. Write Republic for today's job opportunities.



MANUFACTURER? Who knows what wonderful things tomorrow's markets will be wanting you to make for them—of steel? Many new products point up the part played by Republic Steel in supplying carbon, alloy, and stainless steels to industry. Republic research and metallurgical service help to assure the proper grade of steel for product and process. This is further amplified by the manufacturer's own investment in metallurgical and design research. Teamwork like this between the steel mill and the manufacturer puts new products on the market and creates additional jobs for the growing population.

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Editorials

Inflation Makes Curb on Spending a "Must"

In his first broadcast address to the country in defense of his budget, President Eisenhower justifiably cited the high cost of everything the Government has to buy. For example, "Seven years ago a fighter plane cost $300,000. Today one costs $1,500,000. A submarine costs twice as much as it did seven years ago."

In other words, the value of the dollar has declined sharply in the last few years. Sen. Harry F. Byrd, of Virginia, says that the "purchasing power of the dollar is now estimated at 52 cents as compared with the purchasing power of the dollar at 100 cents in 1939." Inflation affects not only the Government's defense program; it threatens the security of every citizen. President Eisenhower has expressed concern about this danger, but at the same time advocates spending at a rate which can only speed up the inflationary trend.

Plainly, if the Administration were effectively concerned about a possible disastrous inflation, it would refrain from adding new items to the Federal budget, like the half-billion-a-year appropriation for school construction. The majority of the states and local communities have demonstrated their ability to finance their own school-construction programs. Nor would the chief executive insist that a Foreign Aid program, including aid for that "modern Communist," Tito of Yugoslavia, was sacrosanct.

Even if the present budget were cut by a third, some $70,000,000,000 in "unexpended balances" from previous authorizations would still be available to the bureaucracy. This, as has been emphasized by Senator Byrd and by former Undersecretary of the Treasury Roswell Magill, means that Congress has at best an imperfect control over spending. "Actually," said Mr. Magill in a recent address, "about the only way Congress could be sure to cut expenditures would be to pass a measure putting a ceiling on spending for the year." Since the unexpended balances are unevenly distributed among the various branches of the Government, such a restriction would hardly be practical. The dollar and the national welfare must depend on the restraint and good sense of the Administration's leaders.

Undoubtedly President Eisenhower was sincere when he declared in a recent press conference that he believes in "sound fiscal policies, preserving the value of the dollar in the interest of all of us, particularly the men and women who must live on pensions, and Government bonds and all that sort of thing." He undoubtedly feels that he has "grown more conservative than ever." The question is whether he has related these fundamental and instinctive beliefs to the validity of what he assumes to be a popular demand for more and more services by the Federal Government.

In view of the seriousness of the threat to our fiscal security, which the President recognizes, it ought not to be too much to hope that he will re-examine the nature and source of these demands for new and expensive services. How many of them need be performed by the Federal Government at all? Which ones can be left to the states and local communities? How much more economy is possible in the services which are accepted as essential? Unless somebody in the Administration really puts some thought into these problems, we are indeed, as the President put it in another connection, "sunk."

Radio Free Europe Helped Spring Poles From Red Prisons

The primary obligation of agencies like the Voice of America and Radio Free Europe is to reach Soviet and satellite peoples with truthful information, not only about America but about the lands behind the Iron Curtain.

Just how successful this effort is can be judged by the persistent attacks on them by Soviet officials, and from the enormous sums spent on jamming these radio programs. Until the "October revolution" brought some relaxation of Soviet control in Poland, that country maintained thirty jamming stations at a cost of 30,000,000 zlotys annually. Since their discontinuance, reception of Western broadcasts is reported good in Poland, except where Soviet troops are stationed.

Broadcasting to Poland from Munich, Radio Free Europe begins at 6:00 in the morning and continues till 12:30 the next morning. The programs are heard. Munich gets from twenty-five to thirty letters a day from its Polish audience. Who writes? Not the intellectuals. For them, such correspondence would be dangerous. But peasants, workers, youth have no fears; they write about everything, voicing complaints and asking for information. The radio devotes a discreetly edited section to answering these correspondents.

In the summer of 1956, Radio Free Europe played the leading role in demanding repatriation of Poles who had been deported to the Soviet Union during the war years. According to reliable sources, some 600,000 of the original deportees were still alive in the U.S.S.R. in the spring of 1956. When the Warsaw regime launched its weekly "Kraj" bulletin, urging repatriation of Poles who had fled to the West, Radio Free Europe asked why no attention was given to Poles held in Soviet forced-labor camps and "colonization" groups. Several hundred German, Austrian and Italian prisoners of war who had been released by the Soviets reported encountering Poles and gave detailed data about some of these unfortunates. Hundreds of Poles were thus located. This information was daily broadcast to Poland.

The result was as expected. Under pressure of letters pouring in from people all over the country demanding return of members of their families, the Warsaw regime was forced to take up the matter with Moscow. Soon thousands of Poles were repatriated and under supervision returned to their homeland. This does not mean that the battle is over. Moscow is notable for obstructive skill. But Poles at home and abroad are determined to keep on the pressure until the job is completed.

A Regrettable Lapse From Old Dominion Good Manners

The Virginia Chamber of Commerce held a banquet recently in honor of that state's native sons who distinguished themselves while living elsewhere. It was a kindly promotional idea. There was a long list of invited guests. Subsequently, there was a short list of "disinvited" ones. They received letters canceling their invitations, with apologies, and explaining: "A host must control his guest list to the exigencies of the occasion."

The exigency or social crisis arose from the discovery that some former Virginians of national standing—clergymen, doctors, publishers and the like—are Negroes. Ole Virginny's distinguished sons (white) could not, under ole Virginny tradition, break bread at the same table with ole Virginny's distinguished sons (Negro). "Pure bungling," a Richmond newspaper termed the inviting of Negroes.

If the Virginia Chamber of Commerce had been groping for a social precedent instead of an exit, several could have been found. One is a story about a great Virginian. When a Negro slave woman curtsied to him, he bowed in response. Someone, surprised, asked him why. "I would not have it thought," he replied, "that she has better manners than mine." Like other stories about George Washington, that one may be apocryphal. Most Americans would like to believe it.

There also is a South Carolina precedent. Wade Hampton, former plantation owner and ex-Confederate general, was campaigning for governor during the Reconstruction Period. At Orangeburg, invited to dinner, he found himself confronted by prominent Negroes as his fellow guests. What did this ex-slaveholder and ex-Confederate leader do? He greeted the Negroes politely, as he always did, and ate a hearty meal, as he always did. If it cost him some white votes, it could not have cost him too many, for he was elected governor. It certainly did not cost him his dignity. One could wish the same could be said for the Virginia Chamber of Commerce.

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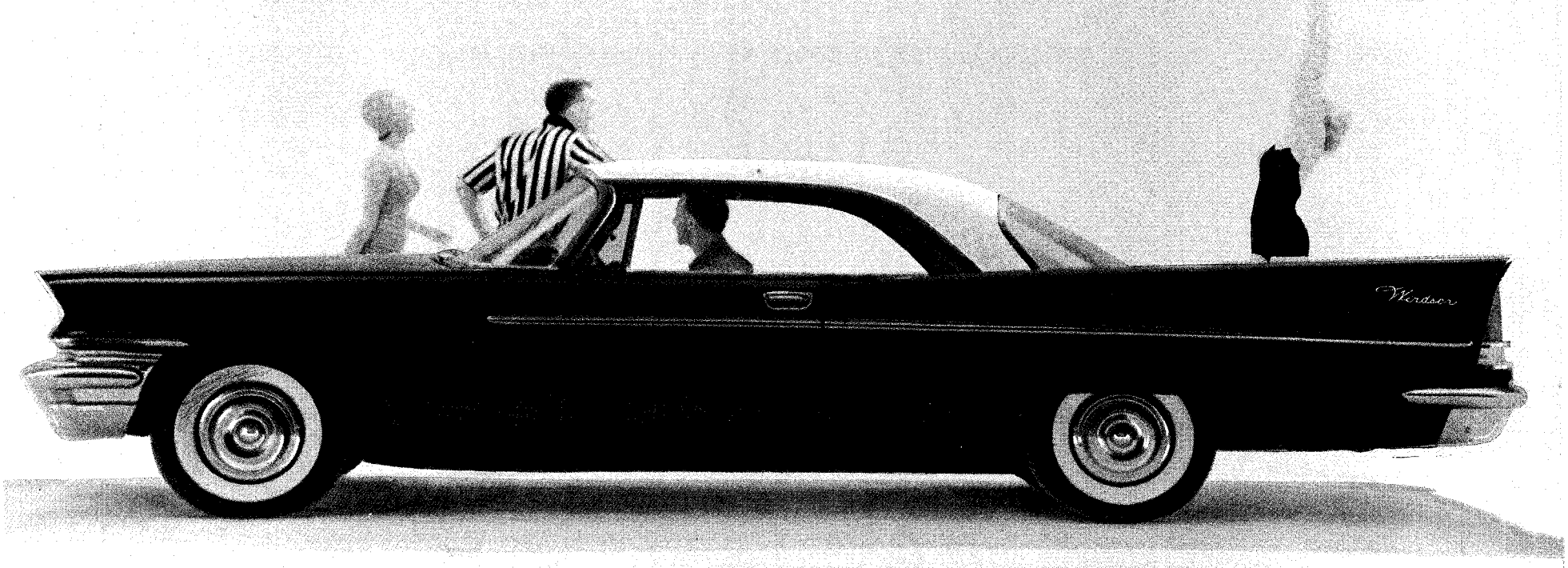
THE MIGHTY CHRYSLER



THE MIGHTY CHRYSLER WINDSOR TWO-DOOR HARDTOP WITH YEARS-AHEAD TORSION-AIRE SUSPENSION AS STANDARD EQUIPMENT.

ONLY CHRYSLER GIVES YOU SO MUCH FOR SO LITTLE!

Here is the car that changed the "look" of motoring, with styling other cars will be imitating for years to come. Here is the car that changed the "feel" of motoring with Torsion-Aire Ride, the greatest engineering improvement of the year.

When you visit your Chrysler Dealer and drive the Chrysler Windsor, it may also change a lot of your ideas about fine car value. This is a prestige car by every standard of quality, yet you can own it for the cost of most medium-priced cars.

One other thing to remember . . . its resale value is at an all-time high. Better looks, better performance, a better buy and a better trade-in. That's why it's the biggest winner in Chrysler history. See your Chrysler Dealer *now!*

Now in the $3000 price range

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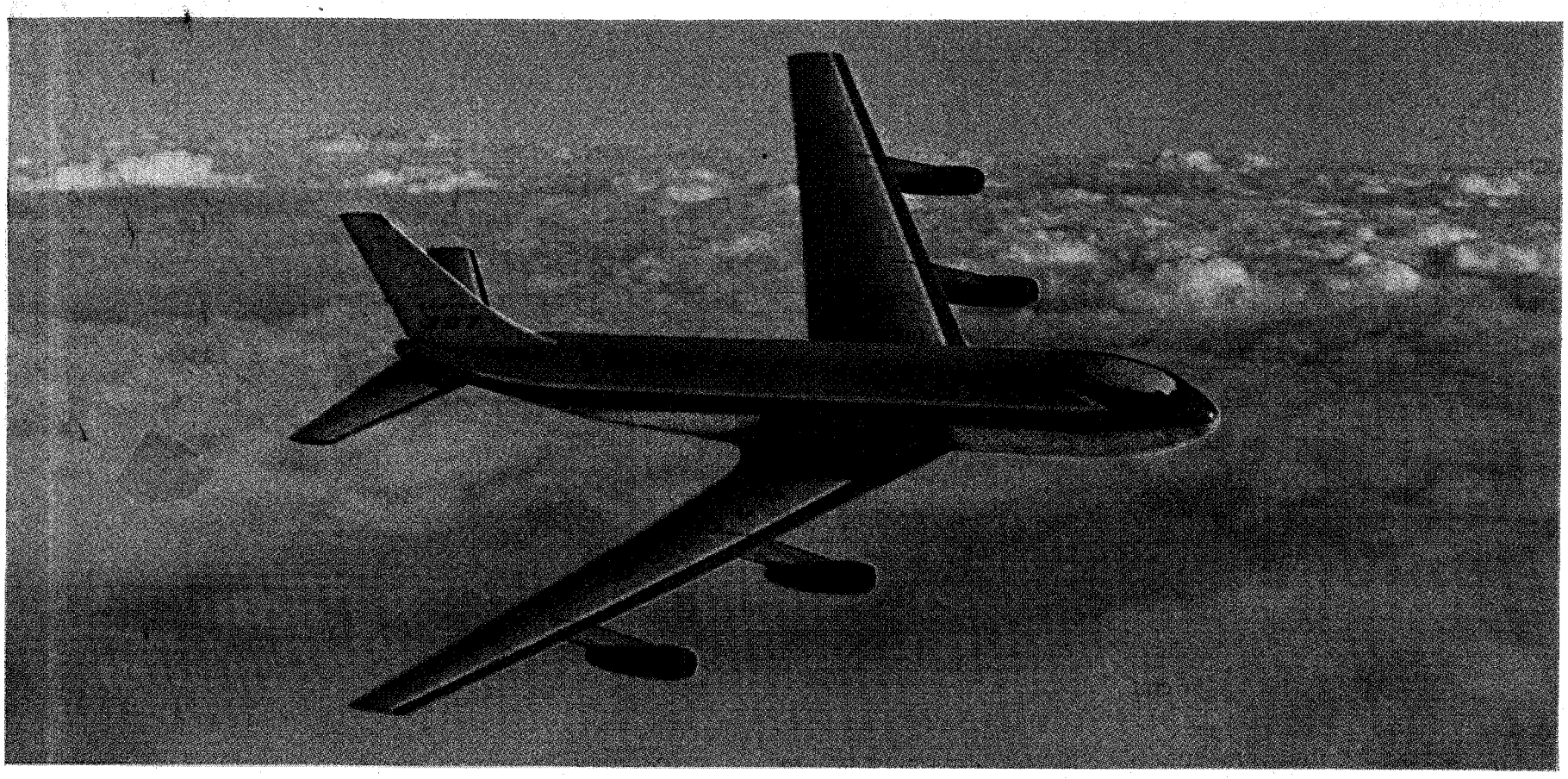
Three B-52s at altitude. More than 1400 B-52s and B-47s have been built by Boeing.

Boeing has built more long-range, multi-engine jet aircraft than any other company in the world.



The 707 jetliner—test-flown over 2½ years—will bring you all of the advantages of this Boeing experience with jet aircraft.

BOEING 707

These airlines already have ordered 707s: AIR FRANCE • AIR INDIA • AMERICAN • B.O.A.C. BRANIFF • CONTINENTAL • LUFTHANSA • PAN AMERICAN • QANTAS • SABENA • TWA

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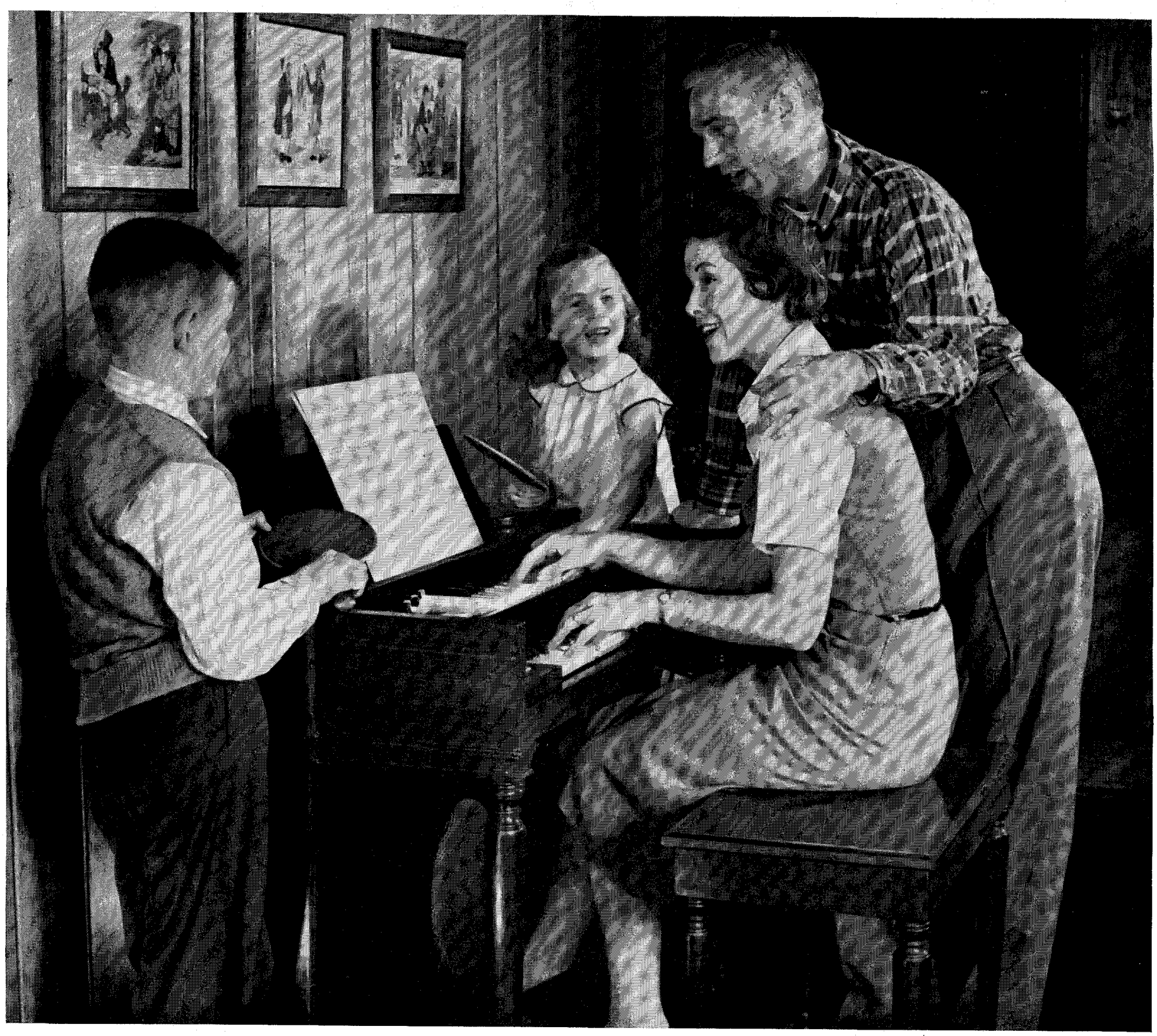
There's companionship in a home that has a Hammond Organ

. . . it helps you find gentle ways to draw the family even closer

. . . it gives your children exciting glimpses into the world of music

. . . it keeps your own viewpoint young, revives your sense of accomplishment

. . . and a family who shares the gift of music, also shares a new understanding of each other that's called . . . companionship.

Hammond Organ music's most glorious voice

Why a Hammond Organ? Because it differs from all others in several important ways. (1) No Hammond has ever needed tuning. (2) It gives you thousands of different kinds of tones . . . controlled at a touch by Hammond's exclusive Harmonic Drawbars.

The orchestral voices of brasses, woodwinds, strings and percussion instruments are all yours to command at the console of your Hammond Organ. Ask your dealer to demonstrate these exclusive musical advantages.

Easy terms: $135 down at most dealers and about $40 a month

FREE LP RECORDING OF HAMMOND MUSIC

Hammond Organ Company
4204 W. Diversey Avenue, Chicago 39, Ill.
Please send me your new LP recording of Porter Heaps at the Hammond Organ.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... Zone .. State .....

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aring 30 da

Model IMP1390
12.9 gr. cu. ft.

NEW "STRAIGHT LINE" **Admiral** © DUAL-TEMP REFRIGERATOR

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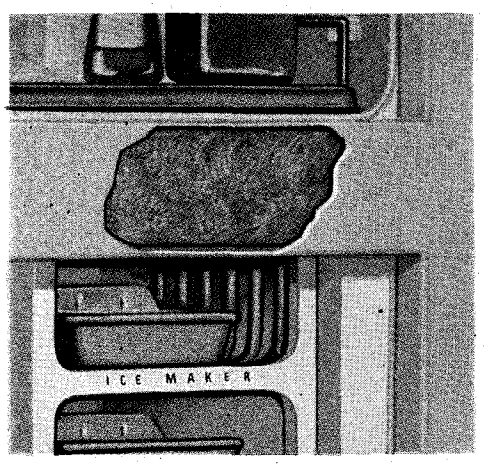
trial offer

proves outperforms them all!

* you will say this is the best refrigerator made, or your money back!

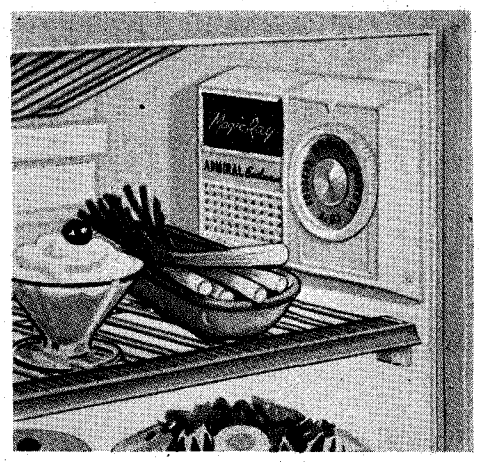
Ask your Admiral Dealer how you can make this test now

See for yourself—at no risk—how the feature-packed Admiral Dual-Temp makes food handling easier than ever before. Enjoy the convenience of a refrigerator and freezer in one compact unit. Protect even the most delicate flavors with the "Magic Ray" Lamp. Freeze ice cubes faster than ever before. Thrill to the freedom from fear the exclusive "Lifeguard" inside door release gives you. Either you agree Admiral is the best refrigerator made, or return it to your dealer and get back every cent you paid; absolutely no strings attached, no obligations. See your Admiral dealer and start your 30-Day Kitchen Trial today!



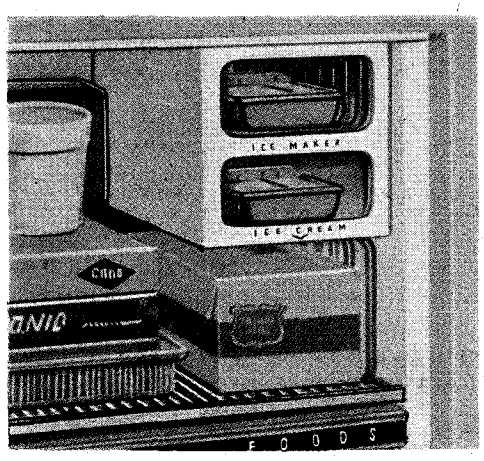
Discover Dual-Temp Convenience!

A refrigerator—plus a sealed off and separately insulated *real* freezer compartment. Freezer maintains sub-zero temperature for quick-freezing and long-term storage of foods. And, of course, there's no defrosting, no pans to empty, *ever*, in the fresh food compartment.



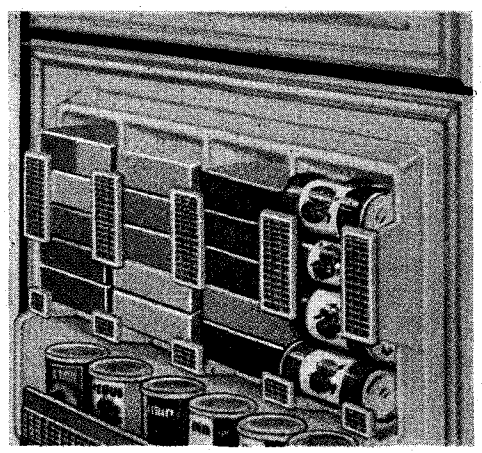
See how foods don't trade flavors!

The exclusive "Magic Ray" Lamp produces ultra-violet rays to keep air pure and sunshine-fresh inside your Admiral. Keeps foods from trading flavors. Even custard won't pick up the flavor of onions beside it on the same shelf! Retards mold growth, too.



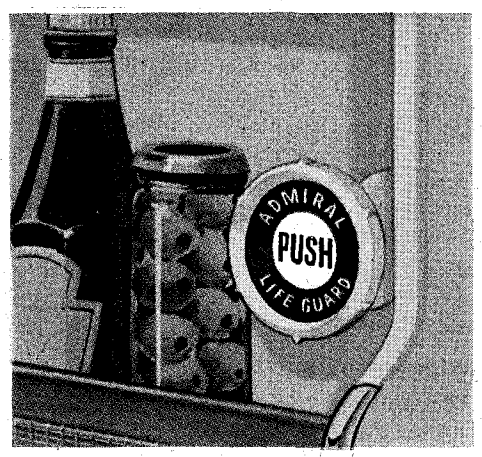
Get ice cubes in a hurry!

Admiral's exclusive new "Arctic Circle" ice maker surrounds each tray with sub-zero freezing coils. Makes ice cubes twice as fast as conventional refrigerators. Special space holds half-gallon of ice cream. Wonderful for preparing frozen desserts . . . and only Admiral has it!



Keep frozen food and juices extra handy!

Admiral's "Pantry-Door" ends fumbling and reshuffling of packages to find what you want. Keeps you from getting cold fingers while you look for certain foods. Makes shopping easier—you can see at a glance when it's time to replenish your frozen food supply.



Children can't be trapped inside!

Admiral—first in the world to offer for your peace-of-mind the "Lifeguard" inside door release . . . a luminous, large and colorful handle that swings the door open with just a slight push, pull or turn. An Admiral "PLUS" that stands guard over your children's lives!

Start your 30-day trial today... Admiral®

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Pure Oil and second automo

A brief look at one of the most dramatic developments in American life today...and at the significant role which Pure Oil is playing

You can see the signs everywhere. America's second automobile revolution has begun in earnest and is picking up speed by the month.

Like the first revolution, which began with the Model T and which made us a nation on wheels, this one promises profound change. Change in our geography. Change in our industry. Change in our personal lives. New leisure, new mobility, new comforts which were unimaginable just a few years ago.

America's changing face

You can see the revolution in the new turnpikes and freeways which can already take you from New York to Chicago in a single day. But you know they are only a token of the $100 billion highway network to come.

You can see it in the new "strip cities" springing up all along those turnpikes. In the burgeoning suburbs to which the automobile has played midwife. In the glittering new shopping centers which are changing the very nature of retailing.

You can see it in the new industrial buildings with their acres of parking space and their great truck-loading docks.

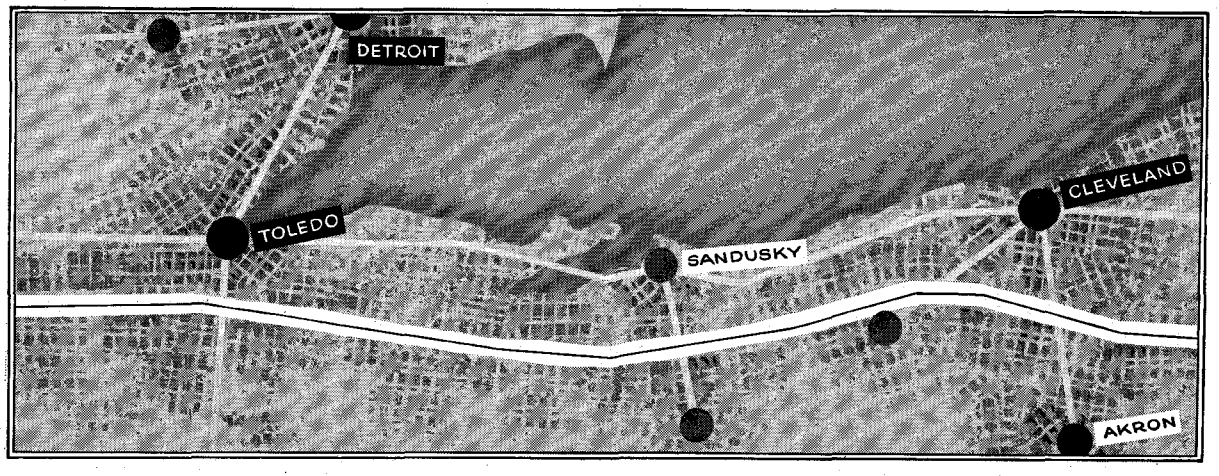
The astonishing statistics

You can see the revolution, too, in the statistics whose dryness cannot disguise their drama. 152 million Americans in 1950; 209 million by 1970. Motor vehicles numbering 49 million in 1950; 102 million by 1970.

You can see it in Detroit where they talk of a new breed of cars. Cars with fuel injection engines, free piston engines, gas turbine engines. Cars with new horsepower, new safety. Cars that will be as automatic as breathing and as livable as your living room.

The challenge to the oil industry

And you can see it in America's oil companies. The second automobile revolution promises to change the industry as dramatically as the first did—and on triple the scale.



"Strip Cities"—the look of the future. The new highways, with their well-organized traffic and minimum of stop signs, already have created built-up strips between our big cities. Shown above is the Detroit-Toledo-Cleveland area. It is predicted that we may soon have a continuous, 1500-mile "city" stretching from Richmond to New York and Boston, to Chicago, to St. Louis.

At The Pure Oil Company, for example, twelve thousand men and women are living with this challenge daily, knowing that ten years from now America and its automobiles will need oil fields as yet undiscovered, fuels as yet unknown.

Already, Pure Oil has active oil production in 16 states, is producing oil and natural gas from wells as far as 18 miles out at sea, is drilling deep below the surface of Venezuela's Lake Maracaibo. It has 5,500 wells in production, holds nearly five million acres of potential oil lands under lease in the United States and Canada, has additional holdings in Central and South America. And this is only the beginning.

Making "dry" wells into "wet" ones

Equally as important are the methods PURE is using to turn depleted and dying wells into producers. By flushing them out with water, by acidizing them or by fracturing the reservoir rock thousands of feet down, PURE is recovering millions of barrels a year that formerly would not have reached your service station.

Oil! Pure Oil customers bought $486,184,998 worth of petroleum and its products in 1956 but they will need nearly twice as much twenty years from now. More has to be found and PURE has a large staff of geologists and geophysicists at work looking for it with the latest electronic and other tools known to science.

A private "navy" and "air force"

Meanwhile, another set of PURE experts is methodically building the fabulous transportation system that in coming years will be needed to get the oil from well to refinery, refinery to bulk sta-

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America's bile revolution

tion, bulk station to your gas pump. Pure Oil already is served by 12,000 miles of pipeline (watched over by a fleet of airplanes), a "navy" of sixty-three vessels, a fleet of tank cars, and trucks numbered in the thousands.

Carefully integrated with all this are Pure's four refineries, capable between them of turning out over seven and a half million gallons of gasoline and oil products a day. They are the last word in automation. Yet modern as they are, they must be constantly improved to stay ahead of the continual advances in automobile engines. And they are modest indeed when compared with what they'll be as PURE continues to prepare for the revolutionary years ahead.

The new breed of service station

The ultimate goals of all this activity, of course, are Pure's service stations which already number more than 15,000 and which spread across 24 states from Minnesota to Florida, Iowa to the Eastern Seaboard.

As their number increases, so will the services of the PURE stations. Time and motion analysts are studying new ways to get you in and out faster, are designing new departures in the service station itself—supermarket stations, turnpike stations, "highway hotels" for truckers, and more. And they have installed a new Credit Check system which can get you on your way in half the time, a new system made possible by the latest electronic tabulators.

The word "gasoline" becomes obsolete

Simultaneously, more than 170 scientists and technicians are at work in Pure's Research Center at Crystal Lake, Illinois, testing "recipes" for the fuels of the future. Already, they and their counterparts in other companies have made the word "gasoline" almost obsolete. What is flowing into your gas tank is a complicated liquid that not only runs your engine but protects it from rust, carbon deposits and other potential trouble-makers.

These Pure Oil researchers work in a multi-million-dollar laboratory, the most modern that money can buy, work with radioactive isotopes, electronic rust detectors, miniature refining units—one just 35 feet high—a fleet of test cars including the latest 1957 models, dynamometers and a host of other, almost inconceivably complex pieces of equipment. They already have more than 800 patents and patents pending to their credit and the number is growing almost weekly.

Two things unchanged in a world of change

Important as all of this is, Pure Oil's management has two other, more important concerns. The first of these is people. The new revolution will call for more and more of them. For people with greater and greater skills. For new and more extensive training plans and schools. Equally important, PURE will need the partnership of thousands of new investors beyond the 41,000 who now share Pure's business.

And Pure's policy, which sends top management regularly to every nook and corner of its operations, will be more vital than ever. Although Pure's size puts it among America's seventy-five largest industrial companies, its management is determined to go right on making sure, *in person*, that its people have the right tools and working conditions.

The future of *Be sure with PURE*

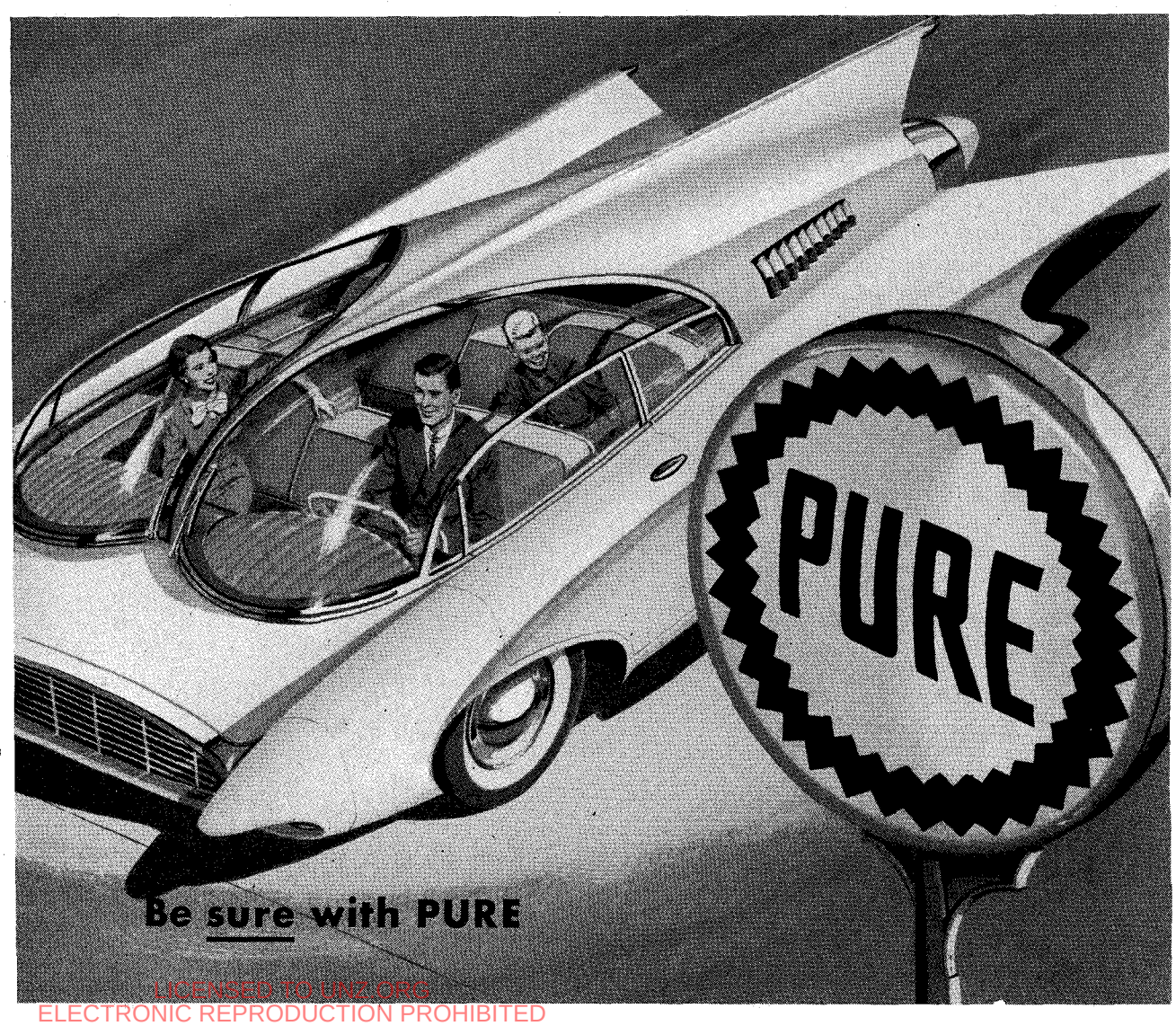
The second concern is Pure's most fundamental business philosophy which is expressed in the slogan, "You can be *sure* with PURE." This is a philosophy which has dominated the actions of the company since 1914 when Pure's founders, in typical American pioneering style, discovered oil at Cabin Creek, West Virginia.

Because you buy gasoline and motor oil without ever seeing them, PURE has always believed that you choose them according to the company which makes them. It believes you want to do business with a company which is unmistakably and unchangeably dependable. And it has always gone to extraordinary lengths to make every gallon of gasoline, every quart of oil, every tire, battery and accessory worthy of your trust.

So despite the growth, despite the changes, despite the second automobile revolution, Pure Oil right now is making doubly certain of one thing:

When you drive up to a PURE station in your shiny 1970 model, you will know then as you know now that "*You can be sure with PURE.*"

THE PURE OIL COMPANY, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago 1, Illinois



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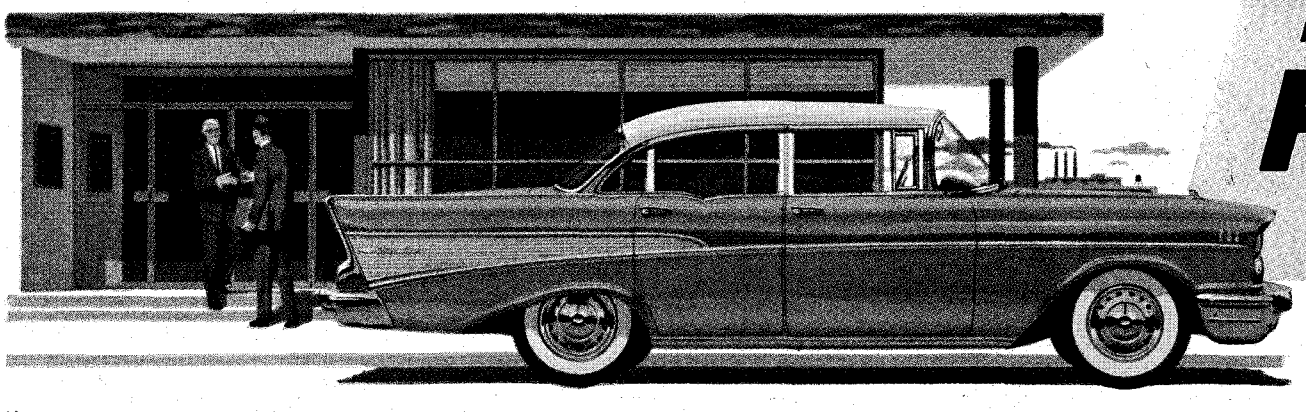
Fast worker! (He's got The Hertz Idea)

How's he do it? He's found you can save time on business trips when you leave your car at home, take a fast plane or train, rent a Hertz car when you get there!

That's The Hertz Idea. All cars in top condition. Cleaner, more dependable. More with power steering. Just show your driver's license and proper identification. You'll get the keys to a neat, new Powerglide Chevrolet Bel Air or other fine Hertz car. You're off!

Cost? The low national average rate is only $7.85 a day plus 8 cents a mile (lower by the week). That includes all gasoline, oil, and proper insurance. In addition to the Hertz charge card, we honor air, rail, Diners' Club and all hotel credit cards. And—to be sure of a car at your destination—anywhere—use Hertz' more efficient reservation service. Call your courteous local Hertz office. We're listed under "Hertz" in *alphabetical* phone books everywhere! Hertz Rent A Car, 218 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago 4, Illinois.



More people by far...use

HERTZ

Rent a car

Hertz—largest and finest rent a car service rents the cars you like to drive—Chevrolets and other fine cars!

"Rent it here... Leave it there" Now, nation-wide at no extra charge! (on rentals of $25.00 or more).

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Architects: Fisher, Nes, Campbell & Associates; Consulting Engineers: Egli and Gompf, Inc.; Structural Engineer: Van Rensselaer P. Sax; General Contractors: Crow-Bart — William L. Crow Construction Co., and Harry Bart; Mechanical Contractors: The Poole and Kent Co.

This is MONDAWMIN

. . . Baltimore's unique 60-store shopping center where you can buy your groceries, take out an insurance policy, or select a bowling ball in air-conditioned comfort!

Air conditioning is an important tool in merchandising — both for customer comfort and for sales personnel morale, according to Mondawmin Manager Jerome S. McDermott.

Planning Mondawmin's climate, *l. to r.*: A. J. Simpson, American Blower; A. M. Gompf, consulting engineer; J. S. McDermott, manager; E. R. Kent, mechanical contractor.

How do you air-condition 60 stores, each with its own temperature requirements . . . in half the amount of space usually allocated to an air-conditioning system?

Mondawmin, in Baltimore, Maryland — a compact, two-level shopping center designed for convenience — solved the problem with a unique system built around American Blower Multi-Zone air-conditioning units.

In the words of Mechanical Contractor E. Robert Kent: "By letting each compact Multi-Zone air conditioner serve several stores, we were able to make 10 units act as more than 60 individual pieces of equipment. Thus, every store has its own air-conditioning system, thermostatically controlled and automatically meeting its needs for cool, warm, or fresh air. We knew from experience that the American Blower units would give efficient, trouble-free service. And we were particularly impressed with the personal attention American Blower gave us throughout the project."

If you plan to air-condition, why not ask your architect or engineer about American Blower equipment; or call our nearest branch office. American Blower Division of American-Standard, Detroit 32, Michigan. In Canada: Canadian Sirocco products, Windsor, Ontario.

AMERICAN BLOWER

Division of AMERICAN-Standard

AIR-CONDITIONING EQUIPMENT FOR EVERY BUSINESS

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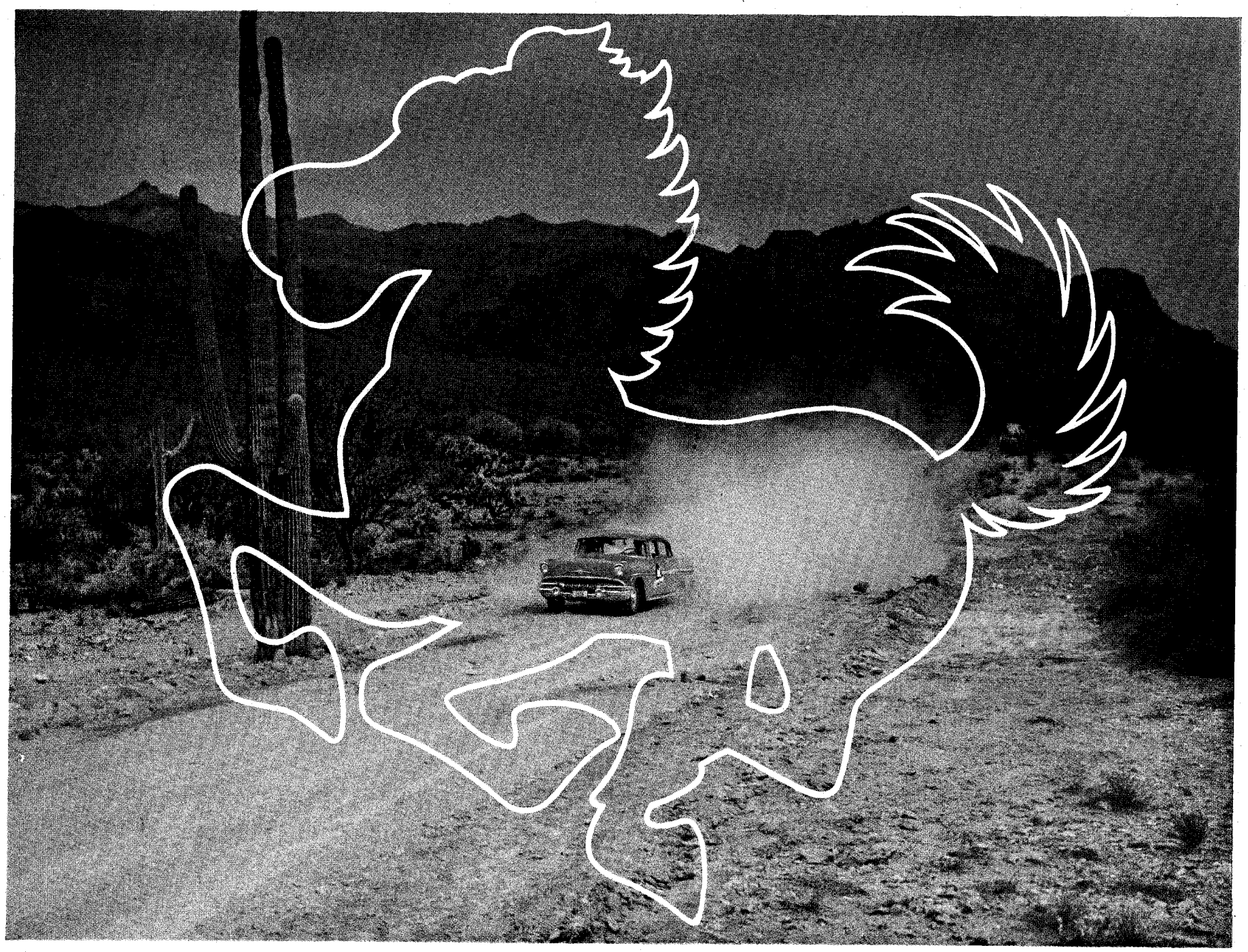
Desert Test!



Proof . . . AC Spark Plugs deliver full efficiency for recommended service life!

Location: thirty miles southeast of Phoenix, Arizona, somewhere among the Superstition Mountains. Weather: bright and clear. Temperature: a stifling 112 degrees.

This is a land of cactus, sun and swirling dust. In the heat of the summer, and in one of the most notorious heat belts within the continental limits, AC Spark Plug Division of General Motors sought out the hottest area and put AC Spark Plugs to the test . . . one of a series of tests under extreme climatic conditions to prove again that ACs are best for the kind of driving you do.

Hour after hour the desert tests went on—new ACs versus AC plugs after a normal lifetime of use. Acceleration tests. Economy checks. Tests run at slow speeds . . . medium speeds . . . and full throttle!

At last the tests are completed and final tabulations made. Here is one more proof that AC Spark Plugs, with normal servicing, will supply all the power you need, all the economy you could ask, right up to recommended lifetime limits.

AC SPARK PLUG THE ELECTRONICS DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

CHANGE AT LEAST EVERY 10,000 MILES

1 SHELL-AND-INSULATOR DESIGN—Both insulator and shell are designed to assure rapid heat dissipation.
2 CONDUCTASEAL—Only AC uses positive metal-ceramic seal to prevent compression leakage and power loss.
3 HOT TIP—AC Hot Tip design controls tip temperatures and cuts spark plug fouling to a minimum in all climates.
AC
GM GENERAL MOTORS
AC

hot tip spark plugs

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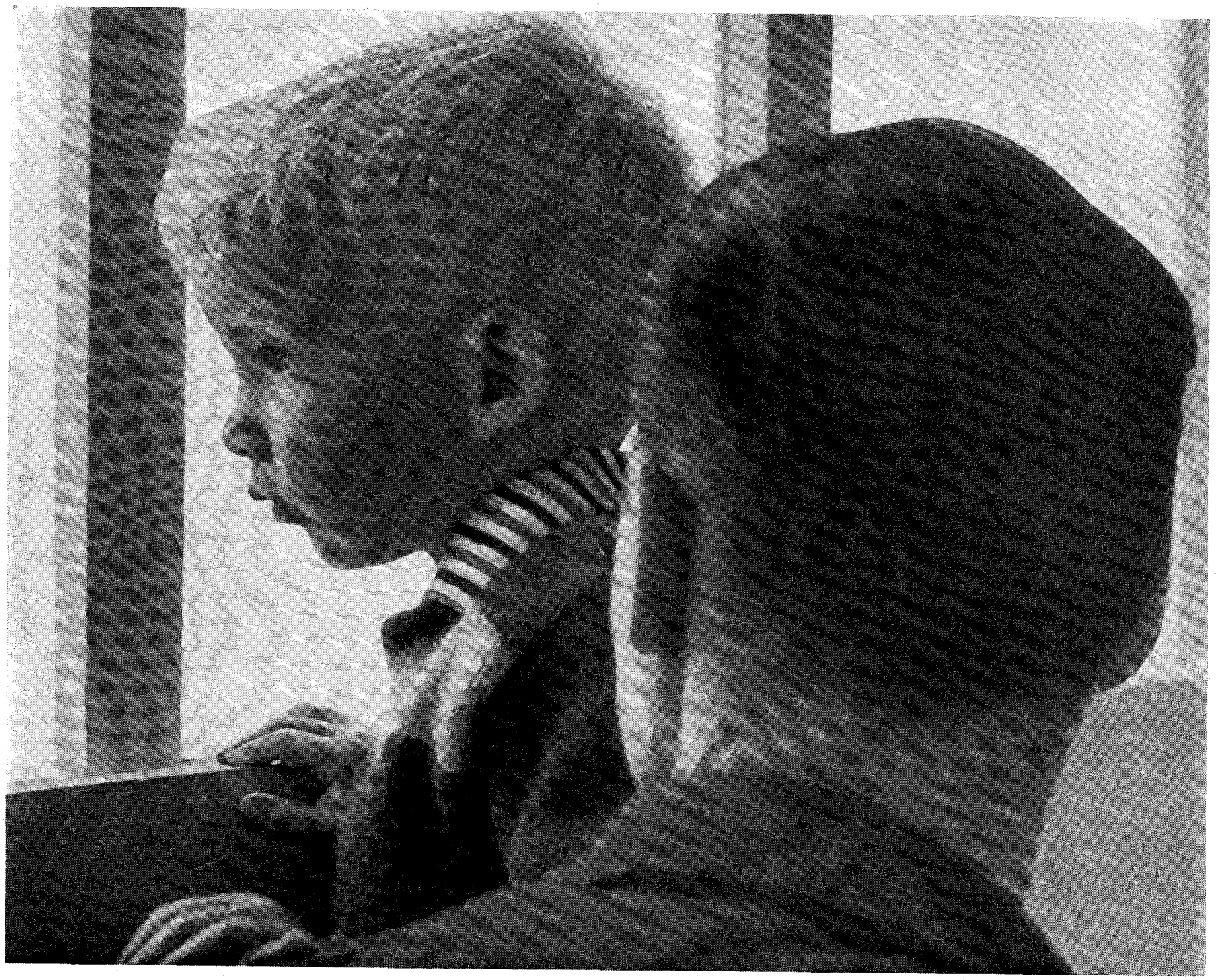

A few dollars a week look so small next to a boy

You can't really measure the worth of your youngsters in dollars and cents. But you can figure up all that's involved in securing the full life you want for them.

It means more than providing food and clothing. More even than enough money for your house and your car, vacations and those pleasant "extras." It means making sure they can enjoy all these good things *for good.*

And since both your pay check and your way of life could stop if something happened to you, your Travelers agent is an important friend. He'll help you plan the right life insurance. Enough to keep your family going—to see your children through college—if you should die. Enough to provide cash for emergencies.

What's more, your Travelers man can help you hurdle *all kinds* of obstacles with a *balanced* insurance plan. The program you work out together can help protect your pay check against a fire in your house, the crippling financial blow of an automobile accident, the drain of sickness and hospital bills.

In short, you and your whole family can enjoy today more fully—and enjoy it without changing the life you know. All you really give up is a pack of worries about tomorrow. Many young families are making a good start on a balanced Travelers program for less than $10 a week.

Your Travelers man calls this kind of worry-free living American Family Independence. And because The Travelers offers all kinds of insurance, he can help you map out the best program for *your* American Family Independence.

Why not let your Travelers agent or broker show you how—right away.

AMERICAN FAMILY INDEPENDENCE · THROUGH THE TRAVELERS ·

THE TRAVELERS

INSURANCE COMPANIES, HARTFORD 15, CONNECTICUT

All forms of personal and business insurance including
Life • Accident • Group • Fire • Marine • Automobile • Casualty • Bonds

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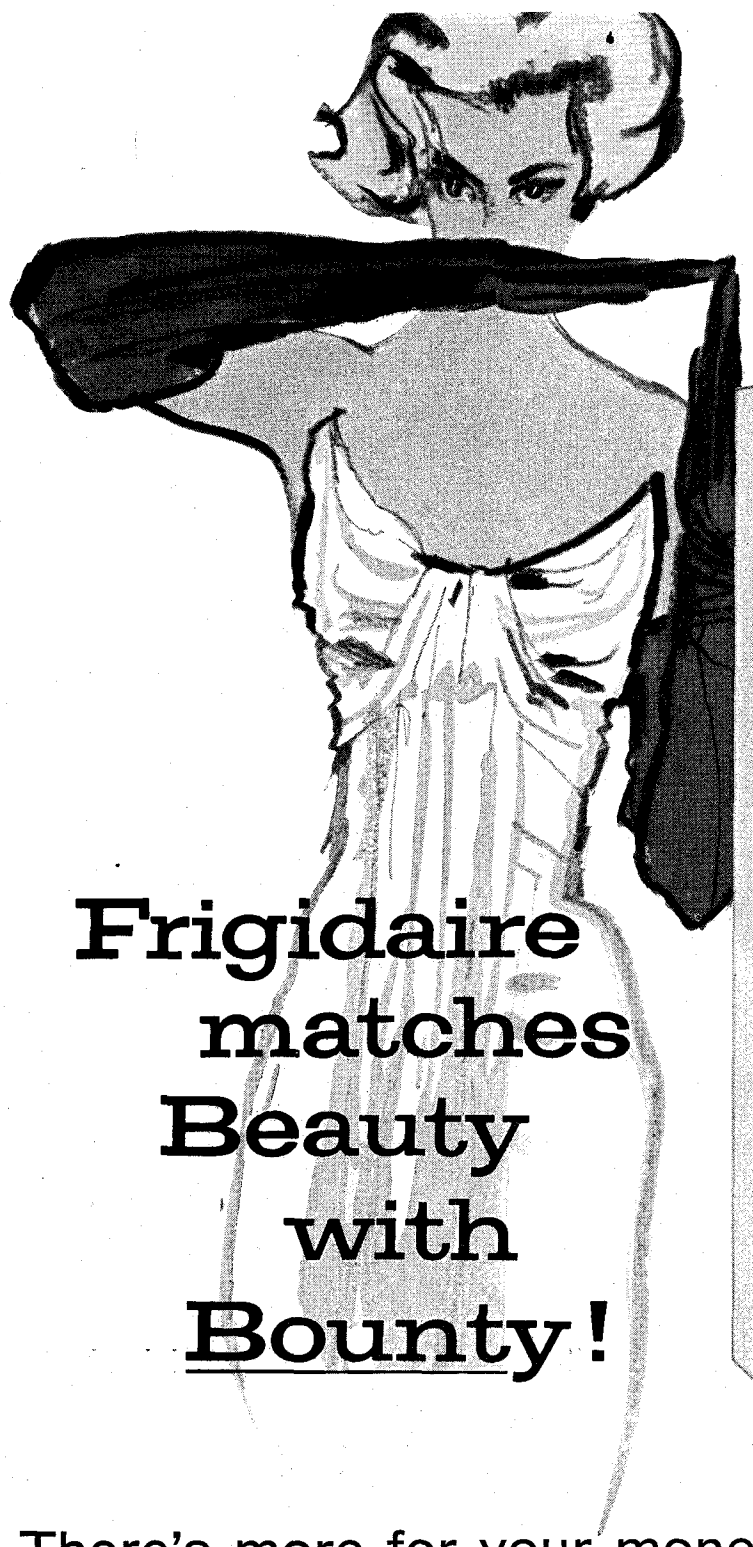
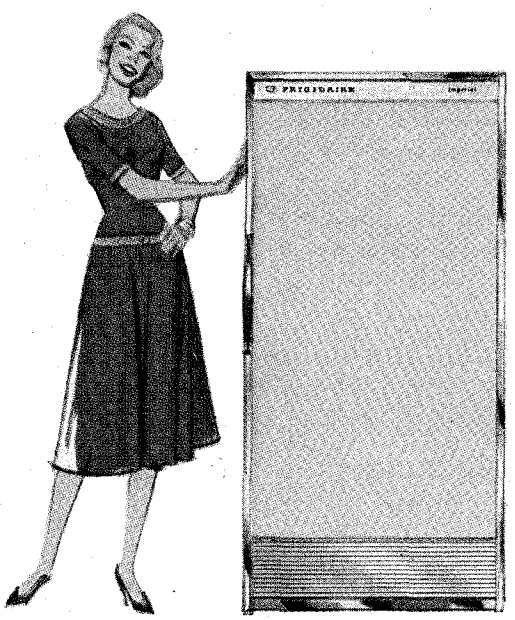


LOOK FOR THE SHEER LOOK

Model S-124-57

Frigidaire matches Beauty with Bounty!

There's more for your money in every way in a Frigidaire Sheer Look Refrigerator



Frigidaire sells Glamorous Sheer Look Colors at *NO Extra Cost* — Available in many models

Just stack a Frigidaire S-124-57 against any competitive refrigerator of comparable size. Check them point for point and dollar for dollar.

You'll see this: Frigidaire gives you a big-family 12.4 cubic foot capacity, with a total shelf area of 22.1 square feet. The *average* of five leading makes is only 19.0 square feet.

Frigidaire gives you three Quickube ice trays, with the cube and tray-release feature you'll love. Almost all of the others give you only *two* ordinary trays—NONE with the tray release.

And there's so much more that just can't be compared—because they're Frigidaire exclusives!

Like Sheer Look design for example—that wonder of styling and dimension that snugs compactly into present cabinets to give a built-in look—transforms the whole kitchen appearance without remodeling.

And *cost?* Never has anyone given you so much refrigeration for so low a price! *In fact, Frigidaire Refrigerators are selling at the LOWEST COST per cubic foot in their history.*

Drop in at your Frigidaire dealer's and see! Look for him in the Yellow Pages of your Classified Telephone Directory under "Electric Appliances."

MORE USABLE SHELF AREA

Other Refrigerator Shelves *Frigidaire Shelves*

Every inch is usable and easy to get at in Frigidaire shelves — no wasted corner space, no awkward center posts, no narrow or cutaway shelves like those shown in many other refrigerators.

GM GENERAL MOTORS

Frigidaire—Built and Backed by General Motors

FRIGIDAIRE

AMERICA'S HANDIEST REFRIGERATORS

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The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY Benj. Franklin

THE DEEP SOUTH SAYS NEVER

By JOHN BARTLOW MARTIN

How strong is Southern resistance to desegregation? Here is the most complete report yet made on this explosive question, by one of America's great reporters.

FIRST OF FIVE PARTS

One November day in 1953 in the little Mississippi Delta town of Indianola a young man named Robert Patterson, the father of two girls, having nothing better to do, went to a meeting at the school. There he heard a speaker say that soon the Supreme Court might order the schools desegregated and nothing could be done about it. Most of the parents merely nodded. But one old man said, "You mean I have to send my grandchildren to school with niggers after we built that good nigger high school?"

Patterson has recalled, "I just sat there like the rest of them, like a bump on a log. But I couldn't sleep that night. I got up out of bed and went into the bathroom and started writing a letter to the editor. Then I wrote to everybody I could think of."

Patterson, a big man with fiery red hair who operated a plantation and formerly had been a college football star and paratroop major, was then thirty-one, almost totally nonpolitical. He made inquiry on how the "judge-made tyranny" had come about from a friend in North Carolina, a state farther north and one once exposed to "liberal" influence, and was informed that the whole thing was a Communist plot. It is possible Patterson also learned this from the speeches of Sen. James Eastland, who lives only a few miles from Patterson in Sunflower County, Mississippi. This aroused Patterson further. He wrote to everybody he knew and to political leaders all over the South. He had one letter printed for wider distribution. Addressed, "Dear Fellow American," it described the meeting at the school, criticized leaders who "cringe in confusion" and regard desegregation as inevitable, and said he had hit on a solution: "I gathered my children and promised them that they would never have to go to school with children of other races against their will, and this is my solemn vow and pledge. If every southerner who feels as I do, and they are in the vast majority, will make this vow, we will defeat this communistic disease that is being thrust upon us. . . . You say this is not a time for hotheads and flag waving, but for clear, cold thinking. We need those hotheads, just as we always have when our liberty is threatened. Let's let the hotheads be the forge, and the clear thinkers be the armorer to reforge and retemper the bright shield of segregation which is our heritage. I, for one, would gladly lay down my life to prevent mongrelization. . . ."

But Patterson found people rather uninterested. Even after the court did upset segregation that spring, on May 17, 1954, few people

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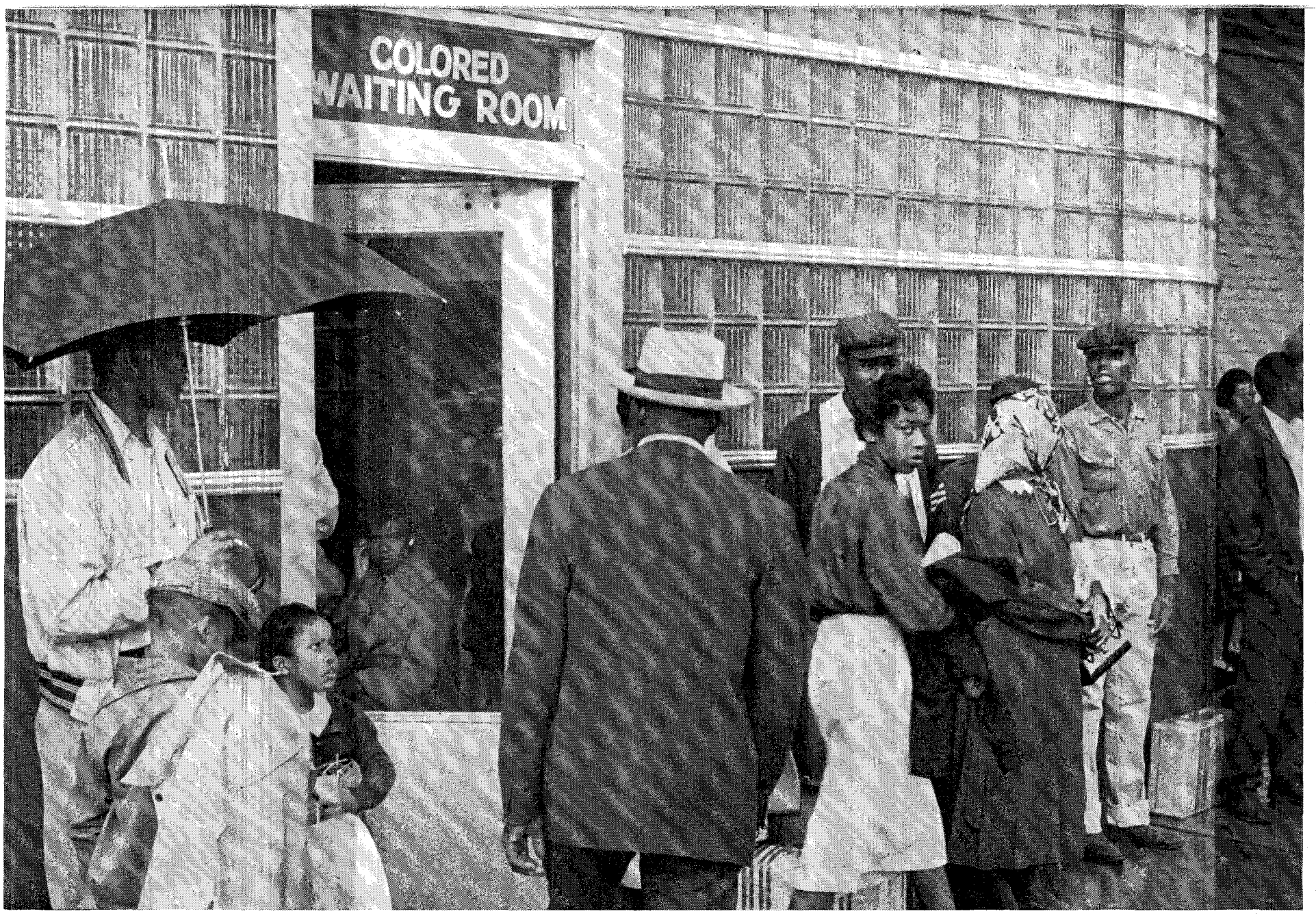


Bus depot, Columbia, S.C.: The old ways persist despite the high court's ban on segregation in transportation.

in Sunflower County seemed excited. Indianola is a sleepy farm town on the broad flat Mississippi Delta, with shaded streets where white folks live, dusty rutted streets where Negroes live, and it has changed little from one generation to the next. "They just didn't believe it," one man has said.

Patterson has said, "I became obsessed with the thing. I started agitating around town. One day down at the compress" (the warehouse where cotton is compressed into tight bales and stored) "I talked to Mr. Hawkins and said we'd ought to get ourselves a little organization to see if we can't do something."

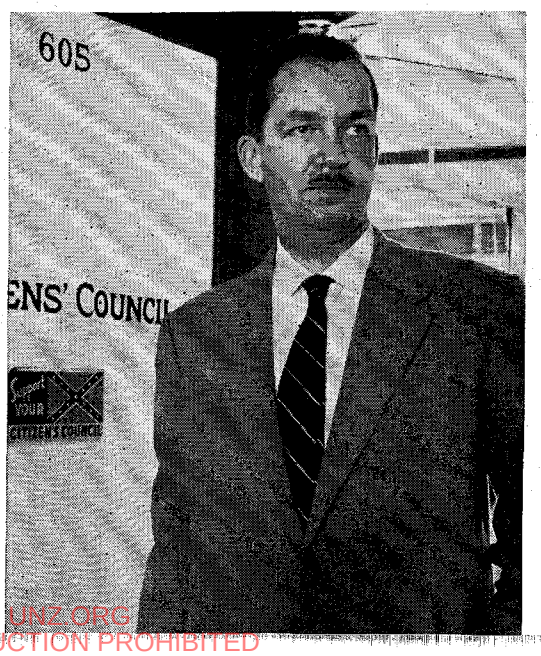
D. H. Hawkins, a stocky man with a hard mouth who manages the compress, called a meeting at his home. Fourteen men met there the night of July 11, 1954—a planter, a farmer, a dentist, the mayor, a lawyer, a ginner, a farm-implement dealer, two auto dealers, the town banker, a druggist, a hardware dealer, plus Hawkins and Patterson. They would mobilize public opinion through "a grass-roots organization." They called a public meeting a week later in the city hall. About 100 townsfolk attended. "Everybody of any standing was there," Patterson says. They organized the Indianola Citizens' Council, electing the banker chairman, the city attorney vice chairman, Hawkins treasurer, and Patterson secretary. Thus was formed the first Citizens' Council, a movement that in a few months swept the South and gave loud voice to the Southern resistance to school desegregation.

At that time desegregation seemed inevitable and not far off. Today, in the Deep South, it seems unlikely in the foreseeable future. At that time the South was divided, perplexed, resigned. Today the Solid South is a fact, and its resistance to desegregation is granitic. Let us study the remarkable achievement of a resistance movement that has uncom-

These leaders have helped persuade the Deep South to stand firm against the Supreme Court's order

Robert Patterson, Greenwood, Miss., founded the first Citizens' Council.

W. J. Simmons shares Mississippi leadership with Patterson.



Judge Tom P. Brady, Brookhaven, Mis made famous speech, "Black Monday."

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Extremist resentment of "integration" climaxed in the killing of Emmett Till. Above: his mother at the coffin.

promisingly set its face against the mainstream of American thought as expressed by the Supreme Court of the land—and has thus far got away with it.

Since Deep South resistance is little known in the country at large, we shall devote the first four articles of this series to it, studying only four states—South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi. In a fifth article, we shall examine the Border States, where desegregation has succeeded.

From the beginnings of education, seventeen states and the District of Columbia required Negro and white children to attend schools that were, in theory, equal, but were, beyond doubt, separate. But the Supreme Court outlawed the practice in 1954. When school doors opened that fall, the District of Columbia, Delaware, Maryland, West Virginia and Missouri were moving toward full desegregation. A year later, three more states desegregated—Kentucky, Oklahoma and part of Texas. Most schools desegregated without incident. Some desegregated at one stroke; others began with high school or first grade. Most did so on their own initiative or that of the state administration. Some did (Continued on Page 68)

THE FACTS BEHIND THE UPROAR

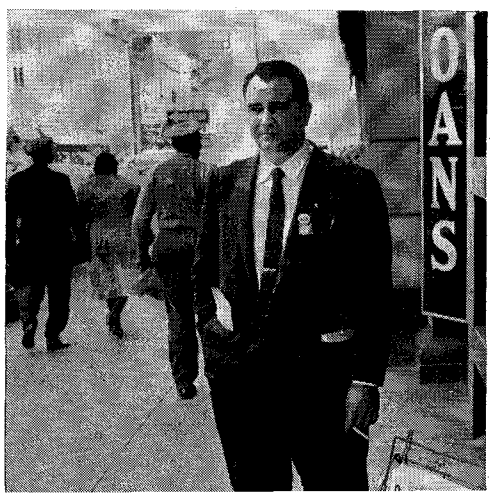
Since that fateful day in May of 1954 when the Supreme Court declared segregated schools unconstitutional, literally thousands of articles have been published dealing with this explosive issue. Many of these have been useful contributions to knowledge; most, we regret to say, have been fragmentary, slanted to fit the bias of parties at interest, out of balance because of failure to make proper distinction between the attitudes of the Deep South and the so-called "Border States."

The series that begins on these pages is, we believe, the most exhaustive and penetrating look at the problems of integration yet published in an American periodical. It was written by a reporter of unimpeachable competence and integrity whose instructions were, simply, to report the truth—with special emphasis on the Deep South, where, we believe, the ultimate battle over integration may well be fought.

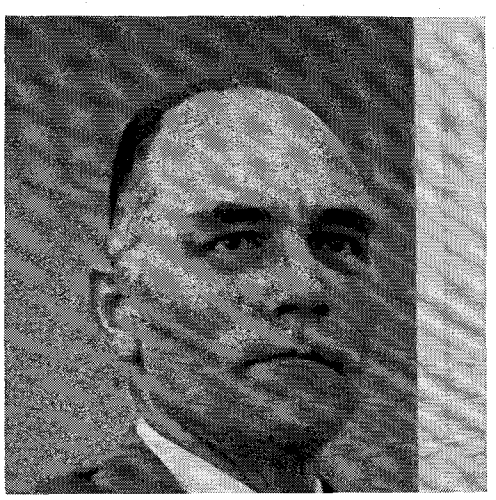
These articles, we know, will bring comfort to neither the opponents nor the proponents of integration. Nevertheless, they will, we hope, bring the light of fact to what may well be the most critical social issue of these times.

—The Editors.

Asa (Ace) Carter of Alabama equates be-bop, integration, and Communism.

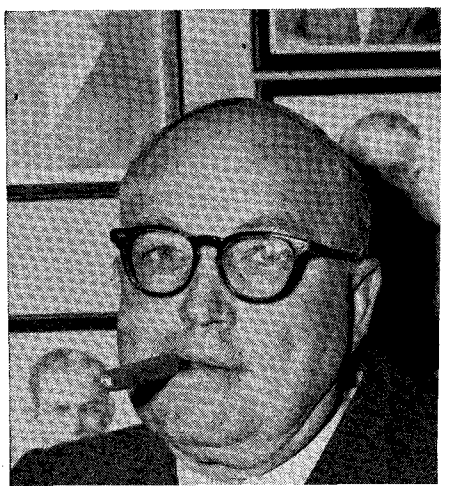


State Sen. Sam Engelhardt is moderate Alabama leader.



Senator Herman Talmadge of Georgia. Portrait shows his father, "Ol' Gene."

Eastland of Mississippi heads U. S. Senate Judiciary Committee.



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Standing before the dreary row of Main Street's store fronts, Craig signed his autograph for excited teen-agers.

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How Hollywood's most glamorous bachelor came to a little backwash town still trying to find

THE GIRL HE REMEMBERED

Beginning a story in two parts by PAUL GALLICO

The spare, trim-looking tourist with the pale, light-colored eyes hesitated, pen in hand, before the registry book pushed toward him by the young reception clerk of the Wilson House, in the backwash town of Huntsville, Iowa.

The reason for his hesitation was that he had two names. If he signed the first, the affair was over then and there, for in spite of his fame he was rarely recognized in private capacity. He would eat a wretched meal in the café, spend the night in a fleabag and in the morning continue on to New York. And if he registered by the one by which he was better known ——

He had foreseen, as he pulled up his black Sapphire-Vixen roadster, what the hotel would be like—the gloom of the lobby, the fly-blown calendar, the brass cuspidors and the greasy brown overstuffed armchairs with tubbed palms behind them, the smell of stale tobacco and dirt. The glittering progress that had transformed the hostels of America's booming highway towns had bypassed Huntsville as the main U.S. Highway No. 20 had done.

On the way to the desk, a nearby bulletin board bearing an urgent message dated a week previously had caught his eye:

DON'T LET HUNTSVILLE DIE! CITIZENS' MEETING TONIGHT! ASSEMBLY ROOMS, WILSON HOUSE, TO DISCUSS WAYS AND MEANS OF BRINGING NEW BRANCH OF GIBSON HOG-PACKING CO. TO HUNTSVILLE! BE THERE! ALF ZINNEMAN, EDITOR, HUNTSVILLE GAZETTE!

The traveler, a compact man slightly above average height, in slacks and sports jacket, with crisp dark hair, still ungrayed, nodded toward the bulletin board and asked, "So what happened?"

The clerk shifted the toothpick in his mouth and replied, "Oh, nuthin'. All they did was sit around and jaw and pass the buck. They're invitin' the president of the company to the next combined Lions-Rotary lunch."

The traveler laughed savagely. It was about what he would have thought. He asked, "Got a room and bath for the night?"

The clerk said, "I guess so," and from force of habit glanced back at his rack of keys, which showed little sign of occupancy. "Four dollars be about right?"

The man nodded, poised his pen and wondered why he had obeyed the impulse to leave the main highway and detour there. He was despondent, sore, spiritually bruised and angry. He felt the need to make something happen that would distract or divert him, for he was sick to death of his profession, the life he had been leading, and himself.

Illustrated by Lynn Buckham

"How well do I remember you, Mary? There was a meadow and a stream," he began.

But he suspected that an even deeper reason was that he had come to satisfy a curiosity. He therefore hesitated no longer, but in the bold hand, practiced by the signing of many thousands of autographs, inscribed himself: "John James Craig." For his address he added: "Coldwater Canyon, Beverly Hills, Calif."

He turned the book around, pushed it back toward the clerk, who goggled at the signature, turned turkey red in the face and stammered, "S-say! Are y-you *the* John James Craig?"

Craig replied, "If you mean the actor, yes."

The clerk stuck out his hand with a boyishly spontaneous movement. "Well, I'll be darned. Welcome home, Mr. Craig! My name's Ed Spruile. I'm kind of new here, but I read and heard all about you and seen you in pictures." He pumped Craig's fingers. "Say, Mr. Zinneman ought to know about this. And Miss Wilson will want to welcome you too." He went behind the mailboxes and called into an office, "Miss Wilson!"

An enormously obese person of about thirty, with the sweet, friendly face of the resigned fat girl waddled into view.

Spruile said, "Miss Wilson, this is the famous moving-picture actor, Mr. John James Craig, come back to pay a visit to the home folks."

Miss Wilson melted into a warm, expansive smile and extended her hand. "Mr. Craig, all I can say is we're honored to have you with us and you're most welcome back to Huntsville. . . . Ed, you put Mr. Craig in Number Seven. It's been aired recently and has a parlor. Mr. Craig will be wanting to have all his old friends up to visit him."

There was no doubting her sincerity and delight, and she padded up to the room with him, saying, "Of course, I wasn't born—I mean, I wasn't around yet when you lived here, but dad remembered you very well as a boy, when he had the Old Inn over by Sawyer's Pond—the one that burned down. He often spoke about you. Dad died nearly five years ago."

Then he was alone in the musty parlor with the red-plush (Continued on Page 121)

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I CALL ON WYATT EARP

BY PETE MARTIN

A Post editor reports on the real life of TV's fastest-drawing, straightest-shooting Western marshal, as played by that glamorous Hollywood bachelor, Hugh O'Brian.

The actor and the reporter: Back to back with the fastest draw on TV, author Martin poises pad and pencil for a question-and-answer duel.

The real Wyatt Earp (right) with Dodge City companions of the 1870's.

I wanted to meet a 1957-breed cowboy, the kind who comes striding into your living room at the twist of a dial, his hands hanging loosely at his sides, never too far from his holsters. With this in mind, I'd made a date with Hugh O'Brian, who plays the title role in the television series Wyatt Earp.

We met in O'Brian's corner room on the nineteenth floor of New York's Hotel Warwick. His voice, saying, "Just a minute," came through the door; then he flung it open and said, "Got a dame on the phone. Be with you."

I walked in and sat down. Clad in a brocade dressing gown, O'Brian perched on an unmade bed. It was obvious that he was wearing nothing else. It was also obvious that he had a halfback's legs, and that they were packed with muscles as hard as solid-rubber balls.

He was saying into the telephone, "But I don't think I know you," while murmurous sounds came from the receiver. "I'm leaving on a plane this afternoon, and that'll make it rather difficult," O'Brian said. The murmuring continued until O'Brian asked, "Have you any children?" There was a pause, just long enough for a woman to utter a startled "Yes" or "No"; then O'Brian said, "If your kids watch my show, I thought you'd like to bring them along." Abruptly the overheard voice grew less murmurous. O'Brian said, "Be a good girl." Then he hung up.

I sat thinking of the stories I had written, about a trio of other cowboys: Roy Rogers, John Wayne and Gary Cooper. Gary Cooper had walked into my Beverly Hills hotel room and had stood in the doorway, kicking an imaginary clump of dirt and mumbling, "I don't know why anybody would want to read about me, Mr. Martin." I had been warned that he was a shy rider of the movie plains who was known to directors of Western pictures as a "clod kicker"; and that, when spoken to, he said only "Yup" or "Nope." I reassured him that if he didn't want a story written about him, it was fine with me, and I bought him an all-white-meat chicken salad and a couple of Scotches thinly laced with branch water. Once I had agreed that nobody wanted to read about him, he chattered like a schoolgirl. In two hours I had my Cooper story.

I had met Roy Rogers one noon on location in a patch of gulch and boulder country some forty miles north of Beverly Hills. I'd begun that story by consuming an incredible lunch of bottled beer and sliced-onion sandwiches. Rogers was having those items for lunch, so I said, "I'll have the same." It seemed a way of (Continued on Page 76)

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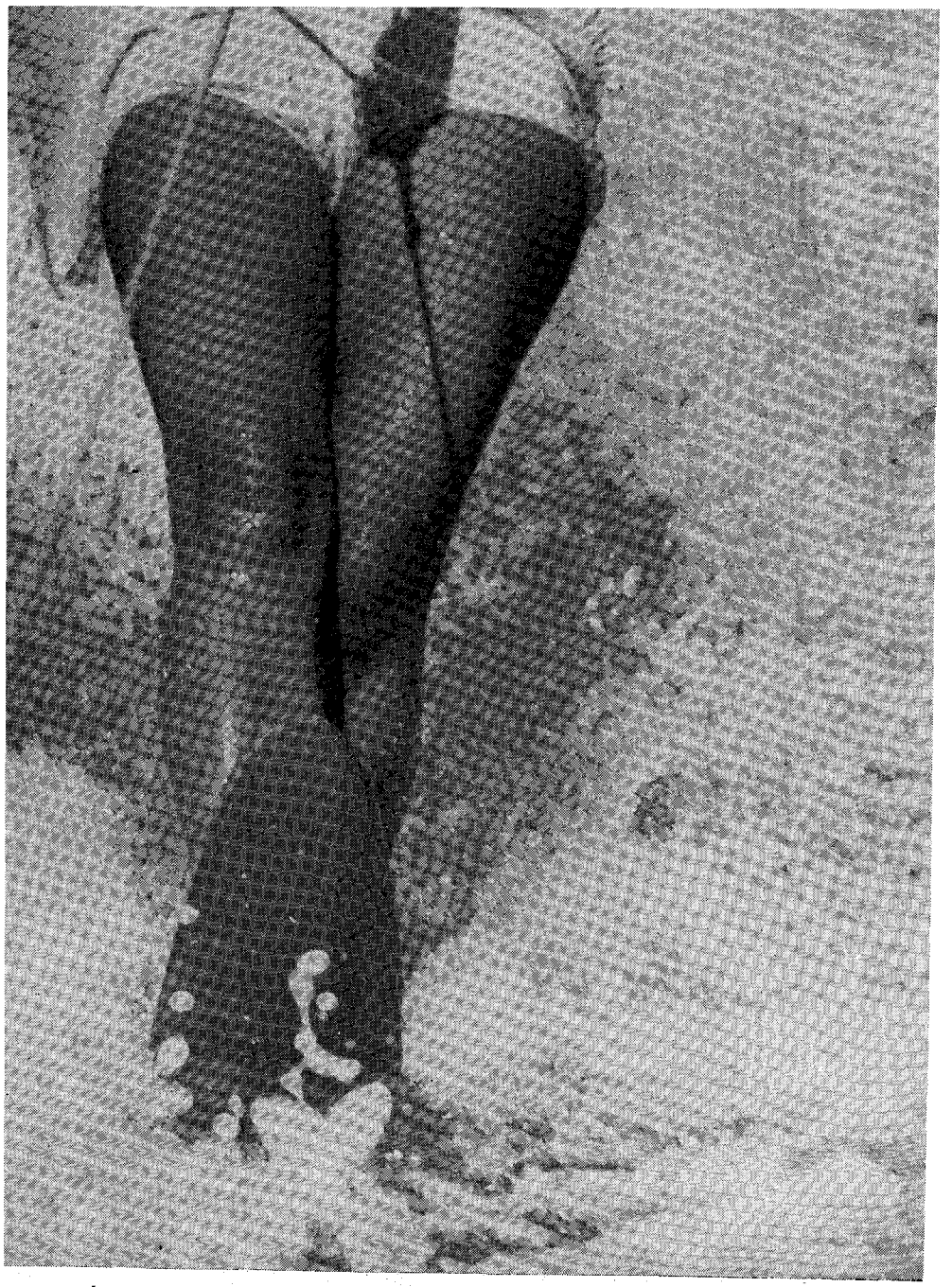

n among horse-opera heroes: Occasionally he has been known to kiss the girl.

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She was thrashing out with her arms, and in the clear, deep water, only fifteen feet behind her, Kelly saw two sinewy gray shadows.

Shark Water

The extraordinary outcome of a terrible moment on a tropical reef.

By RONALD SERCOMBE

The sun was blindingly brilliant. The southeast trade wind was soothingly soft. The color of the water was unbelievable—a dazzling, deep emerald in which swam fish with crimson stripes and purple whiskers.

For this was the water off the island of New Providence, an area first raised by white man, they say, on the twelfth of October in 1492, when the cry of "Land, ho!" brought to life three lost ships and about a hundred and twenty lost souls.

Kelly dozed on the aft deck of his Bahamian catboat. He had lowered the sail so that the canvas, now bulging, protected his eyes.

"Kelly!" The shout was loud, rude.

But Kelly dozed. Beneath him, deep in the emerald water, the worms worked, busily building a greater island—even as they had worked for millions of years to create vast chunks of expensive coral that are now known as the British West Indies.

"Kelly!" The voice of the harbor master, Capt. Freddie Stites, was as strident as his face was sour. Kelly opened his eyes reluctantly. His large lips separated. White teeth shone as he found his voice. "Yes, sir, Mr. Stites."

Kelly's accent, an admixture of soft Spanish and clipped British, was a common inflection among islanders; an intriguing and never-ending charm to tourists.

"Get that pregnant tub away from the pier. I've got some customers."

"Yes, sir, Mr. Stites."

Slowly, methodically, efficiently, Kelly raised the sail on Susie. He hoisted the anchor. Gracefully, the little sailboat was wafted away from the pier. Her imposing substitute, Captain Stites' Love Alone, a gleaming, thirty-six-foot charter boat with towering outriggers, purred into place beside the pier steps.

Kelly dropped anchor closer to the beach. Curiously, he watched the customers. They were a middle-aged, portly and stern-faced man; a sun-tanned, gray-haired woman with a very nice figure, Kelly thought, but a sad face; and a small, unhappy-looking, black-haired girl in her most early teens.

It was very early in the morning for business. About seven o'clock. Breakfast in the hotel wouldn't be served until eight-thirty. However, Kelly thought, a shilling is a shilling, whether at seven in the morning or seven at night. He went to the cabin, took his guitar out of a canvas bag and returned to the aft deck.

While the customers dickered with Capt. Freddie Stites, (Continued on Page 61)

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Are the executives
who run Red industry
as good as their
American counterparts?

HOW THEY MEET PAYROLLS IN RUSSIA

A penetrating report on some remarkable changes within the Soviet Union. By Joseph Alsop

Viktor Ivanovich Kominov is a big, tough-looking man in early middle age. His face, deep-lined and expressive under his heavy shock of dark hair, conveys an immediate impression of intelligence and vigor, which is rapidly confirmed by his conversation. You would be interested in this man, I think, wherever you chanced to run across him and whatever might be his origin and position.

Yet his origin and his position are precisely what give Viktor Ivanovich Kominov his unusual interest for every thinking person in the free West. He is, in fact, a member of a vitally important new class in the unfree Soviet Union—the class of Soviet industrial executives, the class of men who meet the payrolls of Soviet industry, to use our American phrase.

Here is a class altogether different from any that existed in old Russia, showing interesting resemblance, as well, to the comparable class in the United States. Here is a class that has been created almost out of nothing. It has grown up behind the blank façade of Soviet secrecy. Its very existence is hardly suspected by most Westerners. And here is one of the real keys of the Soviet mystery.

Half of the confusion about the Soviet Union today derives from the violent contradiction between the two different pictures which we hold simultaneously in our minds. One is the familiar, the common or garden Western picture of a Soviet Union crudely powerful perhaps, but still technically primitive and industrially backward.

(Continued on Page 97)

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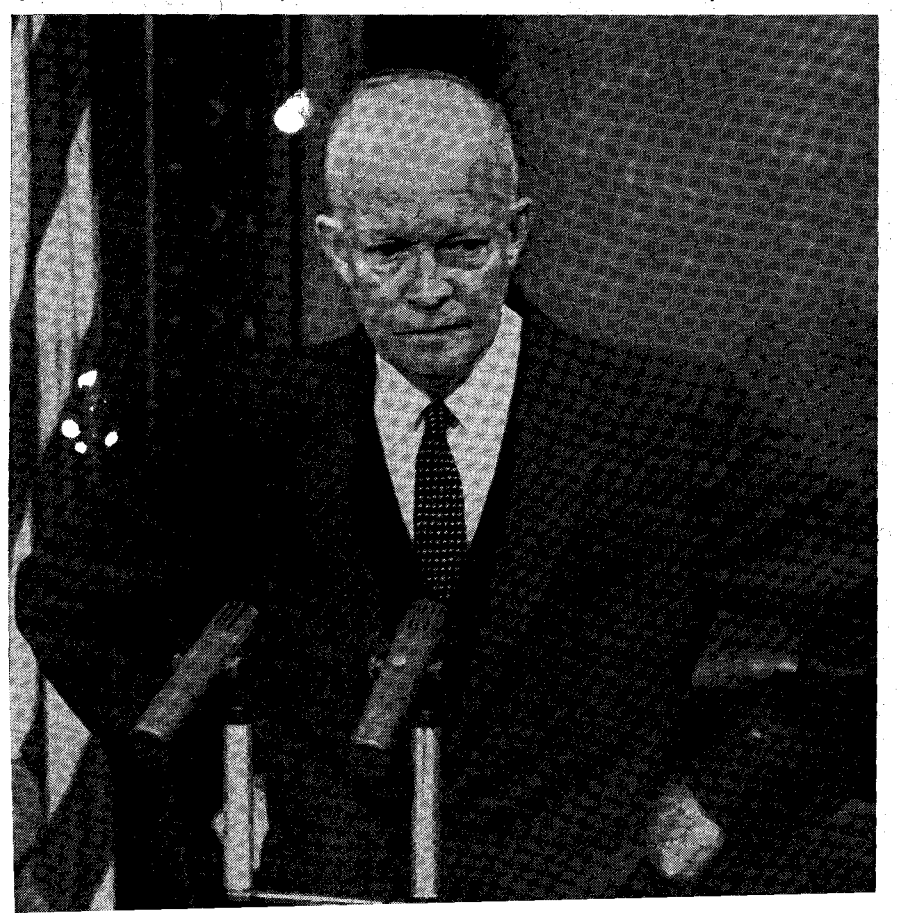
President Eisenhower at his weekly conference with the nation's press. He has vastly enlarged the scope of the chief executive's communication with the peopl

Angry Ike: Asked last March whether he would use his new helicopters to take him to the golf course, the President retorted with surprising heat: "I don't think much of the question," then cut off any further discussion with a curt "Thank you—that's all."



Mr. President!

By HENRY F. and KATHARINE PRINGLE

A unique brand of rough-and-tumble is the presidential press conference, an institution that changes radically every time a new incumbent steps into the White House.

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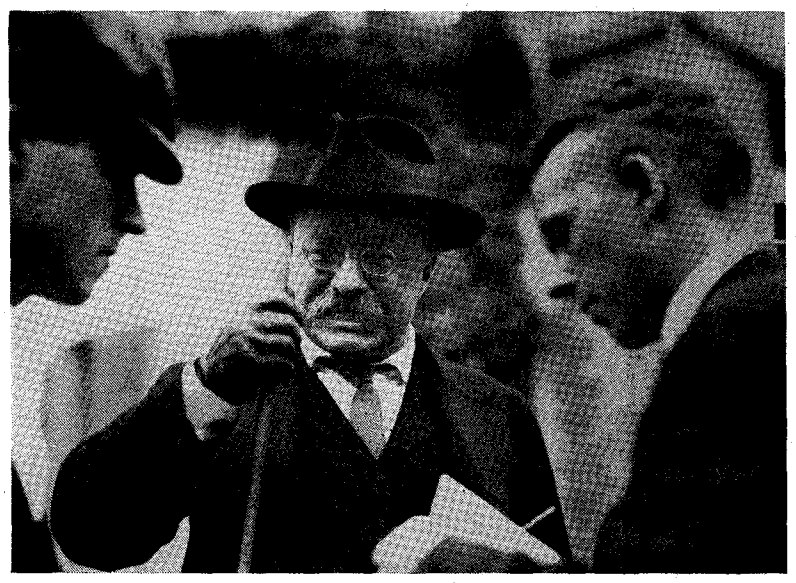
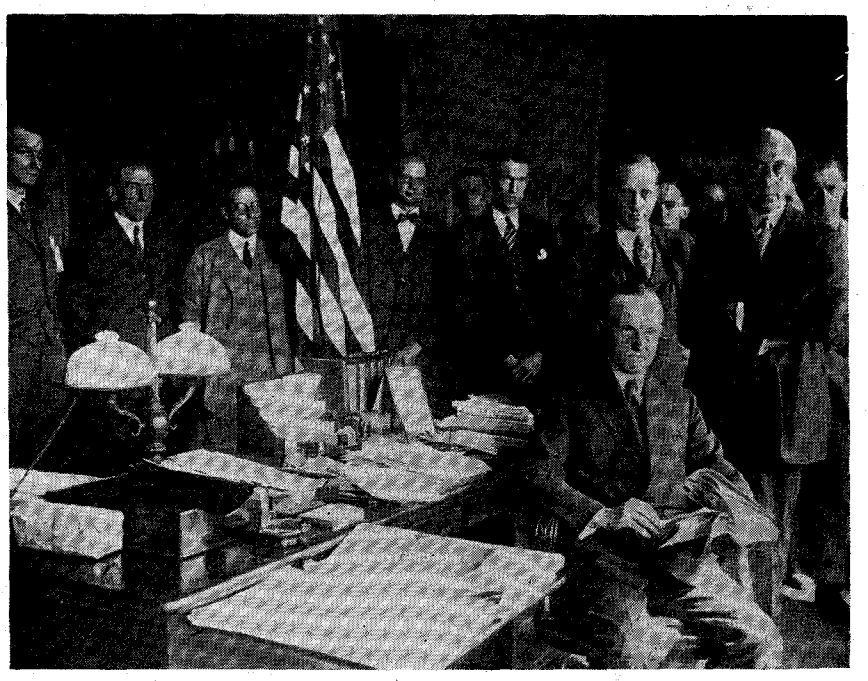
Each President Faces the Press on His Own Terms



Theodore Roosevelt was the first President to use press interviews effectively, but he never permitted general conferences and rarely allowed quotation.



Silent Calvin Coolidge held his meetings with typical taciturnity. He selected questions from cards written in advance.

Franklin Roosevelt, father of today's press gatherings, enjoyed himself hugely, and completely dominated the scene.

Former President Truman with reporters at Key West, Fla. His answers were crisp, though he could become waspish when annoyed. All in all, he provided more important news than is usually the case now.

One of the really valuable qualities in a White House newspaper correspondent is extreme agility. He should be nimble enough to spring from his chair and call, "Mr. President!" a split second ahead of a half dozen equally articulate colleagues. If he is quick and loud enough, he may be recognized by Mr. Eisenhower at a presidential press conference. His question and the answer could add to the stream of American history. At the least, the journalist will get his name in next morning's New York Times. He even may be seen briefly on television and in the newsreels. It is heady stuff, and competition for the President's attention is keen.

Fast acceleration, comparable to that of today's motorcar, is also of great value when, after about half an hour, the designated dean of the White House press corps shouts, "Thank you, Mr. President!" which by long-established custom ends the conference. This is followed by a stampede for the telephone booths outside. The perils are less grave, now that the sessions are held in the baroque Indian Treaty Room in the old State Department Building just west of the White House. During Franklin D. Roosevelt's administrations and most of Harry S. Truman's incumbency the meetings were in the smaller presidential offices at the executive mansion itself. Minor casualties were not infrequent as newshounds, running at full cry, sometimes knocked down other members of the pack. One broke an arm.

The current dean of the White House press corps—a title bestowed by informal agreement among the reporters—is Merriman Smith, of the United Press, an ancient man of forty-four, who has particular reason to recall the hazards of presidential press conferences. At a session in May, 1945, when Truman announced the German collapse, the gentlemen of the press wholly forgot their manners. In the near-riot as correspondents rushed for telephones, Smith tripped over a photographer's ladder and dislocated a shoulder. He received a crayoned purple heart from his small son and a kidding from Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower, who, a year later, shook hands warmly with the U.P. man at a White House party.

"Well," he said, "this is the man who was the last casualty of World War Two."

Since he has been in office, President Eisenhower has regarded the extreme haste of the reporters as (Continued on Page 128)

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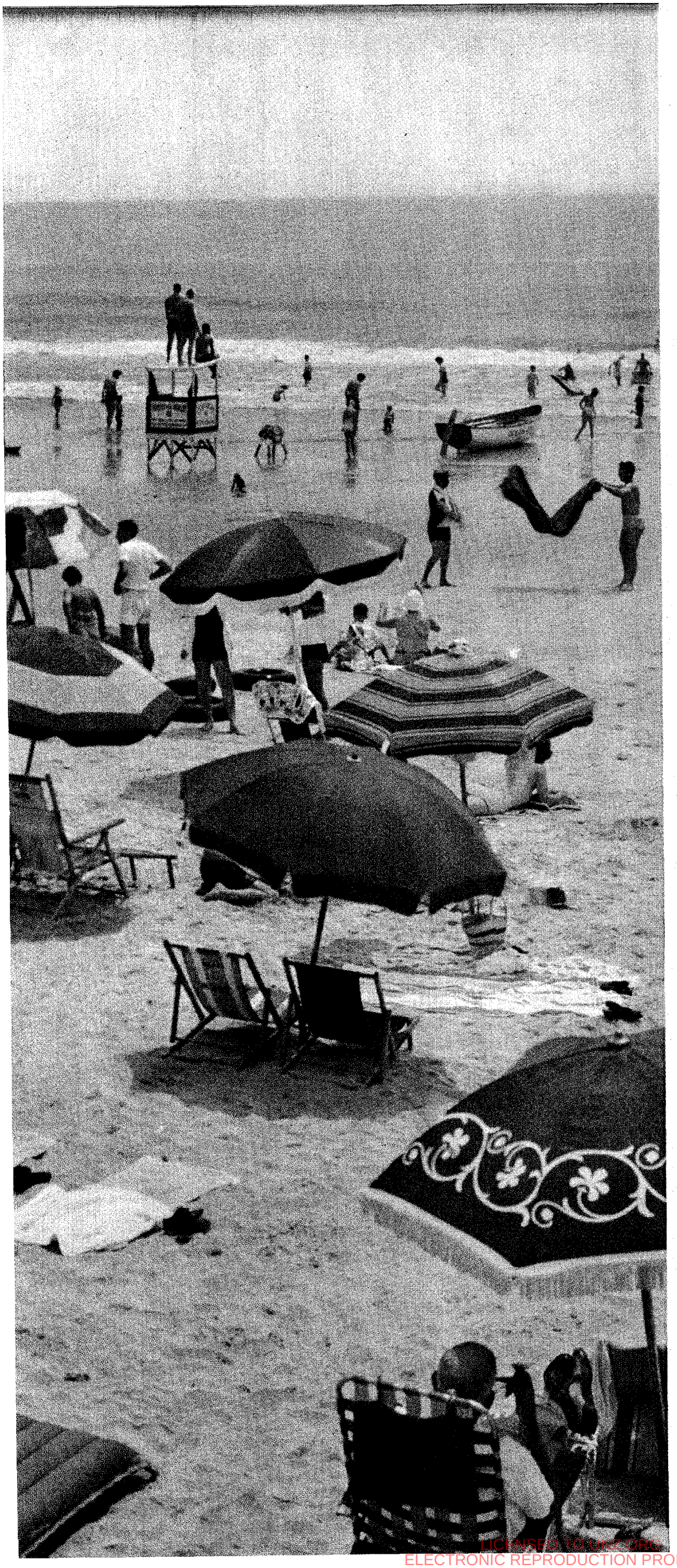

The Face of AMERICA

The Languid Sands

The U.S.A. is blessed with 17,936 miles of coast line, but nowhere are the sands softer or whiter than on the New Jersey coast, within an hour or so of the metropolitan heart of the East. From Sandy Hook to Cape May the resorts march south, edge to edge—some boisterous, some bluenosed, some gaudy and some pristinely, even primitively, simple. About midway on this riviera—and midway between the extremes of carnival and cloister—lies Ocean City, a town founded seventy-eight years ago by three Methodist ministers. To buy a bottle or a drink across a bar, the Ocean City dweller has to travel beyond the city limit—perhaps a full mile or two. But Ocean City's broad beaches invite him to rest, forget his cares and watch pretty girls turn brown in the sun. These are the languid sands, where a child can build a castle and another Archimedes can record the formula of his dreams, for the eternal sea to wash away. ❁ Photograph by Ralph H. Anderson

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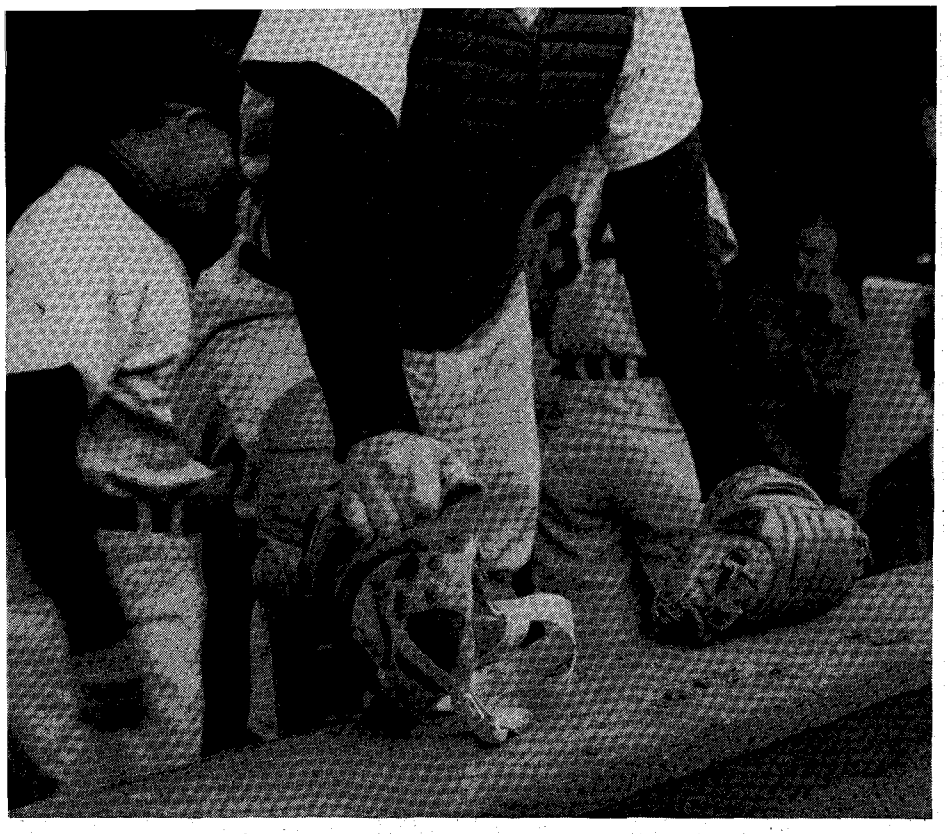
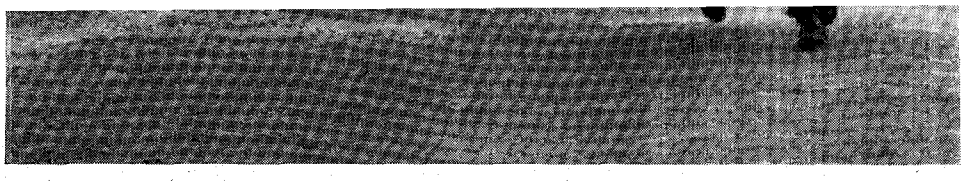
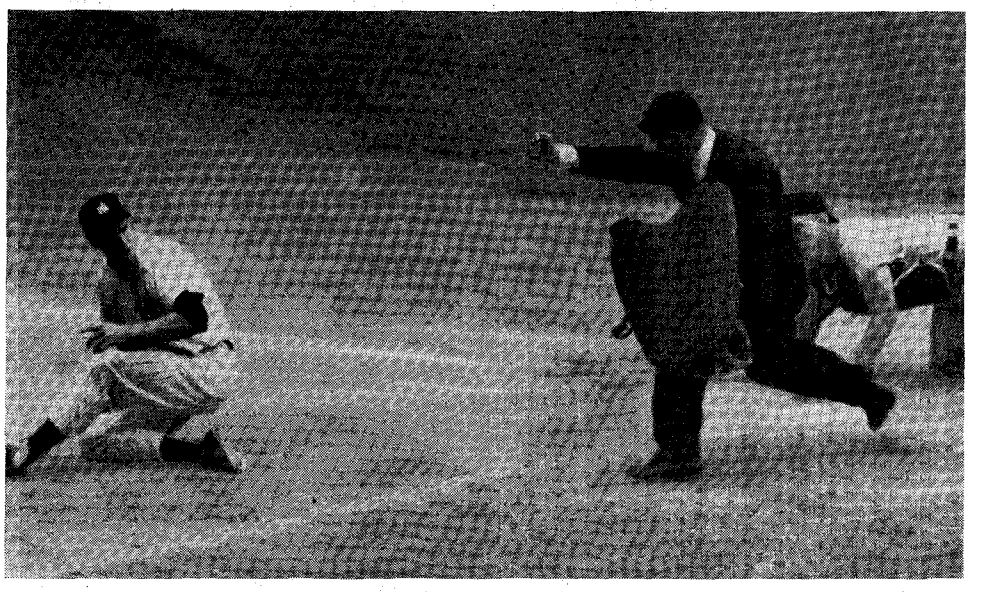


Sherman Lollar: "I wouldn't be as good a hitter as Yogi if I were hitting in a phone booth. I'm a great admirer of his."



Above: Andy Carey of the Yanks slides in an attempt to score on Berra's long fly. Below: Lollar nails Carey for a double play. Umpire Nestor Chylak calls the outraged runner out.



Is Lollar Better Than Berra?

By WILLIAM (Red) GLEASON

Some experts believe that this White Sox star has been overshadowed by Yogi Berra so long that he's probably the most underestimated catcher in baseball.

It is the fate of some illustrious men to spend a career in the shadow of a contemporary. Adlai Stevenson has his Dwight Eisenhower. Lou Gehrig had his Babe Ruth. Bob Hope has his Bing Crosby. And Sherman Lollar has his Yogi Berra.

Sherman Lollar, a reflective thirty-two-year-old whose father was one of very few Republicans in Fayetteville, Arkansas, understands from experience the frustrating thoughts that must occasionally nag at these other men. If it weren't for Berra, of the New York Yankees, Lollar, of the Chicago White Sox, would be the No. 1 catcher in the American League.

Last season was the best that Lollar has had with the bat since he came to the major leagues with Cleveland in 1946. Sherman batted .293, drove in seventy-five runs and hit eleven homers, a most respectable set of figures. Berra, however, hit .298, drove in 105 runs and hit thirty homers.

This is the way it always has been for Lollar. When fans speak of American League catchers, the discussion usually begins and ends with Berra. Yogi's domination of the league's Mask, Chest Protector and Shinguard Society has been so complete that Lollar's accomplishments are overlooked.

Only his closest friends seem aware that Lollar has been named to four American League All-Star teams. Here again, Berra has shunted the Chicago catcher into a dark corner of the dugout. Three times—in 1950, '54 and '55—Lollar went to the All Star game just for the trip. He didn't play. Last year at Washington Casey Stengel finally gave Sherman an opportunity. He responded with one hit in two tries against the National League team.

Almost nobody remembers that Lollar played in a World Series and compiled a .750 batting average. To be sure, White Sox players seldom are thought of in connection with the Series—the team hasn't been in one since 1919. However, Lollar sneaked in, back in 1947, with the organization that has made the World Series a hobby, the Yankees. Lollar got into only two games and batted only four times, but he made three hits.

Berra earns something like $58,000 a year, and is one of the best-known athletes of our time. Lollar, whose pay is around $20,000, is little publicized. Yet there are insiders who rate Lollar as a better catcher than the Yankees' Yogi man. They will readily concede that Lollar does not compare with Berra as a hitter. They won't argue with the record book. Going into this season, Berra's lifetime achievements included a .294 batting average, 1003 runs batted in, and 238 home runs. Lollar's figures were a .264 average, 451 RBI's and 86 homers. But the Lollar adherents maintain that while Yogi has the edge at the plate, Sherman is clearly superior behind it.

Billy Pierce, the White Sox' great left-handed pitcher, says of his battery mate, "Sure, Yogi hits better, but (Continued on Page 101)

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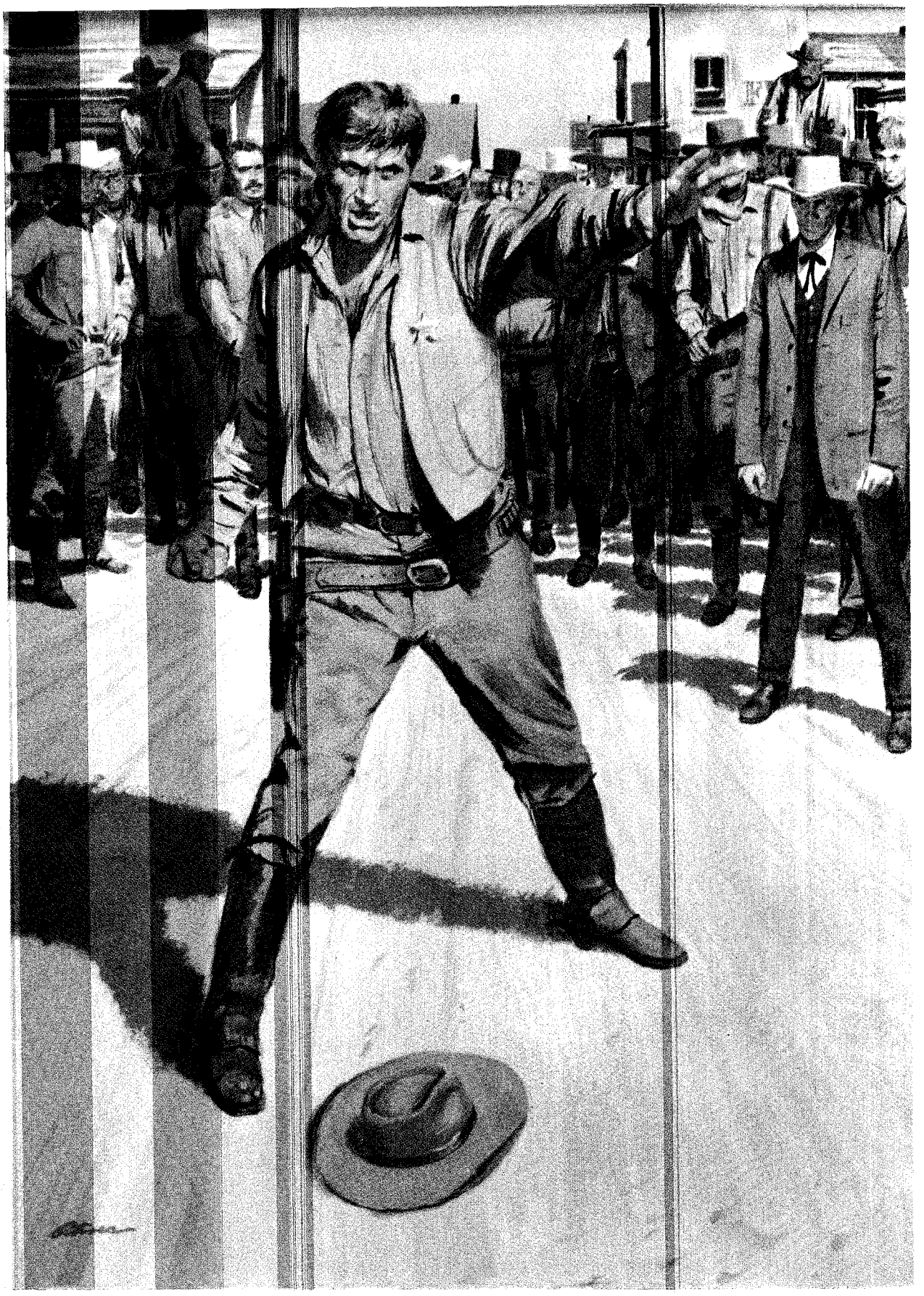
The Jacksboro Mob

By KENNETH KAY

These men were in an ugly mood. It would take more than words to stop them . . .



"I'm hanging Spaniel before the sun sets!" raged the marshal.

Sulkily, reluctantly, sick with shame for this stocky, little-known father, Luce Ransom trailed him through creosote bush along the river bluff, the fowling piece Grandpa had given him when he left Kentucky in his hand. At sixteen, Luce was all lank bones, topping his father by half a head; was pale-fair with his dead mother's blondness, while years of dry Southwestern heat had baked Miles Ransom to Indian swartness.

Bird hunting, thought Luce in appalled disbelief. *All Jacksboro out helping Marshal Brant catch a killer, but he's taking me bird hunting. Billy was right about him.*

Grandpa wouldn't have done it. If this was Kentucky and a murdering bank robber like Wade Spaniel loose, Grandpa'd have led the posse, not refused to join it. With a pang of homesickness, Luce thought of the tall old man who'd raised him, who'd glared down the whispering neighbors when Luce's father threw up his law practice and went West instead of off to war like other men in that border country, some into blue, some into gray, as conscience dictated, but with no shame to any except the one who ran away.

At ten, Luce had bloodied Billy Poindexter's nose in the schoolyard because of it. They were best friends, but when Billy's brother died at Chancellorsville, he'd turned on Luce. "Leave me alone, you yellowbelly's pup!" he'd sobbed, and swung a sharp fist. Startled, Luce fought back and won, but it didn't help. He could lick Billy, but there remained the hard-eyed circle of untouchable little girls and boys too small to fight, chanting, "Yellowbelly, yellowbelly, Luce's pa's a yellowbelly!"

"Don't pay 'em no mind," Grandpa had said. "Your daddy ain't any coward."

"Then how come him to run off?" Luce sniffled.

Grandpa had hugged Luce to his bony chest. "Because he was an educated man, sonny; not like these ignoramuses around here that ain't ever been nowhere. Your daddy was schooled up North and he married your mamma up North, but he brought her home to live where Ransoms have always lived, and when the Lord seen fit to take her, he buried her here. Whichever side of this war he joined, he'd have had to fight friends, and he couldn't stand to do it. That's how come him to go West, Luce—where it's still one country and he can help keep her that way without killing friends to do it. It wasn't because he was scared."

But Grandpa had been wrong and Billy Poindexter right. Miles Ransom was a coward. At noon that day in the dusty single street of Jacksboro, fifteen hundred miles from Kentucky and six years later, Luce had seen naked, public proof of it.

Miles Ransom's double gun cocked with a dry click. "Get set, son. They're bunching to flush."

"Yes, sir," muttered Luce, and made up his mind to write Grandpa for train fare home. *If I leave now*, he thought miserably, *before I get to liking him too much, maybe I can forget about today.* Bile welled in his throat as he remembered Gib Brant's jeers; how even his father's friends, Phil Ogletree and Otto Claussen, and Doctor Morrison with Mr. Buck Thomas' blood on his fingers from (Continued on Page 51)

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Boom in Part-Time Jobs

A new system of providing interesting, profitable jobs for people who work only when they feel like it . . .

By WILLIAM BARRY FURLONG

Mrs. Effie Starr surveys street-corner traffic for a Los Angeles department store. Workman Service, a pioneer in the field of recruiting part-time help, got her the job and pays her salary, including fringe benefits.

The girls were cute and winsome and utterly incompetent. Any businessman knows the type: the office help whose talents are solely decorative. One particular businessman in Manhattan feared that he didn't know any other type at all. He had a temporary but highly demanding job for a crack calculating-machine operator, and these specialists, he found, are as scarce in New York as cactus in Alaska.

At length he telephoned a temporary-help agency, a firm which specializes in supplying part-time and temporary help.

"Send me the best calculating-machine operator you can find," he ordered.

Robert Hood, the flinty head of Office Services, sent his best—a woman of seventy-two. The client took one look at her and phoned Hood angrily.

"She's too old," he complained. "She won't even be able to get started on the job."

Hood tried to calm the man. "Why don't you give her a couple of days?" he said. "Then call me back."

Two days later the businessman called back. The woman, he said, was doing a wonderful job. "We'll keep her for three months—and send us more like her."

That seventy-two-year-old woman was part of a vast army of people who are using their spare time profitably and happily. Last summer, some 8,500,000 persons held part-time

"Spectators" at this Milwaukee TV show are all part-time hired hands; the model and crew are full-time professionals.

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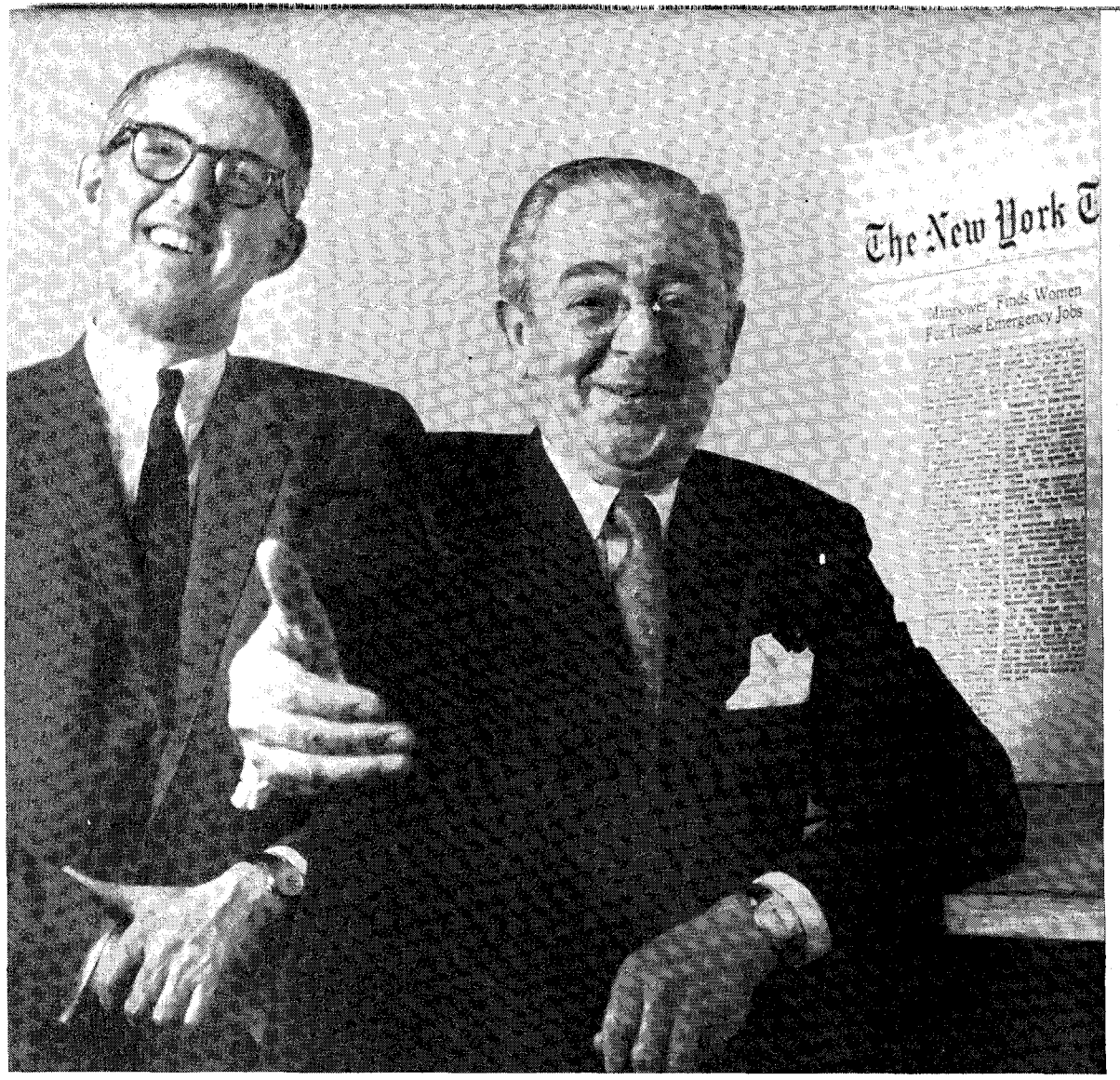

President Elmer Winter (left) and chairman of the board Aaron Scheinfeld of Manpower, Inc. Their agency, which has 107 branches, does $8,000,000 worth of business a year "renting out" its employees on a short-order basis.

jobs; during the Christmas-shopping spree, their ranks swelled to more than 15,000,000.

"And this is only the beginning," says Robert Hood. "We could do double the business if we could only find the help to take part-time jobs."

The boom in part-time jobs is one of the most astonishing phenomena of our economy. It has helped relieve the labor shortage. It has helped many persons to earn extra money for new cars, television sets and college educations. Countless others, who feared that their working days were at an end, have been given useful and satisfying work. And it's helped many a businessman exploit the demands for his product.

A few years ago, for instance, a small manufacturer in Ohio offered a plastic doll for sale for the Christmas inventories. He was deluged with so many orders that his six-girl office staff couldn't handle the mail. "I felt like a man walking down a street covered with dollar bills that I couldn't pick up," he said.

At the suggestion of a friend, he called on Workman Service, a pioneer in the recruiting and renting of part-time help. Sam Workman, head of the firm, had the letters divided into bundles of 2000 each. Then twenty of Workman's girls set briskly to work, chopping these huge lumber piles of mail into the neat cordwood of profits. Within hours, they had the problem under control. Within days, they were completely caught up. By the time the rush ended, said the manufacturer, "they'd turned a potential failure into a spectacular success."

Nothing emphasizes the size of the boom in part-time jobs more than the startling growth of the temporary-help agencies. Ten years ago there were fewer than a dozen of them across the nation; today in New York City alone there are almost forty. One company, Manpower, Inc., grew from an idea in the minds of two lawyers in 1948 to an $8,000,000-a-year business with 107 branches by 1957. Another, the Russell Kelly Office Service, has launched fifty-five branches in the last three years—at one point it opened thirteen offices in thirteen days.

Individuals prospered too. In San Francisco, a grandmother in her late forties opened a temporary-help agency. Within a year her company was grossing $50,000 a year. In Grand Rapids, Michigan, Monica Bowman, widowed at twenty-eight with three children, wanted to open a branch of Russell Kelly Office Service. Her father-in-law, a banker, advised against the move—too risky. But she went ahead anyway. Within two years her agency was grossing $25,000 a year.

Much of this prosperity can be traced to the rising cost of labor. Nowadays, few businessmen can afford to keep enough full-timers on hand to meet every turn in the business cycle. "It's economically unsound to hire full-time workers beyond seventy per cent of your peak business," asserts one executive. The alternative is to hire enough full-time workers to handle the average business, then to add part-timers for the rush periods.

Normally, for instance, the manager of the Sears, Roebuck store in Milwaukee employs eight men to clean the floors at night. But several times a year, particularly after a heavy rain or snowfall, the floors are left so sloppy that he needs fifteen to twenty men to mop them. "He couldn't afford to keep those extra men on his permanent payroll when he needs them so (Continued on Page 118)

Tiare Kuhns, from Oahu, Hawaiian Islands, works for Manpower between night-club engagements. Here, she hands out atmosphere and fruit juice at a supermarket near Milwaukee.

When Mandel Brothers of Chicago have a sale, they need extra help. Here, Beverly Hockfield (right), a Manpower employee, keeps the bargains moving.

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"I'm not going to wait for you any longer, Maxine," John said. "I want to get married. I'm going to find another girl."

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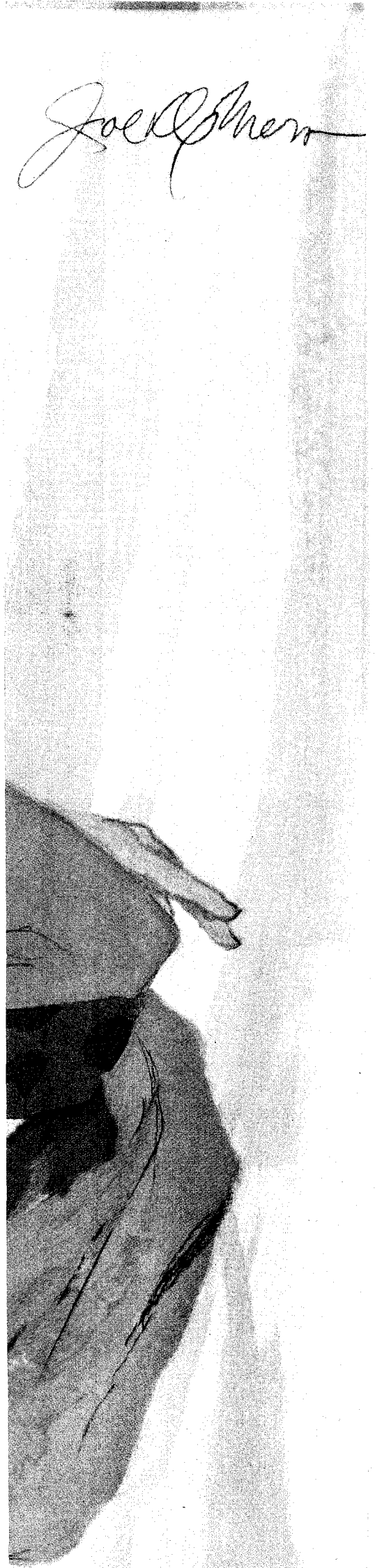

By NANCY POPE MAYORGA

MARRIAGE IS NOT FOR ME!

She thought she wanted to live alone, until she discovered the meaning of loneliness...

Julie Kramer was going out to lunch. She was always going out to lunch, out to dinner, out somewhere. Restless, energetic, efficient, too, she was a product of her age. She was clean-lined, thinned down and angular, twentieth century. Her black hair, untouched by gray or dye, was molded to her head as her clothes were molded to her figure. She looked hard. Those who loved her knew that she was not. She looked self-assured. But her eyes were easily panicked.

She stopped for a minute in the doorway of the north room, which they had turned into a studio for Maxine.

"Lunch, baby, at the Statler. I'll be back about three. Have you had anything to eat?"

"No, mother."

"Well, eat something! You hear?" Julie shouted at her as people shout at foreigners who don't understand English. "There's plenty in the refrigerator. Or go out somewhere." She considered briefly Maxine's paint-covered smock, paint-smudged face and blond hair falling in disarray. "Or have something sent in. But eat, Maxine!"

"Yes, mother. I will."

"Maxine!"

"I'll eat. I promise."

Julie hesitated. She tapped thoughtfully on the door frame with long, perfect, crimson nails. "I wish you'd get married," she sighed.

Maxine laughed. "What a thing to wish on some poor guy. Even if you want to get rid of me."

Julie smiled her brittle smile, but her eyes were soft and fond. "Marry John Milpagas. Why don't you, Max?"

"All right, mother. I will."

"You ought to be living a life of your own!" Julie was beginning to shout again. "Twenty-six years and you've done nothing so far but devote yourself to me! It isn't fair! You should cut me off! Do you hear, Maxine?"

"Yes, mother." She smiled. "I'll cut you off."

"Marry John! And eat something! You hear? Good-by."

Maxine laughed. She sat for a moment to let the room recover its quiet after her mother's electric presence. Then she fished around in the pocket of her smock, brought out her glasses and put them on. Her mother despised those spectacles.

"I don't know why you wear those terrible glasses!" she had said to her sharply on more than one occasion.

"Because I don't see very well without them," Maxine always answered mildly.

"I mean, why can't you get something good-looking, up-to-date?" And finally Julie had delved into her bag and brought up a fifty-dollar bill. "For heaven's sake," she shouted, "go get yourself some smart ones, jeweled ones or something! And if they cost more, pay more! You hear?"

Maxine didn't mind the shouting because she knew that her mother loved her with an immense, yearning love bordering on the painful. She took the (Continued on Page 113)

Illustrated by Joe De Mers

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The Gentlemen in the Garden

The story of an extraordinary garden club—
for men only—where the boys
think nothing of ordering a ton of flowers
for a luncheon meeting.

Lovell Swisher, manager of the Men's Garden Club of Los Angeles, gets the pick of Mrs. Rose-Marie Comstock's dahlia crop for the September meeting.

By FRANK J. TAYLOR

Some of the state's finest old trees were preserved when the club persuaded county officials to purchase this 160-acre tract for a Los Angeles arboretum.

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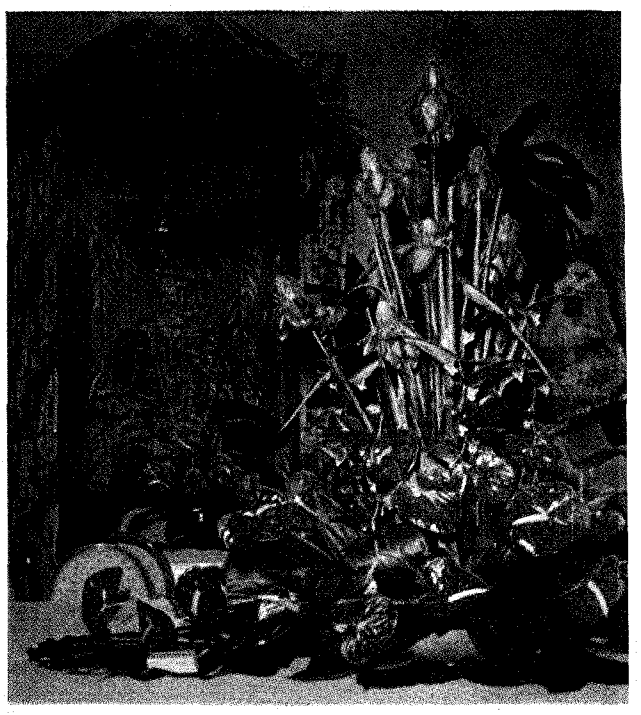
The September dahlia luncheon: Everybody talks flowers, flowers, flowers, since business is taboo. Membership in the club, whose hope is to beautify Los Angeles, is limited to one hundred, and there's even a waiting list to get on the waiting list.



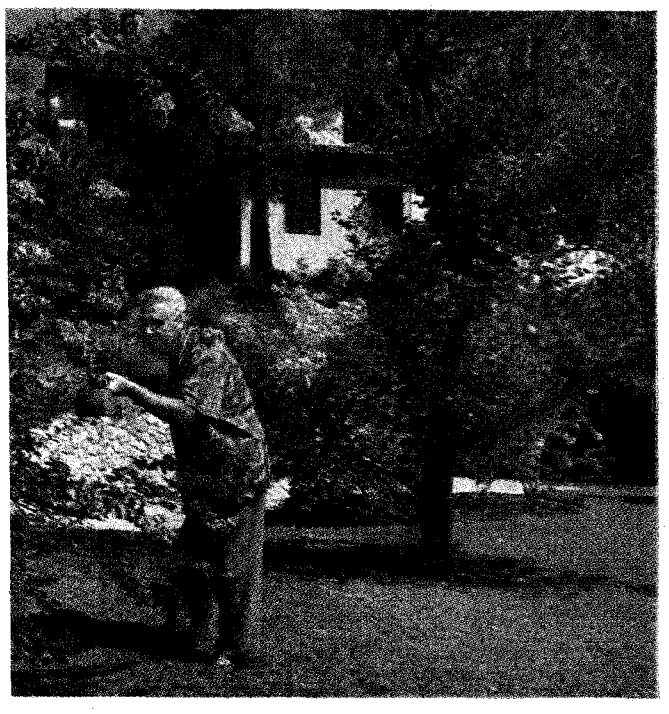
The exotic touch: These lush anthuriums, cut the day before, were flown in from Hawaii.

To most males, gardening is a blend of faith and hope, sunburn and sore muscles, bugs, blights and ill-timed wifely advice. The harried husband is then said to have a green thumb. This is an outmoded approach, according to 100 Southern California business tycoons who constitute the Men's Garden Club of Los Angeles. They have their green thumbs gold plated.

Gardening, to this select group, is feast and fellowship amidst bowers of flowers, and often highly profitable. Sam Mosher, former president of the club, who is likewise president of an oil company, says he takes more dollars from an acre of orchids than from an acre of oil wells. The current president, Franklin S. Wade, board chairman of a gas company, is strictly an amateur, specializing in Strelitzia and bromeliads.

Once a month, the members of this extraordinary garden (Continued on Page 92)

The February camellia luncheon: The club's "no-women-allowed" tradition was jolted when one of the directors of the American Camellia Society, invited to lunch with the boys, proved to be a female.



Dr. Samuel Ayres sprays a crape myrtle. Like all members, he must have a green thumb, or hire a gardener who does.

All set for the spring food and flower feast: None of the tycoons bats an eye if the floral spread is worth $5000. The blooms are later donated to the city's hospitals.

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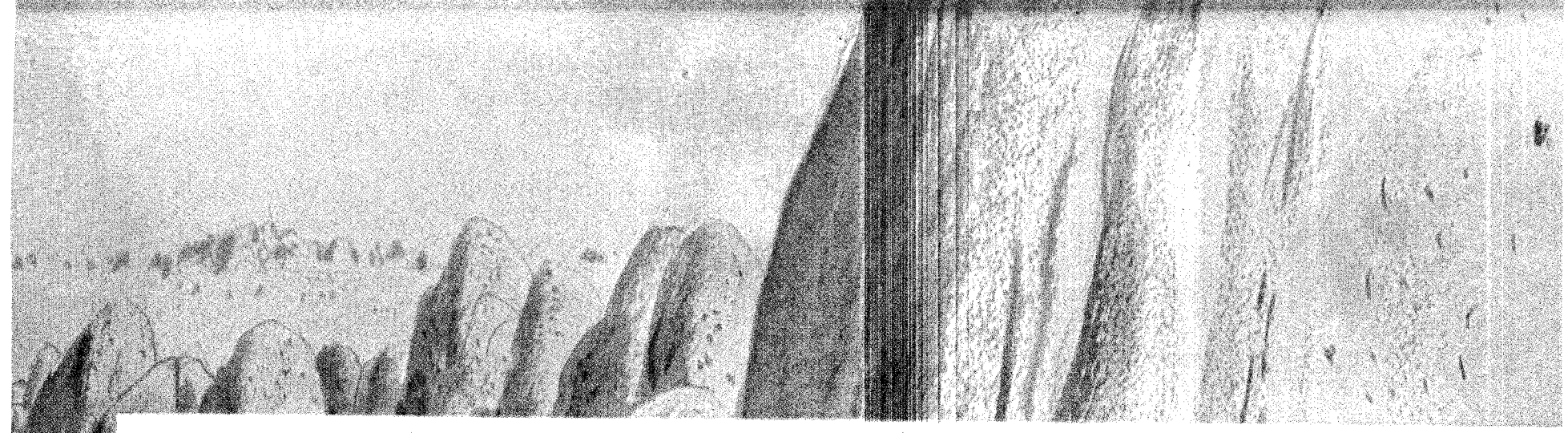

Illustrated by Fred Ludekens

The Lost City

Once it was a place of life and splendor—now nothing remained but ruins, guarded by a madman.

By BRIAN CLEEVE

"All aboard!" Piet shouted. "We're headin' due west for Dead Man's Gulch!"

The Americans raised a polite smile. Ruskin, the Basuto driver, kicked the starter of the supply truck, and I started up the big station wagon. But Piet couldn't leave it.

"Mind them vultures don't get you!" he shrieked above the noise of the engine, his thick, sun-reddened face twisted into a caricature of a grin that was more like a sneer. He was always that way. He hated the work, driving rich tourists on ten-day safaris through the Kalahari, and he hated himself so much for doing it that he had to sneer. He had to take it out on someone. Last night it had been the second African driver, which was why Piet was driving the lead jeep now, instead of riding with me in the station wagon. That was the third driver that had run out on us in the year Piet had been on the job, and they were getting to be hard to find.

The Americans climbed in behind me; the old professor and his wife first, the five students after them—two big sunburned boys with crew haircuts like soft blond scrubbing brushes, and three girls. Shem, the dark girl who had told me she was from Arizona, took the seat next to me. She was tall and slender, and supple as a boy, and her hair was black as ebony.

"Hiya, Callaghan," she said. She had a way of lifting one dark, thin eyebrow and looking at you sideways. Cynical, with a touch of bitterness behind the mockery.

"Your friend," she said, "is he always like that?"

"Uh-huh," I said. I'd learned a long way back that it could be a bad mistake to get too friendly with the customers. Life can get quite complicated in ten days out in the desert with nothing for a girl to look at but rocks and thornbushes and the nearest man. And this girl was the born odd-girl out, the kind that never brings a man along with her. Too many sharp corners and the wrong kind of humor. It was certainly nothing to do with her looks.

I glanced at her sideways. She looked like a cool breeze—the kind of cool breeze you never get in the Kalahari. In the part we were going to it hadn't rained in seventy-five years, and when the wind blew, it was like the blast out of a steel furnace.

I looked back over my shoulder and started doing my job, telling the Americans something about the route we were taking; about the Bushman hunters, and the Afrikaners who had trekked that way from the Transvaal towards Angola, leaving dead oxen and the graves of men and women as signposts along the way.

"The Africans call it the Great Thirst," I said. Then I patted one of the spare water tanks with my free hand. "But we don't need to worry."

We didn't, either. This was my fifth year in the job as safari guide and driver, and the only casualty I'd ever had was a man who got sunstroke through

(Continued on Page 81)

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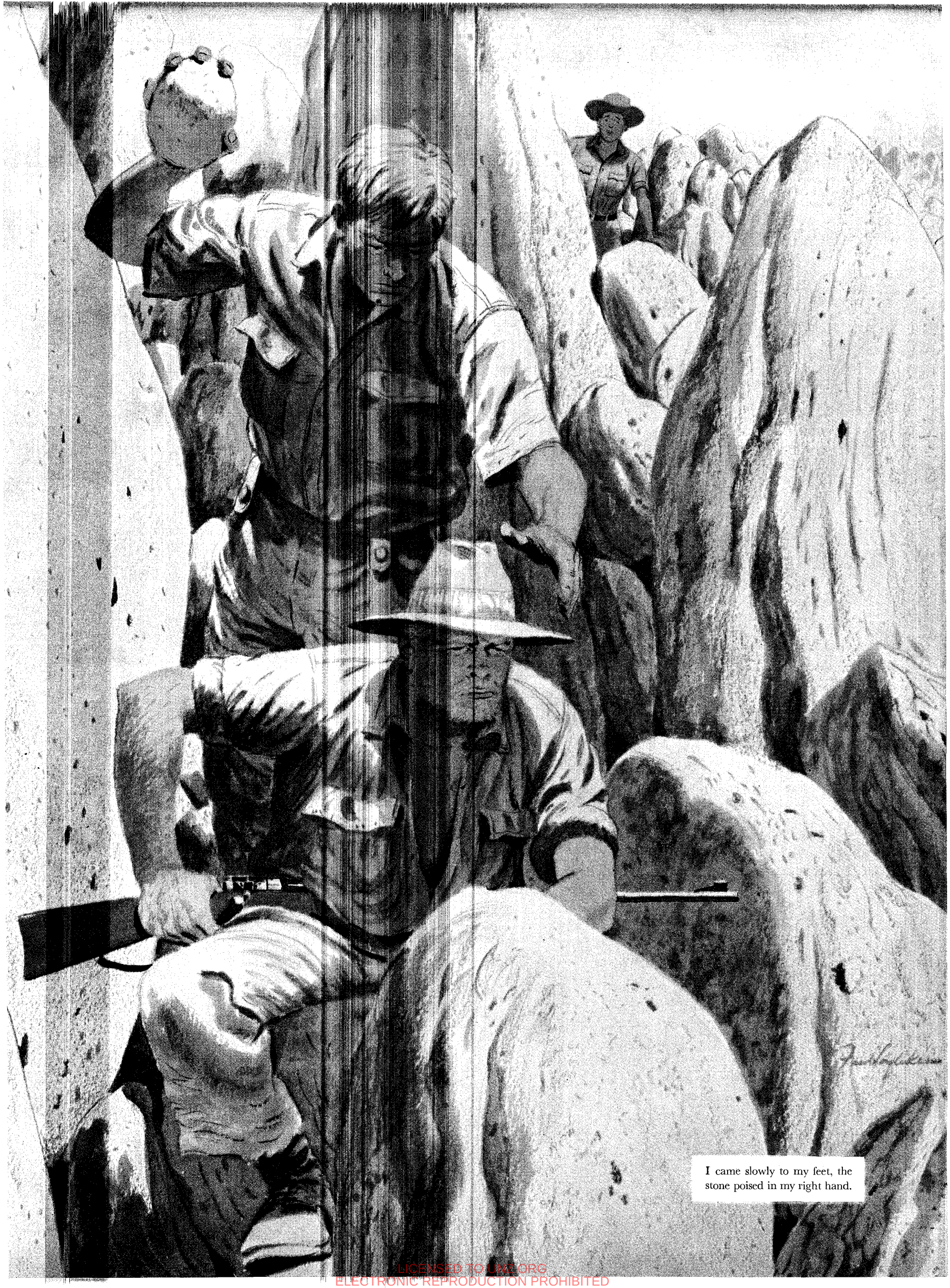

I came slowly to my feet, the stone poised in my right hand.

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Post Scripts

We are Not Amused

Deliver us, please, from those ponderous folk—
  Not legally killable—
Who insist on repeating the point of their joke
  In words of one syllable.

NORMAN R. JAFFRAY

And Then He Says ——

(My favorite movie speeches.)

"Wait a minute, Matt. What about the girl?"

"H'm-m-m—looks like the work of Chicka-morgas. But this is pretty far south for Chicka-morgas—unless Cochise has been stirring 'em up again."

"Yes, yes, I see. Go on. . . . Trace this call, Benny. It's Harper. . . . Yes, then what did you do?"

"I just stopped by the store, Jim. Slate's back. He's looking for you."

"Don't you see, Mary, we'll keep on running and hiding all our lives?"

"Moonbase, this is Scorpio. If Doctor Varney and Yvelda are listening, tell them not to worry about Timmy. He's with me."

"Of all the conceited, bigoted, opinionated, obstinate, stubb—— Jerry, you never kissed me like that before!"

"I aim to find out who killed my brother."

PAUL C. LAW

"Well, here we are, up again."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Those X rays of yours are in here somewhere."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

We Just Have to Face It

Women are, beyond a doubt,
Two-faced creatures out-and-out.
One face we see—the one with make-up—
The other's that with which they wake up.

RICHARD WHEELER

Equine Lines

The horse is noble,
  Courageous, bold,
A faithful friend
  Of man, I'm told;
A worthy beast
  Who can gallop and run
And kick up his heels
  And have his fun;
And with both of us
  It'll be just fine
If he does it unhampered
  By me on his spine.

ETHEL JACOBSON

Let Me Write That Down

"Let's see, now. I want two hamburgers with sauce, but no onions; two with onions, but no sauce; two with pickle and just a little sauce; and one with nothing at all—just plain. I also want five coffees: two with just cream, two with sugar and no cream, and one black. Then, I want one limeade with no ice, two hot chocolates—one with a lot of whipped cream and one with not very much—one double and one regular vanilla ——"

"Well, be that as it may, sir, I'm still not receiving my paper. I called your circulation department several days ago and talked with a Mrs. Branby, who advised me that she'd check into the matter, and —— Well, maybe she did and maybe she didn't, because I still didn't receive my paper, and then the kid came to the door and collected from my wife, who didn't know that I'd told this Mrs. Branby that I'd be hanged if I'd even pay the buck and a half if I didn't receive my paper, but it seems that the kid collected just a dollar thirty-five; stating something about that'd be some sort of an adjustment, which, of course, it couldn't have been, because, in the meantime, I'd called your circulation department again and had talked with a Mrs. Oswald, who stated that ——"

"It's really an out-of-this-world vacation spot. You drive maybe fifteen miles north on Highway 96 until you get to a little sign that reads 'Third Creek,' a half a mile or so beyond which you turn right and keep going until you come to a fork in the road. Take the road to the right, but, when you come to another little sign that reads 'Roadside Park Ahead,' be sure to swing left onto a gravel road which goes right past a great big grove of trees, and keep going on that until ——"

"Look; do it this way: Take the car down to Flickstead's to get the clutch adjusted, and then, while that's being done, walk over to Hanwell's and leave the package, and then, after you get the car, drive by and pick up Bob and Eunice and take them over to the school, and then drive over to the grocery and pick up a pound of bacon, some potatoes and some ground beef, and then, after dropping off this marmalade to Shirley, pick up Bob and Eunice at the school and drive them down to the depot, and then ——"

VERNON H. KURTZ

A Summer's Tale

Twenty little maidens
  On a summer cruise;
One little bachelor
  Quaking in his shoes.

Twenty little maidens
  Angling for a mate;
Oh, the competition!
  Oh, the luscious bait!

Twenty little maidens
  On a summer gambol;
One little bachelor
  Lost in the scramble!

GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

Psychological Novel

One which you must read a lot of
Before you start to find the plot of.

JAMES W. POWER

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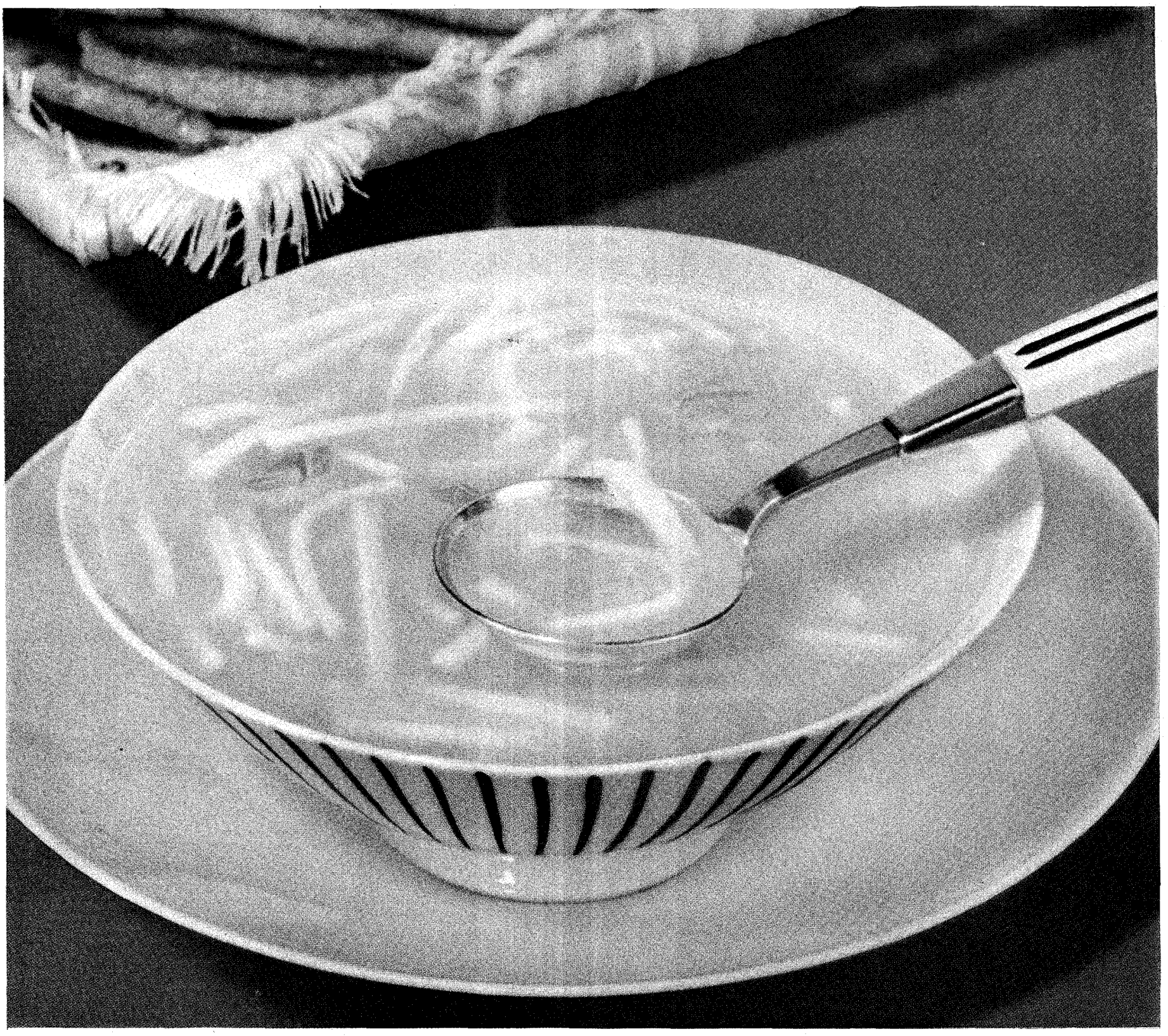
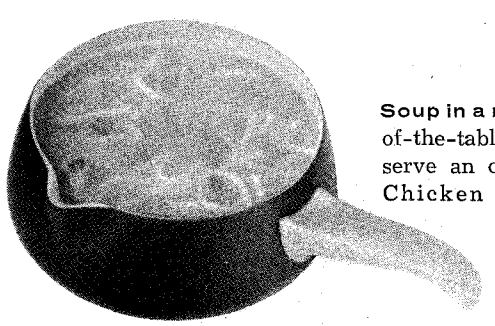


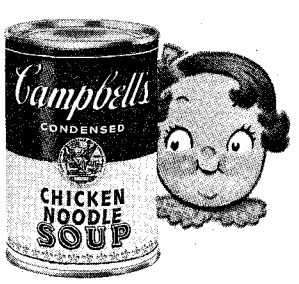
How will you have your soup today?

In a soup bowl at the dinner table? That's a favorite way to have a soup like Chicken Noodle—warm and welcome with the aroma of golden chicken broth, egg noodles and tender chicken bites! Or will you have your soup informally in a cup or served from a buffet tureen into a ramekin. There are so many ways to enjoy soup. Isn't it good Campbell's makes 21 kinds to choose from?

Soup in a cup . . . perfect way to carry Chicken Noodle Soup where you want it, when you want it!



Soup in a ramekin . . . talk-of-the-table *new* way to serve an old favorite . . . Chicken Noodle Soup!



SOUPS SUPPLY BASIC NUTRITIONAL NEEDS: Vitamins, Minerals and Liquids—for general well-being • Proteins—for upkeep and growth • Carbohydrates—for energy

Once a day . . . every day . . . SOUP!

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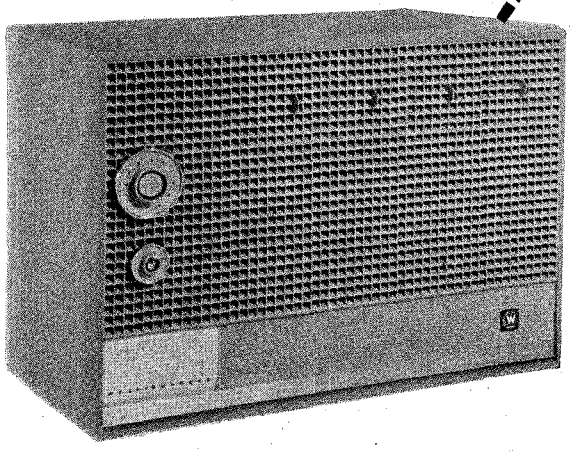
Now! From WESTINGHOUSE the first air conditioner

"fashion-thin" to blend in

Fits in—anywhere: upper or lower sash; casement windows; through the wall; on swing-out mount.

New Streamliner is thinner, lower, smarter... blends with your home inside and out!



Custom model shown as little as $3.36 a week after small down payment.

Look again! Feast your eyes on the only air conditioner without that awkward mechanical look. The *all-new* Westinghouse Streamliner is styled with clean, crisp lines to blend in and complement any home it cools!

So thin . . . it has no bulky overhang to intrude on your décor. *So low* . . . it lets you enjoy more light and view. *So smart* . . . its streamlined styling will delight you. And talk about *cooling* . . . the Westinghouse Streamliner gives you more of everything for refreshing cool comfort: 7 comfort zones at your fingertips on a single dial. Built-in thermostat you set and forget. No-draft grilles you can adjust to any direction. Choice of Custom or Deluxe models. Feature for feature, compare the Streamliner with any other so-called "thin" air conditioner . . . you'll find it's far and away your smartest buy!

Save on installation and electricity with new 115-volt models! ¾ HP 7½ amp. Streamliner runs on *normal house current* in many cases. Big 1 HP 12 amp. unit runs anywhere an ordinary ¾ HP model will! See them at your Westinghouse Dealer's now!

YOU CAN BE SURE... IF IT'S Westinghouse

REFRIGERATION SPECIALTIES DIVISION SPRINGFIELD 2, MASS.

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"Consider," he said,
"what destructive strength
resides in me."

THE ARTLESS HEIRESS

There was no more sinister guest at Miss Columbine's luxurious motel than the "Reverend" Mr. Martinus . . .

By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

Columbine Pepper Drugget spent eighteen of her twenty-one years at Miss Cordwainer's Select School for Misses, run by her old-maid aunt, and then inherited a luxury motel in Phoenix, Arizona.

During the trip West from New York, Columbine dined with a strange trio—a rich Texas oil widow, a suspicious-looking parson and a fanatic professor. On her arrival at her motel, called The Grove of Daphne, she met the motel's hostess, Barbara Green, and Sam Jones, a brassy young lawyer whose firm was handling the Drugget estate. After she retired to her room, Columbine discovered that somewhere she had picked up a man's suitcase instead of her own. The bag contained a gun, a bag of gems and other ominous objects.

The next day, Lucius Quentin, who ran a rival motel, paid a "social call" on Columbine; also, Sam Jones told her that her motel's net profit had gone down recently, probably because of the employees' mismanagement in her absence. Columbine was dismayed to learn that one of her train companions, the noisy, rich Texas widow, Madame Roxy Thistlebun, was one of the guests at The Grove of Daphne.

III

Probably a butterfly, when it bursts from a cocoon constructed by some ugly worm, is not astonished by the metamorphosis—because it does not remember itself as a worm. But Columbine Pepper Drugget remembered acutely being a worm, and how the worm looked and how the worm felt. As a matter of fact, she still felt like her old self and could not believe in the reality of what she saw in her mirror. Many things would have to happen before she would mentally fit her new and artificial exterior. In effect, she still was Columbine in a sort of masquerade costume. (Continued on Page 104)

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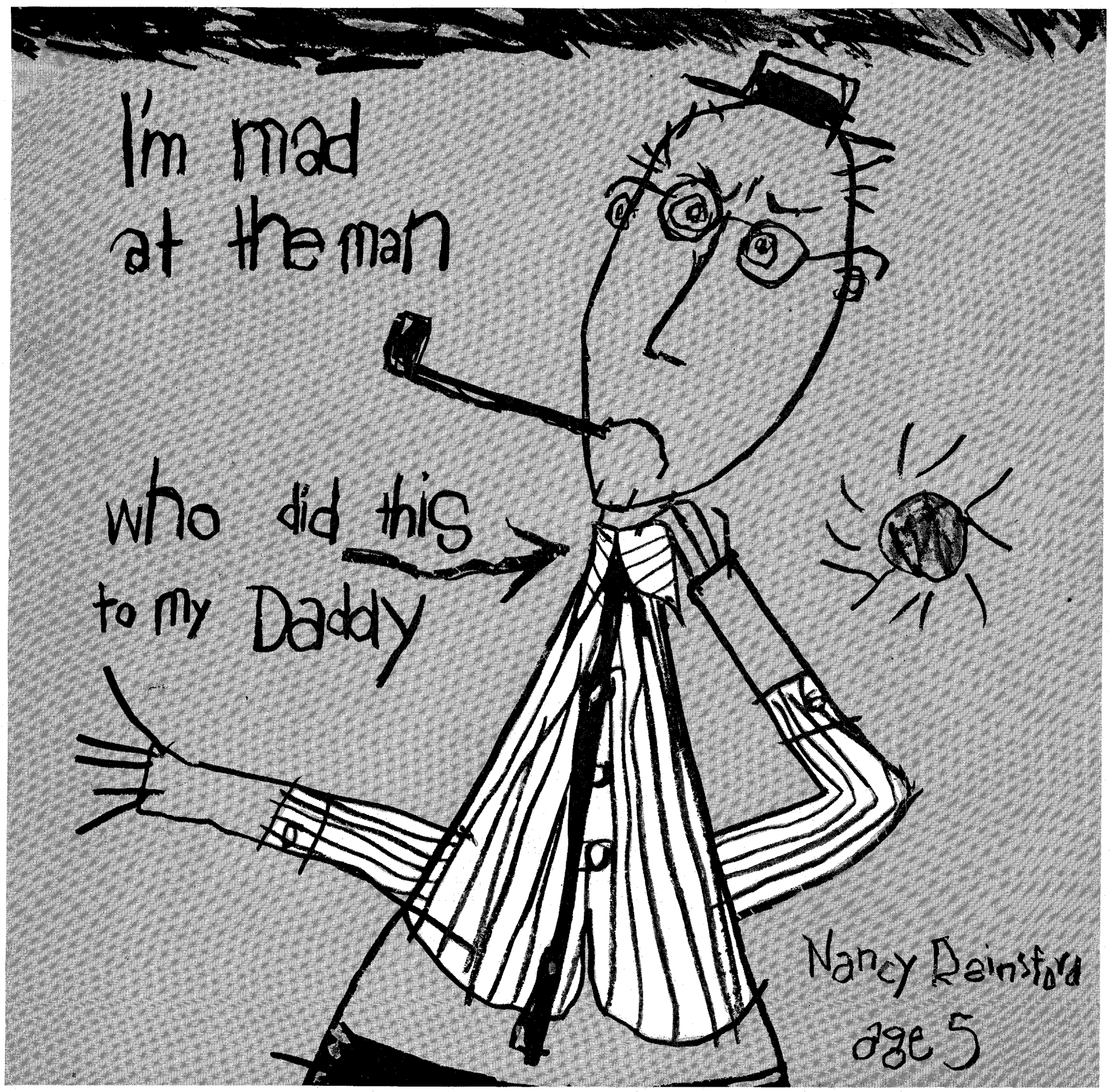

Dear Nancy:

A shrunk-up shirt makes everybody mad—the Daddy who wears it, the Mommy who bought it, the store that gets the complaints.

So tell your Mommy and Daddy to be sure to look for "Sanforized" every time they buy a shirt—or any other cotton. Words like "pre-shrunk" or "washable" are not the same. You have to see "Sanforized". All spelled out.

Then nobody will be mad at anybody.

Sincerely yours, •SANFORIZED•

THERE IS A DIFFERENCE!

Every "Sanforized" fabric must pass this rugged shrinkage test—boiled, washed for an hour—checked by the "Sanforized" inspector.

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc. permits the use of its trade-mark "Sanforized," adopted in 1930, only on fabrics which meet this company's rigid shrinkage requirements. Fabrics bearing the trade-mark "Sanforized" will not shrink more than 1% by the Government's standard test.

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The Jacksboro Mob (Continued from Page 37)

where Wade Spaniel had shot the banker, had turned away looking hurt and betrayed, had ridden off with Brant's posse.

Worst of all had been the contempt in the sun-faded eyes of the sallow, tobacco-chewing Army sergeant whose squad of sharpshooters had got off the train just in time to surprise and kill Spaniel's two confederates. Remembering the sergeant, Luce burned with shame and kicked a clump of broom sedge savagely. A covey of Mexican quail, smaller than Kentucky bobwhites, exploded underfoot. Luce snap-shot and saw his bird go slanting over the bluff, while Miles Ransom's big gun boomed twice and two quail dropped. *He sure can shoot*, thought Luce dismally. *All the more shame to him.*

"How'd you make out?" called Miles.

"I clipped one," said Luce distantly. "Went over the bluff."

"Well, go get him then," said his father, blunt, swart face smiling. "Can't leave a shot bird in the field. I'll just sit here and smoke a pipe."

"Yes, sir." Luce recharged his piece and slid down the sandy bluff. It was all canebrake at the bottom, dense thickets sprouting like jungle. Finding a bird in that tangle was hopeless, but he parted the cane to look. Something black bulged in the shadows, squealed furiously, and a wild pig, tusked head swinging, charged. Panicking, Luce fired and turned to run. Something rapped his ankle and sent him sprawling. Scrambling up, he saw the pig wheel, bright eyes hunting him out of a bloodied, tossing head.

"Freeze, kid," drawled a voice, and a gaunt gray man with a bandaged knee limped out of the cane. The pig charged and the man thumbed a revolver three times. The last quick shot was still echoing when the boar died, sharp hoofs churning up mud. Luce gulped, glanced at his throbbing ankle and saw the tusk-scored gash in his cowhide boot.

"Next time you shoot a wild hog," said the man severely, "don't use no scatter-gun. Them things can tote more lead than a bear."

"I knew better," said Luce, panting, "but I was too scared to think."

The gray man holstered his gun and nodded, blue eyes bloodshot in a haggard, stubble-bearded face. Luce saw that he was middle-aged and worn-looking. "That's how lots git shot, and not just hogs neither. Git back up the bluff, kid. This canebrake ain't a healthy place." He stumbled and fresh blood spread on his dirty knee bandage.

"What's going on here?" called Miles Ransom, and skidded down the bluff.

The man whirled, long revolver leaping out, blinked, and put it away. "Howdy, Mr. Ransom. What're you doing around here?"

"Looking for you," said Miles. He stared at the pig and at Luce's slashed boot. "You didn't know who he was," he muttered huskily. "You didn't know who he might bring on you, but you still came out of hiding. Risked your neck. I'm grateful, Wade; deeply grateful."

"Why, pshaw, Mr. Ransom," said the man uncomfortably. "What anybody'd do." He sat down abruptly and began breathing hard. "Feel a mite peakedy," he murmured, and, with the color washing out of his face, made a strangling sound and fainted.

Miles knelt and unwrapped the dirty bandage. Bright blood trickled from a puffy, blackened bullet wound, and Luce sucked in his breath. "Needs a doctor bad," said his father angrily, "and that fool Morrison off playing vigilante. Run to the buckboard and fetch that leather bag from under the seat."

Luce hesitated. "What was that name you called him?"

"Wade. This is Wade Spaniel."

Luce gasped. "Wade Spaniel? Want me to look for the posse?"

"Just bring the bag. If you do see those idiots, tell Doctor Morrison I've had a hunting accident and need him. Don't tell the marshal anything."

"But he's a bank robber," stammered Luce.

"For heaven's sake, son! The man saved your life! Now get going!"

"But he killed Mr. Buck ——" began Luce, quailed under his father's black blaze of fury and scrambled up the bluff, perplexed and baffled, wishing he was home in Kentucky. Nothing had made sense since he got to this sun-blistered desert country.

It had been a long journey to visit his father, down the Ohio by packet and then days of weary soot-and-cinder train travel. He had left Kentucky in a state of happy excitement, but as the train crawled across an ever-widening world of parched plains and flat, far-off horizons uneasiness overtook him. Jacksboro, when he reached it finally, was a raw patch of ramshackle buildings in a greasewood desert. The train wheezed to a halt and drunken silver prospectors surged aboard, whooping. Luce got out of their way, clutching Grandpa's fowling piece. A short, blocky man with an uncertain smile on his dark face came up the platform.

"Luce?"

"Yes, sir." Luce swallowed and they looked at each other in embarrassment.

"Well, now." His father started to touch him and hesitated. "Wouldn't have known you. Got your mother's hair, though, and your granddaddy's inches. Welcome to the West, son."

The last screeching miner swung into the train, the locomotive whistled and jerked ahead. Luce swallowed again, grinned stiffly and blinked at the tawdry, paintless town under a jagged, magenta-colored mountain range. Then four smiling men pushed through the crowd to meet him—the solid merchants, Phil Ogletree and Otto Claussen, Doctor Morrison with his short beard and kind eyes, and a spare, elderly banker they called Mr. Buck Thomas. Phil Ogletree took his shotgun, Doctor Morrison his handbag, and Otto Claussen told a Mexican to haul his trunk to the hotel. Suddenly Luce's tension was relaxed and they were all sauntering up the dusty street.

In front of the balconied hotel a towering man with long tawny hair, a white-handled pistol low on his thigh and a silver star pinned to his buckskin vest, strolled up. Behind him, a gaunt, wary-eyed deputy leaned across the saddle of a dozing pony, picking his teeth and watching under his hat brim.

"Afternoon, marshal," said Miles Ransom, his tone tight and careful.

"Howdy." A big hand crushed Luce's knuckles. "I'm Gib Brant, son, town marshal. Glad to have you with us. Real good friends, me and your pa. . . . Ain't we, Miles?"

Doctor Morrison said something under his breath. Luce stared at the marshal's long hair and bulky chest, at the notches filed in the ivory pistol grip.

"Howdy," he said faintly.

The marshal grinned jovially. "Gonna be big as a skinned mule when he fills out, ain't he? . . . Say, Miles, I got Wade Spaniel locked up."

Luce's father sighed. "What's the charge this time, Gib?"

"Resisting arrest. Abusing an officer of the law. Suspicion." Brant chuckled. "Mayor Satterfield signed the warrant."

Miles looked disgusted. "When was Pogue Satterfield sober enough to sign anything? And who did Wade abuse—you?"

Gib laughed. "Why, he called Coley Flint there"—he nodded at the watching deputy—"things I wouldn't repeat, and poor old Flint just doing his duty."

"Poor old Flint," said Miles ironically. "I certainly hate to think of anyone calling Flint names. What's the suspicion charge?"

"Armed robbery!" rasped the marshal, suddenly menacing. "Maybe you don't remember that somebody held up the Fort McLeod paymaster last month."

"I remember. What makes you think it was Wade?"

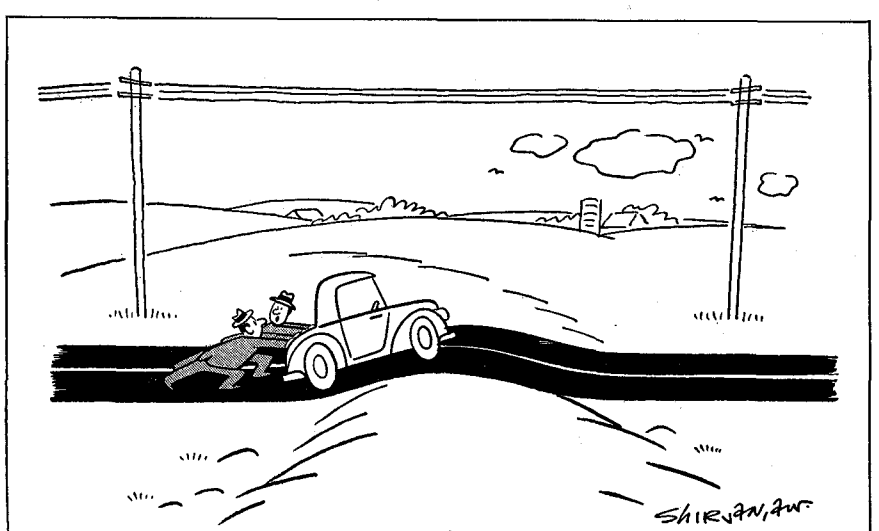
"Because he was throwing greenbacks around the Deuce of Diamonds that had the same serial numbers as them the paymaster lost."

"I don't believe it," said Miles shortly. "All right, marshal, tell Wade I'll be around to see him right after dinner."

"You do that," said Gib affably. "But you ain't getting him out of this one, for all your shyster tricks." He tipped his hat and sauntered into the Deuce of Diamonds saloon, the watchful Flint close behind.

"Look, Miles," said Otto Claussen worriedly, "if vot he's saying's true"—the massive Dutch shoulders shrugged—"you drop dot Spaniel like a hot potato. Mit election next week don'dt side mit a man who maybe held up der paymaster."

"I can't abandon a client in trouble, Otto," said Miles. "Especially one I think is innocent. Old Wade's been wild in his time, but he's settled down on that two-bit ranch of his now. I know he's still got cronies in the Canebrake gang, but he doesn't run (*Continued on Page 54*)



"It doesn't have much power on hills."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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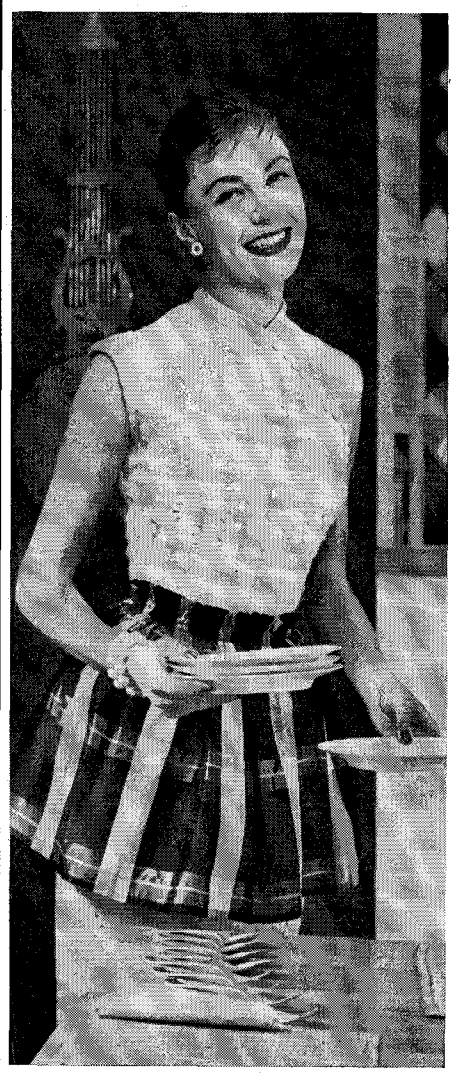

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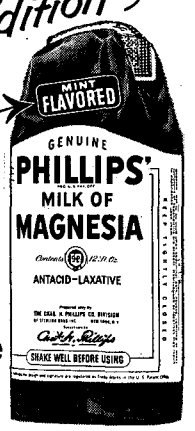

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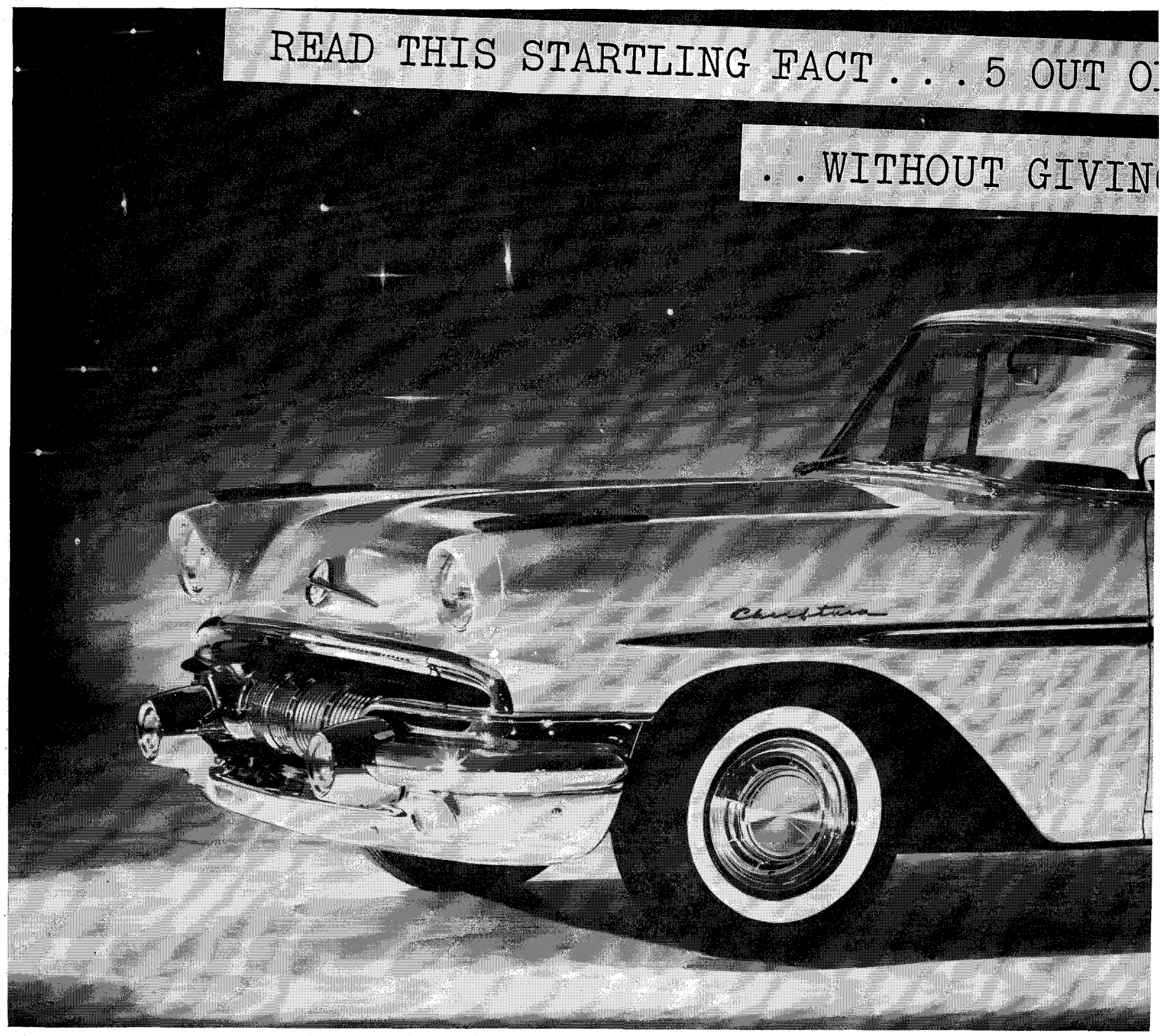

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(*Continued from Page 51*) with them any more." He laughed ruefully. "Anyway, if Wade had the Army payroll he'd be in Mexico by now."

"How about those serial numbers?" asked Mr. Buck dryly.

Miles frowned. "I'll have to talk to Wade before I can answer that one. Maybe Gib's lying. Damn politics anyhow. Gib's just using Wade to get at me." He squeezed Luce's shoulder. "Come on, let's eat din——"

A roar drowned him out. The door of the Deuce of Diamonds burst open and a wave of shouting men washed into the street. A chunky, whiskered man and a skinny cowboy wrenched free of the crowd and began circling, stiff-legged and cautious, hands quivering over pistol butts. The crowd backed away and the street was suddenly still, except for the fighters' loud, openmouthed breathing. Phil Ogletree's big hand snatched Luce up the hotel steps.

Miles Ransom made an exasperated sound and stepped forward. At the same instant Gib Brant and Coley Flint came out of the saloon. Gib's white-handled pistol swung high and chopped the heavy man to his knees. Coley seized the cowboy's elbows and held him, writhing, while Brant stepped over and struck again. Coley opened his hands and the cowboy fell like a tree.

"Anybody else want trouble?" asked the marshal pleasantly. "All right, get back to your drinking. . . . Fetch a wagon, Coley, and we'll haul these buckaroos off to jail." He laughed at Miles, standing flat-footed and frustrated in the street. "That's the way to do it, hey, Miles?"

Miles turned and plodded up the hotel steps. "Come on, let's eat dinner."

In the dining room, Mr. Buck looked at him quizzically. "Well, candidate, how many votes you reckon that cost us?"

"It was sure timed right to make you look foolish," grumbled Phil.

"Timed perfectly," said Miles, looking thoughtful. "Almost too perfectly."

"Dot Brant," said Otto Claussen. "Slick as axle grease, dot joker. We spend money und make speeches und he pistol-whips two Canebrakers und wipes oudt all our progress."

Luce's fork clattered impatiently. "What in the world are you-all talking about?"

Doctor Morrison laughed. "Son, you're getting an introduction to frontier politics. The progressive citizens of Jacksboro"—he winked—"who, you might say, are all sitting at this table, are running your daddy for mayor against a befuddled nonentity named Pogue Satterfield. Marshal Brant owns Satterfield, lock, stock and barrel, and if he can get him re-elected, Gib can keep on running Jacksboro the way he wants to. That's why he's trying to embarrass your daddy, either by making him look foolish in front of people or through this Wade Spaniel fellow."

"Is the marshal a crook?" asked Luce.

"I have privileged information," said Mr. Buck dryly. "All I'll say is that his bank account is pretty healthy for a man who makes a hundred dollars a month."

"The real point, son," said Miles soberly, "isn't so much the marshal's honesty as it is the kind of town he runs. Gib's a gun-fighter peace officer—a law to himself—and we don't need that kind any more. The Indians are gone, the real gun slicks are all dead or drifted on to Arizona. Of course, there's the Canebrake gang, but Gib could clean them out in a week if he wanted to. Like all frontier towns, sooner or later, Jacksboro's ready for decent settlers."

"But as long as Gib rules a wide-open town with gun law," said Mr. Buck, "the good settlers won't come."

"Of course not!" said Phil bitterly. "We're a moral eyesore—brawling, shooting, drinking—worse than Dodge or Abilene ever was. What honest man would bring his family to a town with twenty-seven assorted dives, one church and no school? What farmer would homestead the river bottoms while Brant tolerates the Canebrake gang down there?" He shot a black look at Miles. "Wade Spaniel's cronies, Miles, and if you insist on defending him, the decent people are going to associate you in their minds with the Canebrakers!"

"Phil's got it right," said Otto, troubled. "Drop Spaniel. Don't dirty your hands on dot no-gooder. Not mit so soon de election."

Miles frowned. "What's your opinion, Mr. Buck?"

The banker shook his head. "It's an unfortunate association. I'd back off, Miles."

"Doctor?"

Doctor Morrison looked unhappy. "I understand professional ethics, Miles, and the man's your client. But something more is involved—Jacksboro's future against a person of—well, doubtful reputation. Of course, I don't really know anything about Wade Spaniel. Far as I'm concerned, it's all talk."

Miles flushed. "Let's make no special plea for him, doctor. Let's not pretend he's anything he isn't. No doubt Wade Spaniel's gunned as many men in his time and lived as lawlessly as Gib Brant or Coley Flint. Why not? He's a product of the same era and conditions. Wade Spaniel's an old border ruffian, and the

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best I can say for him is that I think he's tried to reform."

"So?" said Mr. Buck quietly.

"So I'm going to defend him," said Miles, turning an angry red. "Partly because I think Gib's railroading him to get at me, but largely because any man is entitled to counsel. Jacksboro's future means as much to me as to any man, but I won't stand for office at the cost of my conscience."

Mr. Buck stood up. "In that case," he said icily, "I withdraw my support from your candidature." He bowed to Luce. "Young man, again I welcome you to our town. I hope you've inherited your father's high-minded devotion to his principles, but I also hope you inherited some common sense from your mother's side of the family. . . . Gentlemen, I bid you a good day."

He stalked away and Phil Ogletree blew out his breath. "When honest men fall out —— Miles, I admire you, but you're a fool. I reckon maybe you've lost my vote too. . . . Coming, Doc? Otto?"

"*Ja*," said the Dutchman sadly, and ruffled Luce's hair. "Youngster, ven back to Kenducky you go, look for a goot location for mine store. Jacksboro ain'dt ever

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Bejeweled Callers

By Elizabeth-Ellen Long

Around their satin throats
Hummingbirds wear rubies,
And emeralds on their
velvet vests,
Yet come to call each day
On poor men's gardens.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

going to be no place for a peaceful businessman."

They left and Miles grimaced. "Well, son, you've seen a political campaign collapse in two hours. Never mind. Guess I wasn't cut out to be a politician, after all."

"But they're your friends," said Luce, perplexed. "Maybe I don't understand, but it seems like you ought to stick by ——" His voice trailed off.

"Stick by your friends?" Miles smiled wryly. "That's what they said when I left Kentucky. Certainly, son, but never at the cost of what you think is right. Real friends don't expect you to. Doc and Phil and Otto, they're angry, but they're still my friends. Mr. Buck, now, I don't know. He's a stiff-necked old coot. . . . How tall are you?"

"Sir?"

"How tall are you?"

"Six feet," said Luce, confused. "What's that got to do with anything?"

Miles grinned. "Then I guess you're big enough to visit a groggery. Let's go. I want you to meet an illustrious Jacksboroan, Mr. Shifty Rodriguez."

Baffled, Luce crossed the dusty street with his father and followed him into the Deuce of Diamonds. The saloon was empty and a pock-marked man with pink garters on green shirt sleeves was behind the bar.

"Howdy, Mr. Ransom. See your boy got here all right."

"Afternoon, Shifty. Yep, he made it fine as frog hair. . . . Shake hands with Mr. Rodriguez, Luce. . . . Listen, Shifty, I need about five cents' worth of information."

"Seems like a reasonable amount. What's on your mind, Mr. Ransom?"

"You and Wade Spaniel pretty good friends?"

The bartender looked cautious. "Why, we always got on all right."

"You wouldn't have any reason to do him harm, would you?"

"Why, no, not if I could help it," said Shifty. "Wade always uses my place for his town drinking and never caused no trouble. If you're talking about them ten-dollar bills now—why, I didn't know what Gib had in mind and, anyhow, Mr. Ransom, you know I can't go covering up stolen money. Not money stole from the Army least of all. I get a lot of trade with them Fort McLeod troopers paydays."

"How many bills were there?"

"Three tens. Wade was feeling pretty good and setting up for the house."

"Uh-huh," murmured Miles. "How did you happen to check the serial numbers?"

Shifty frowned. "Why, I didn't check 'em. Happened that Gib come in right after and asked to see any money Wade had spent and my list of the serial numbers of that paymaster money. Every businessman in town's got a copy, I reckon. So I did, and sure enough them tens was on it."

"You hold the money when you went for the list?"

"Why, no, come to think of it. Left it with Gib while I went back to the office."

"Then you couldn't swear the bills you compared to the list were the same ones that came out of your till?"

"Why, sure ——" Shifty looked startled. "You mean Gib maybe could have swapped them off for ——"

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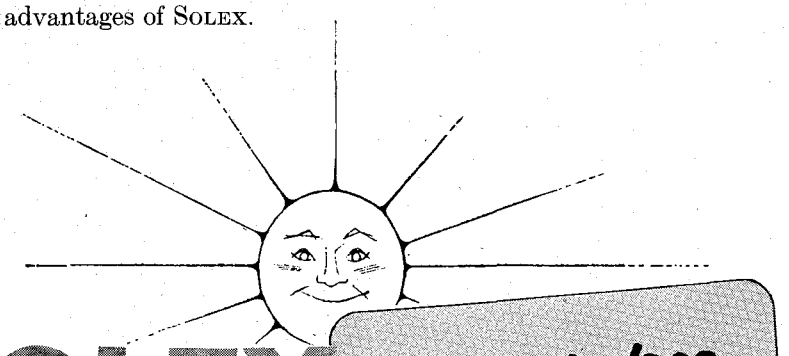

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"The question is: Could you swear it was the same money?"

"Why, no, you put it that way."

"Thanks, Shifty," said Miles. "Remember that, please, when you're on the witness stand. . . . Let's go, son."

Outside, a cool afternoon breeze brought a fragrance of piñon from the mountains. Miles inhaled appreciatively. "It's not all dry desert," he said. "Some of it's real pretty—pretty as anything in Kentucky. In the mountains or down along the river. After I get this thing straightened out, we'll do some bird hunting. . . . Afternoon, marshal."

Brant had come striding up the sidewalk, looking enraged.

"All right if I go see Spaniel now?" asked Miles.

"He ain't there!" snarled the marshal.

"Why, where is he?"

"How should I know? In the canebrakes, likely. Him and them two pistol fighters busted out. Took the key off Soapy Jones when he brung 'em dinner. Coley Flint took out after 'em, but it'd take an army to comb 'em out of the canebrakes. What about your pore innocent client now?"

"I don't know," said Miles, frowning. "Never figured on Wade doing that. . . . Come on, son, let's go to the hotel."

The railroad station was crowded when Luce and his father went down to mail letters the next day. "If you want to see a Jacksboro citizen," said Miles, grinning, "come to the depot at noon. Nobody misses the train. It's our only excitement between breakfast and dinner. Listen to those scoundrels gossip about Wade's jailbreak!"

"Brant was crazy to think he could keep Wade in any jail," a toothless trapper was saying. "Cute as an old dog coyote, Wade is. I mind when we rid up to Santy Fe and whupped Sibley's rebels. Wade was a young sprout in them days, but he outguessed them fancy Confederate officers like nothing."

"Oh, he's a dandy," said a bearded prospector. "Leastwise he used to be. I figgered Wade'd turned in his chips and stopped hell-raisin', but now I ain't so sure. . . . Hyar comes the train!"

Smoke billowing, wood sparks flying, the eight-wheeled locomotive ground to a hissing stop. A squad of blue-uniformed infantry got off, were formed and dressed by a sallow, tobacco-chewing sergeant while a plump paymaster major glared around the platform.

"Look at them sojers," said a grinning cowboy. "Army ain't taking no chances on losing another payroll. You reckon it really was old Wade got that money?"

Rifle butts crashed and the infantrymen stood at parade rest. The sergeant shot tobacco juice and looked to the major for orders.

"They're here to pick up the payroll from Mr. Buck's bank," Miles told Luce. "In the past, the major always came by wagon with only one guard, but after last month they're playing it safe."

Gib Brant swaggered up the platform, spurs ringing. "You won't have no trouble this month," he told the major. "I found out who it was waylaid you."

The paymaster sniffed. "And promptly let him escape, I hear. Let me tell you, my friend, if you can't maintain better order, we may have to put this territory under martial law."

Brant crimsoned. "Looky here, I can keep law and order in this town. That feller's gonna stand trial yet. Next time you see Wade Spaniel he'll be in my custody."

Shifty Rodriguez snickered and tapped the marshal's shoulder. "Don't look now, Gib," he drawled, "but it appears to me like that's Wade riding into town right this minute."

The crowd whirled and Luce found himself wedged between Phil Ogletree and Doctor Morrison. Four hundred yards away three horsemen were riding up the empty street toward the bank. Two dismounted and went inside, while the third, hat over his face, sat a tall, white-splashed horse and waited.

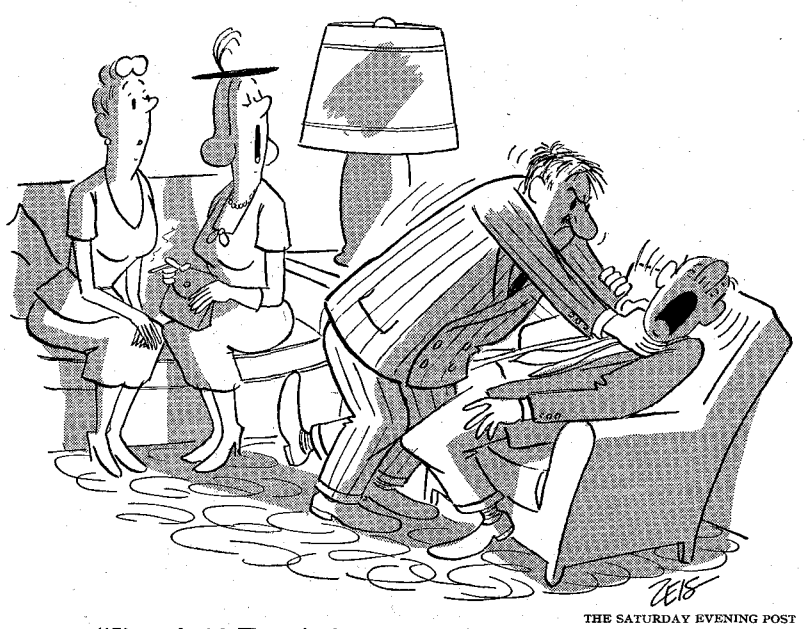
"Is that Spaniel?" asked the doctor, shading his eyes.

"Can't see his face," grunted Phil. "It's his horse, though. I'd know that flashy paint stallion anywhere. Wonder what Wade's up to."

Gib Brant fought through the crowd, leaped from the platform and ran toward the bank awkwardly, brandishing his white-handled revolver. The crowd whooped, "Run, Gib, run! Catch him 'fore he gits away on you again!"

Then a pistol popped distantly and the laughing stopped. Two men ran out of the bank and mounted hastily. A white flour sack was handed to the man on the paint horse and the three spurred away. Screaming curses, Brant leveled and fired, his bullet throwing dust twenty yards short. Then Mr. Buck Thomas staggered into the street and fired a shotgun. The man on the paint horse reined up momentarily, put his arm out and shot. The banker

(*Continued on Page 58*)



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I'm afraid Tom isn't very good company tonight."

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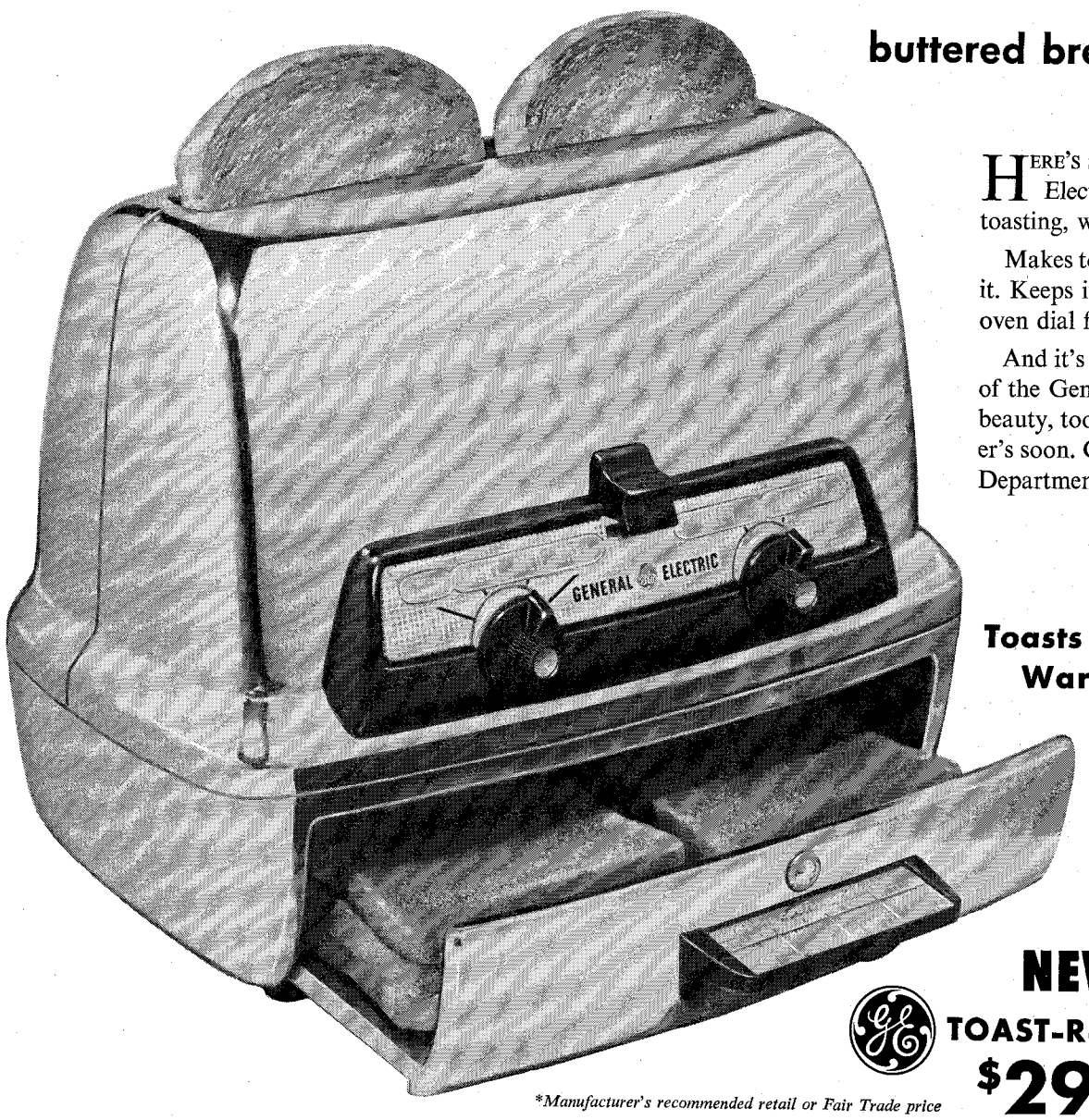

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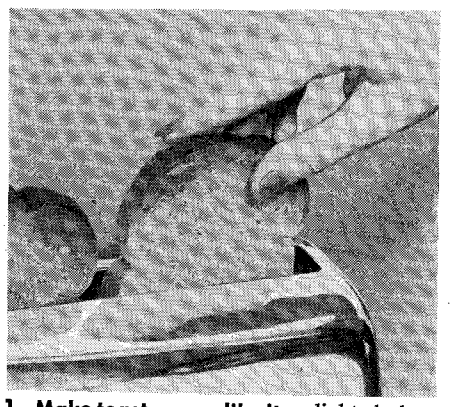
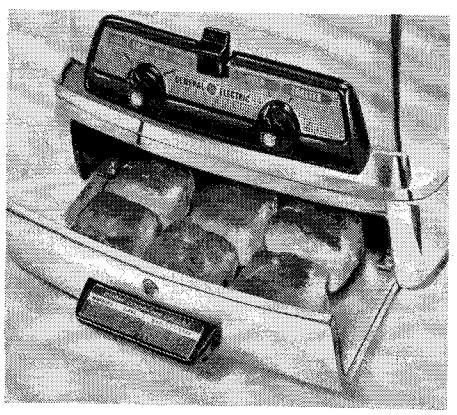
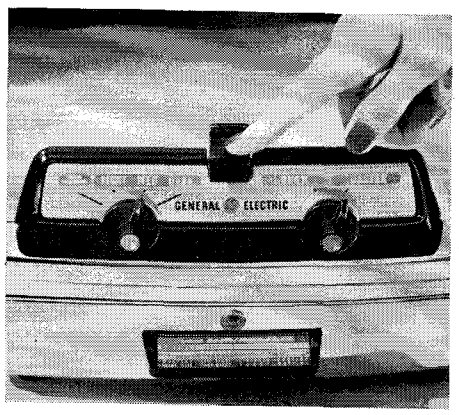


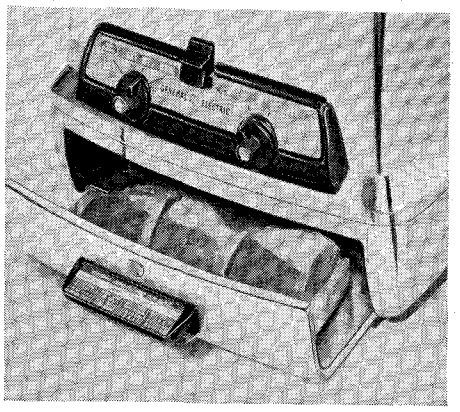
1. Make toast as you like it . . . light, dark or in between with the upper part of your new General Electric Toast-R-Oven. Every slice of toast pops up good and high, so you don't have to dig or burn your fingers.



2. Compact oven warms up to 6 rolls, heats muffins, buns—any baked foods that used to mean using the range oven. Holds 8 pieces of toast at one time . . . 6 keeping warm, 2 toasting on top.



3. Press a button to lower toast and start heat. To get the oven temperature you need, set dial at left. Temperature chart on oven door shows you the "just right" heat for whatever you're preparing.



4. Like to toast buttered bread? And how about garlic-y French bread and crunchy oven toast? Just dial the shade you want. You can fix all these treats at the table with this really *new* toaster.

5. Toasted or melted cheese sandwiches, too . . . topped with a slice of tomato for good eating! Lovely to look at, easy to clean. Oven drawer slides out. Chromium finish dazzles at the flick of a soft cloth.

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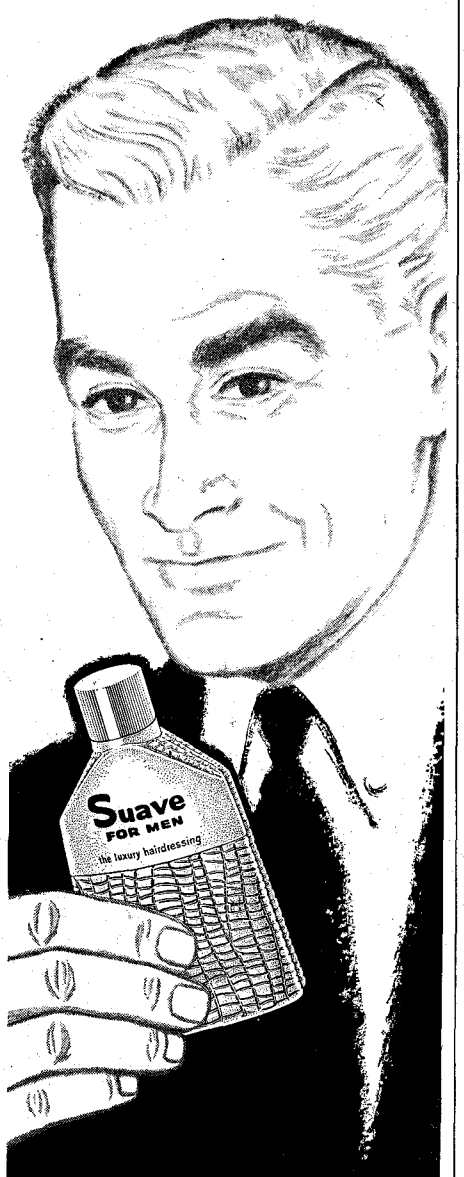

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controls hair
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Handy. Unbreakable!
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Travel size 60¢

(*Continued from Page 56*) crumpled and fell before the sound of the pistol reached the depot.

Rifle fire suddenly thundered in Luce's ears. Unnoticed, the sallow sergeant had formed his squad below the platform. Kneeling, they began firing methodically, like men at target practice. One rider grabbed his neck and fell. "Hold low," admonished the sergeant. The Spencer rifles cracked again and another man fell. The one who had shot Mr. Buck sagged in his saddle, recovered, and then the pinto stallion was around a corner and gone.

Raving, Gib Brant threw his hat in the dust. Doctor Morrison raced to the banker's body, stooped and straightened up, showing the blood on his fingers. "Through the heart," he announced and stalked up to the marshal, his normally mild face inflamed. "This is your fault! This is what we get for letting you run a gun town! What are you going to do about it?"

"Do?" raged the marshal. "Do? I'm deputizing every man in town! I'm catching Spaniel if I have to fight the whole Canebrake gang to do it!" He threw keys at a bandy-legged man. "Open up the jail, Soapy, and break out rifles for anybody that ain't got one. Men!" Brant shouted. "Raise your hand and be deputized, every man here! I'm hanging Spaniel before the sun sets!"

"Without a trial?" asked Miles Ransom.

"Trial, hell!" stormed Gib. "Raise your hand and take the oath, lawyer!"

Miles' black eyes flickered. "No."

"What'd you say?" demanded Brant incredulously.

"I said no," said Miles quietly. "You're talking murder."

"This isn't any time to be high-minded!" protested Phil Ogletree. "Come on, Miles, take the oath with the rest of us!"

"Be damned if I do!" snapped Miles. "And I urge every law-abiding man here to think twice before he does. This is lynching."

The crowd booed, but Phil, Otto and Doctor Morrison looked at one another hesitantly.

The sergeant plucked his bony chin and smiled cruelly. "Maybe you won't have to hang him. That gent's got a Spencer fifty-four ball in him."

Miles searched the crowd's faces. "Shifty," he said, "Wade's been your friend for years. . . . Luke, you fought side by side with him at Santa Fe. Are you going to let him be hanged without a trial?"

The pockmarked bar owner squirmed and the toothless old mountain man scratched his head doubtfully.

Miles pressed his advantage. "I'll go with you," he said, "but only to bring Wade in unhurt. No needless shooting, no hanging."

"Now looky here!" roared Brant. "Long as I'm marshal we'll run things my way! All you want is to get that murdering Spaniel in front of some ignorant judge who'll listen to your slick lawyer talk! Well, I'm not holding still for that!"

"Oh, be quiet, Gib," said Miles disgustedly. He walked up the street to where the two dead bandits lay, one a chunky man with black whiskers, the other a thin youth in range-rider clothes. "Doctor," called Miles, "come over here a minute, please! You recognize them?"

"Sure," said the doctor. "They're the pair Gib locked up for fighting yesterday—the ones who broke jail with Wade Spaniel. Couple of Canebrakers. Why?"

"Would you tell me what their injuries are?"

"They aren't going to get well," said Doctor Morrison grimly. "Not in this world." He made perfunctory examinations. "Two bullets in this one, three in Whiskers there. Those Spencer rifles are deadly. Look at the size of the wounds. What did you have in mind, Miles?"

"Any other injuries?"

"I don't see any."

"What about head wounds?"

"There aren't any," said the doctor impatiently. "Now look, Miles, are you going with us or aren't you?"

Miles Ransom looked at him intently. "Doesn't that strike you as peculiar?"

Men were drawing rifles from Soapy Jones, were mounting restless horses and milling about the street. Cinches were tightened, weapons checked and a murmur of angry, restless voices welled up.

"The only thing strikes me peculiar," said Doctor Morrison sharply, "is the way you're stalling, with Mr. Buck lying over there. What are you trying to do anyway?"

"Save a man's life," retorted Miles. "Keep you from a criminal mistake you'll cringe from the rest of your life. But I can see I'm not getting anywhere. You're as blood crazy as the rest." He turned his back and walked down to the marshal. "All right, Gib, I'll go with you. But you've got to swear to bring Wade in alive."

"I ain't swearing nothing," blustered Brant. "I'm stretching his neck if I have to fight the whole Canebrake gang to do it. I'll ——" He stopped, a look of cunning on his face. "Is that what's eating you—the fighting? You don't want to have to do no fighting?"

"Now hold on," objected Phil Ogletree. "You've got no right ——"

"I got a right," sneered the marshal. "I know something about this smooth-talking lawyer. . . . Where was you in the war, Miles? Tell me that, hey? Where was you?"

Nausea twisted Luce's stomach. Here it was again, out in the open, ugly and unforgivable. He closed his eyes against the bright Western sun and was in a Kentucky schoolyard again, seeing Billy Poindexter's doubled fists, assaulted by shrill, jeering voices, "Yellowbelly, yellowbelly."

"What's the war got to do with Wade Spaniel?" said Phil.

"Plenty!" spat the marshal. "Happens I know this scutter run away from Kentucky when the war started, an able-bodied man. When Sibley's Confederates come through Jacksboro, recruiting, the lawyer here took off and went fishing. All right, I thought, he's a Union man, like most of us. But then the call come that Union men was needed and we all went up to Santy Fe, a draggle-tail, sorry-looking army, but we licked Sibley. Old Luke there was with us, even that murdering Wade Spaniel. But where was the lawyer? I'll tell you. He went fishing again!"

"Say something, Miles," said Phil. "Don't let him slander you."

Luce's father shrugged. "Nothing to say," he said wearily. "It happens that, like a lot of other Americans, I didn't believe in the war."

"Believe in it?" jeered Gib. "I hope to mighty not! Man might get hurt in a war! Man might get hurt in the canebrakes today too." His jaw hardened. "All right, I've wasted enough time. Who's with me? I don't want you, lawyer. I want men that'll fight."

The Army sergeant squirted tobacco juice contemptuously. Phil, Otto and the doctor looked at Miles curiously, as if they had never seen him before, turned with the others and raised their hands to take the oath as Brant's deputies. Five minutes later Jacksboro was a deserted town.

Miles Ransom looked at his son and smiled crookedly. "Get your shotgun and let's go to the river."

"What for?" asked Luce coldly.

"Oh," said Miles, "I thought we might get in a little bird hunting."

Luce looked away from him, squeezing his eyelids against a hot, involuntary start of tears. "Why don't we go fishing? Ain't that what you did before?"

The posse caught Luce at the buckboard. He had just time to see that the leather bag Miles had sent for held surgical supplies and then the crescent line of horsemen reined in around him, weary looking and disgruntled.

Gib Brant leaned from his saddle and snatched the medical kit from Luce's hand. "Look at this, Doc. Somebody's setting up in competition with you. . . . All right, kid, where've you got him?"

"That's my property," said Doctor Morrison, his dust-streaked face puzzled. "What are you doing with ——" He paused (*Continued on Page 60*)

"I started across on 'Walk.' 'Don't' caught me at midstream."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Over 17 feet of elegant power . . . the Fairlane 500 Town Victoria!

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(*Continued from Page 58*) thoughtfully. "So that's it! No wonder we haven't found him. Miles has him hidden. . . . All right, son," he said, his voice kindly; "it's no use. Where is Spaniel?"

"I don't know," said Luce thickly. "My father"—he swallowed, finding the term hard to utter—"he's been hurt. I wish you'd go to him, doctor."

The marshal snorted. "Boy, you're a rotten liar. Take us to Spaniel."

"I ain't seen him. I just want the doctor for my father."

"Come on now."

"No."

Brant laughed. "Come here, Luke!" he called, and the trapper, bare gums gleaming, rode up. "Find the kid's trail back. . . . Get up behind me, boy. Ain't any use you trying to lie. Old Luke could track a ghost across cold granite. Hup! Let's ride."

Wade Spaniel was lying flat, head pillowed on a rock. He grinned at the posse feebly. "Company in the parlor, Miles," he murmured, gritted his teeth against pain and closed his eyes.

"I didn't tell," said Luce stonily. "They tracked me back."

"He's right," said Doctor Morrison coldly. "No white feather in your son, anyway. And may I ask what you're doing with my surgical bag?"

Miles grinned. "Stole it when you went galloping off like an avenging angel. It was in a good cause. Take a look at this man's knee, doctor."

Gib Brant tossed a coil of stiff new hemp on the ground. "Don't waste your time, Doc. . . . Soapy, fix me a noose on that cottonwood."

"Don't bother, Soapy," said Miles. "You're not hanging anybody today."

"Do tell?" said the marshal. "Why not?"

Miles came to his feet, stocky and indomitable-looking, black eyes glittering like obsidian. "Because you're entitled to a fair trial like anyone else, Gib!"

The marshal's jaw dropped. "Me? You gone crazy?"

"You know I haven't," said Miles. "Maybe the rest don't, but you know, Gib. . . . Doctor, would you be so good as to take the bullet out of Wade's knee and tell us what caliber it is?" He addressed the murmuring, bewildered posse. "Doctor Morrison knows all about bullets, gentlemen. He was a battlefield surgeon. The doctor doesn't object to wars."

"Shut up, Miles," said the doctor, red-faced, and squatted beside Wade Spaniel. "You talk like an idiot." Wade groaned, something clinked in a pan and the doctor raised it in his forceps. "Pistol ball. Thirty-eight, I'd guess. It certainly isn't any Spencer fifty-four slug. What's it all about, Miles?"

"Maybe them sojers missed him," said Gib, licking his lips. "Maybe somebody else pistoled him. Some Canebraker——" His voice trailed off uncertainly.

"Somebody did," said Miles. "Coley Flint shot him in the knee when Wade got loose from him and that precious pair of play-actors who staged that fight for you yesterday. But the soldiers didn't miss. Some of you fellows work about fifty yards up under the bluff and you'll find a clearing and a cave. Wade's horse is there, that Coley stole and rode when he killed Mr. Buck today. Coley's there, too, dead as Moses, with a fifty-four hole in his hip big as your fist, and that sack of bank money by him."

Gib Brant started and glanced about apprehensively. "You mean old Coley pulled the wool over my eyes? It was Coley 'stead of Wade? Well, I reckon I owe you an apology, Wade, and ——"

"Quit trying, Gib," said Miles. "You're a gone coon." He spoke to the muttering posse again. "It was right there for all of us to see, gentlemen, only we didn't know where to look. It couldn't have been Wade because, as so many of you have said"—he laughed ironically—"if he had the money he'd be in Mexico by now. But who was it? All right. . . . Shifty, who had a chance to switch those ten-dollar bills from the fort payroll on you?"

The pocked saloonkeeper fidgeted. "Gib, there. If he done it."

"He done it all right," repeated Miles sardonically. "A question for you, doctor. We all saw Gib slug two Canebrakers with his pistol yesterday, and today I asked you to examine their heads for injury."

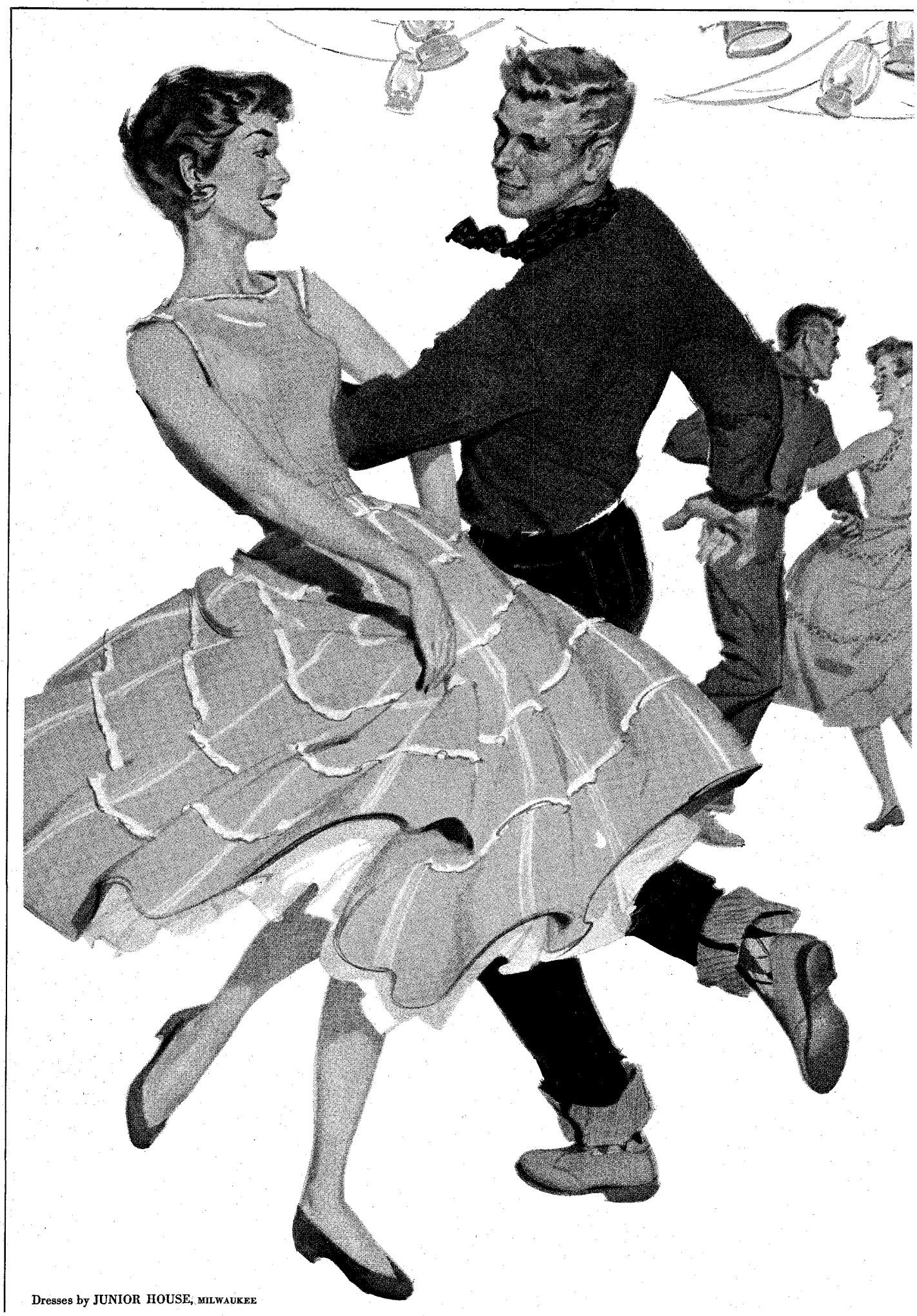
"There weren't any head injuries," said the doctor, blushing. "I'm a fool. Miles, why didn't you ——"

"Reason with you?" said Miles dryly. "Tell you that Gib didn't really pistol-whip those two characters? Why, Doc, by that time you weren't reasonable men. You were a lynch-minded mob and I knew my only chance to save Wade was to get to him before you did. One more item. Gib said Wade took the jail key from Soapy, but everybody knows that Gib always carried ——"

"That's enough, damn you!" yelled Brant. The white-handled pistol swept clear of its holster, but Miles lifted his shotgun and fired. The marshal grabbed his wrist and Shifty Rodriguez, kneeing his horse forward, looped a rope over his arms and body.

"It's just birdshot, Gib," said Miles gently. "You're not badly hurt." He turned to Luce. "All right, son?"

Luce stared at him and began to grin, pride shining in his eyes. THE END



Dresses by JUNIOR HOUSE, MILWAUKEE

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Shark Water (Continued from Page 30)

Kelly plunked the guitar and sang. He enjoyed singing and he had a pleasant, husky voice. He sang:

". . . For 'twas love, and love alone,
Caused King Edward to leave the
throne. . . ."

The customers completed their dickering with Captain Stites and started back toward the hotel. The little girl heard Kelly singing and said something to the stern-faced man.

The man reached into a pocket of his Bermuda shorts. Kelly stopped playing. He caught the coin that was tossed at him. It was a States half dollar—worth nearly four shillings. The morning seemed even brighter.

"Thank you, sir," Kelly said, beaming. "Thank you." He resumed singing:

"It was nothin' but sure-pure fate,
Caused King Edward to ablicate,
For it was nothin' but love alone
Caused King Edward to leave the
throne."

The little girl was watching Kelly closely. She turned to the man. Kelly heard her say, "Daddy, I want to go for a sailboat ride." Kelly had very sharp ears when he wanted to use them.

The man looked at the harbor master, and Captain Stites glanced at his wrist watch and said, "Oh, Kelly's perfectly reliable, sir. She'd have time for a ride down to the Sea Gardens before breakfast."

Kelly stopped playing. He looked up a little anxiously. His skin was like dusty carbon paper, his eyes the liquid brown of a cocker spaniel, yet squirrel-bright.

The father, before he spoke, glanced first at the woman. Then he said, "All right, Ann." He looked sharply at Kelly. "You—have her back in time for breakfast. How much is it?"

Captain Stites quickly stepped in.

"That's all right, sir," the harbor master said. "It's twenty shillings—that's a pound—or two-eighty, sir, an hour, for a single passenger. We'll just put it in your hotel bill."

Ann climbed eagerly aboard the Susie.

"You take good care of her, now," Ann's father said, as Kelly prepared to hoist the sail.

Kelly nodded and smiled. "Don't you be concerned, sir," Kelly said seriously.

He smiled shyly at his customer. He hoisted the anchor. The sail went up.

"I'm Ann Thompson," the girl said, as Kelly finally settled down beside the tiller. "You're Kelly, I know. What is your first name, Mr. Kelly?"

"It's just Kelly, I believe," said Kelly. He had learned, over the years, never to be positive with tourists. Particularly lady tourists.

"But didn't your father and your mother give you a first name?" Her eyes were the deep blue of the Tongue of the Ocean and they were most serious.

Kelly studied her for a moment. Then he studied the water ahead and the sky above.

Finally he said, "My mother and father were lost in the big storm of Nineteen-forty. Deacon Wells, of St. Andrews' Church, was my mother and my father."

"Oh." She seemed less sure of herself. She glanced back, dubiously, at the diminishing dock. "I guess you have pretty big storms down here. Sometimes we have, too, in New Jersey."

Kelly nodded. "Would you sit over here, please? We have to tack."

Obediently, she complied. But she looked puzzled.

"Sometimes," Kelly said, as the Susie took a new course, "the storms are very large. There is one now, named Betsy, just below Puerto Rico. It is coming this way, but will miss us by several hundred miles, they say."

"Oh!" Now she seemed excited. "Will there be high winds and a lot of rain?"

Kelly shook his head as his eyes studied the water.

"The water may be high. It is high already. We will have strange currents. But not much wind nor rain."

She seemed disappointed.

Kelly pointed to a pine-wood bucket which lay just inside the cabin.

"We are near the Sea Gardens. That is a glass-bottom bucket. You hold it over the side, just a little under water, and look at the gardens."

He lowered the sail. They drifted over the gardens. Four fathoms below, Ann could see yellow, green, red and pink seaweed, flowing like a woman's long hair over crimson and cobalt reefs. Rainbow-hued fish, fish with the beaks of parrots, and long, sinewy, sinister fish wove in and out of the seaweed. For five minutes she was speechless.

"Oh, Mr. Kelly," she said finally, "it's beautiful."

"I believe it is," said Kelly softly. He felt that she had actually captured the magic of the islands, and the feeling made him warm. "Now, if we move right on, I can show you Treasure Island."

"You mean the real Treasure Island?"

Kelly hesitated. Then he said firmly, "I believe so. They say it is the island where Mr. Stevenson obtained his idea for the story. But I am not certain."

As a matter of fact, Kelly was on sure ground. Because the lady at the Nassau Library, where Kelly spent many pleasurable hours, had said it was so. However, it never paid to be positive with tourists.

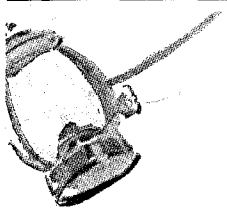
They tacked again. Kelly said, "You wish to steer?"

"Gol, yes! This is wonderful, Mr. Kelly." She grabbed the worn tiller with both hands.

"It is just Kelly," Kelly said. He went forward to the cabin and he got a two-quart bottle of water in which he had a few ice cubes that he had obtained at the hotel. He took a deep, invigorating swig.

"Me, too, Kelly," said Ann. Her eyes were shining.

Kelly looked perplexed. He had neither tumblers nor cups.



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So tomorrow morning, set a bowl of Wheaties at *your* place, too. You'll find the "Breakfast of Champions" helps you live a little younger!

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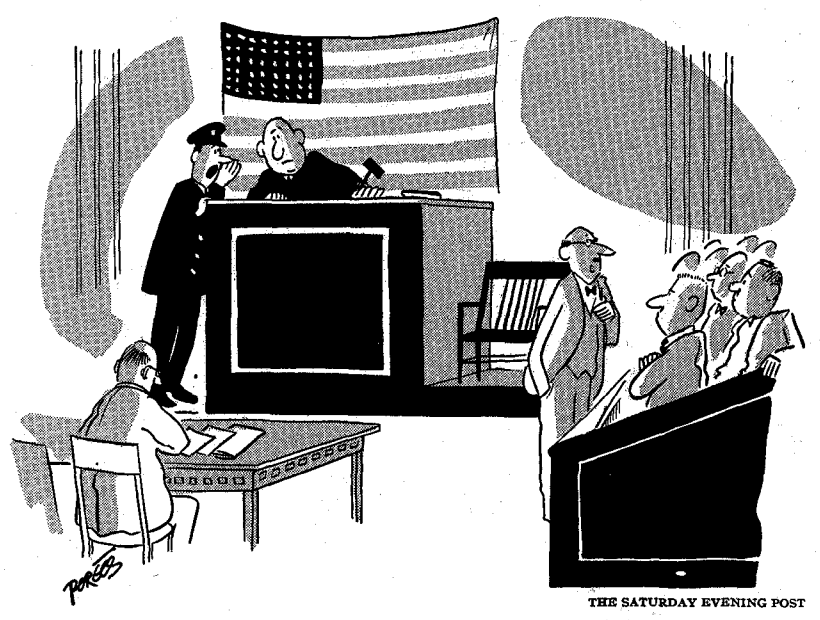

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Top of the eighth . . . game's tied . . . two are out . . . bases are loaded . . . Mantle is up. . . ."

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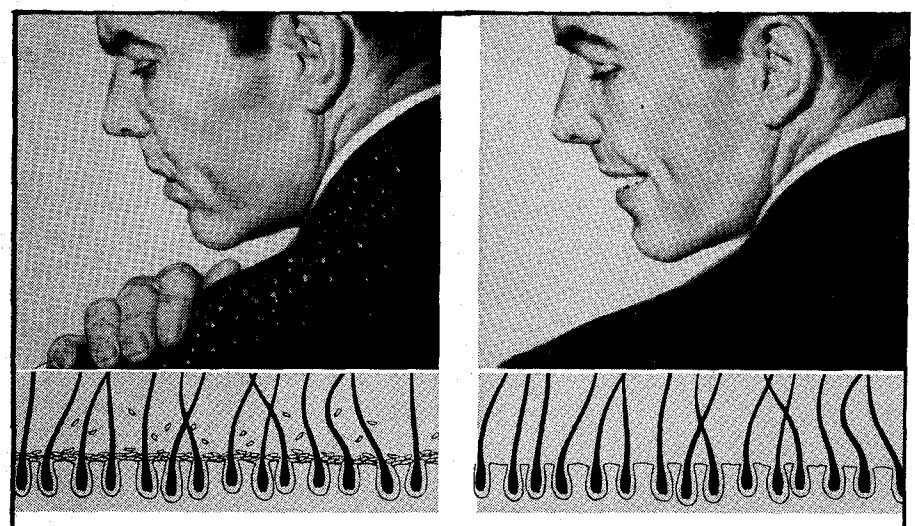
New medical anti-dandruff formula...

Clears up the severest dandruff

...with just 3 applications!



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Theradan goes far beyond ordinary preparations that only remove *loose* dandruff. Such preparations can't touch the layer of hard scaly crust that sticks to the scalp and keeps forming new dandruff flakes. Theradan removes this layer—gently and surely loosens it and lifts it from your scalp. Thus Theradan leaves your scalp clean and scale-free—stops further dandruff before it starts!

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TRADE MARK

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"Give it here," Ann said, raising one hand from the tiller. Kelly obliged and she drank deeply. "Gol!" she said. "That tastes good. Everything around the islands seems good."

As they drifted into the shadow cast by Treasure Island, Kelly took over the tiller. The island was ominous, its shadow sinister. High above them rose gray-and-black pitted coral that resembled ancient lava. There were a few scraggly coconut trees, an occasional mangrove bush. No birds, no life, no feeling; in fact, no sound, save for the occasional deep booming of the surf and a rushing, hissing sound, as the water poured in and out of the black pits. It was the deep booming, however, that disturbed Kelly. He hauled the tiller against his chest.

"We have been gone," Kelly said, looking at the sun, "about half of an hour. I think we had better return."

Ann wore a wrist watch. She glanced at it and pouted. "We've only been gone twenty-five minutes. I don't want to go back."

Kelly's face was a mask. "I will show you Honeymoon Island. Then we shall return."

His reward was a deeply dimpled smile. "Thank you, Kelly. Can I steer? And you play."

Playing and singing was not a chore, but a joy. Kelly grabbed his guitar. He sang the story about the Great Hurricane of 1929 which ravaged New Providence and destroyed, as they were leaving the harbor, the Ethel, the Myrtle and the Pretoria.

Kelly's voice echoed mournfully over the water and the notes that his long black fingers felt out betrayed the innermost thoughts of the islanders about the sea that surrounds them, feeds them, sometimes kills them. He sang:

"My God, it was thirty-three souls on the water;
Run come see, run come see.
Thirty-three souls on the water;
Run come see, Jerusalem."

He stopped.

"That was very beautiful, but sad," said Ann. "Is it true, Kelly?"

"Very true, Miss Thompson." Kelly spoke soberly.

"Did you run-come-see?"

"I wasn't even born until eight years later, Miss Thompson."

"It's Ann. . . . Oh, look! Isn't that gorgeous?"

Kelly nodded. They had sailed in close on a tiny coral island that was ablaze with flame vine and studded with lush coconut palms, bordered by majestic Australian pines.

"That is Honeymoon Island," Kelly said softly. "On top the ledge, behind the palms, Miss Ann, is a little thatched hut. Sometimes I bring the honeymooners over here. The very special ones that I like."

"Can we go on the island?"

Kelly's brown eyes studied the water. His ears analyzed the surf.

"I do not believe it would be good to cross the reef into the lagoon right now." He looked at the sun again. "Besides——"

Again the pout. "If I'm half an hour late, it won't matter. Breakfast will still be on. Stuffy old breakfast in a stuffy old room with mostly stuffy old people."

She concentrated on the lagoon beyond the reef. The water was crystal clear, the sand a dazzling white.

"Kelly ——" She paused. "Kelly, I wish I was your sister. I'd come out here every day with you."

Kelly smiled widely and his teeth shone. "I would be happy to bring you out here every day. You are a special person. I would call you sister-girl."

"Call me that now." The dimples were deep, the eyes flashing.

"Sister-girl."

She stood up. She flipped off her shoes and placed a dainty foot on the rail. She started to remove her wrist watch.

"I'm going to have a before-breakfast dip now. I'll just swim over to the reef and back to the boat. I'm really a very good swimmer, Kelly. Daddy taught me."

Kelly shook his head quickly. He grabbed the glass-bottomed bucket. He held it over the side and aimed the bottom toward the reef.

"Look, sister-girl," Kelly said. His voice held a warning note.

She looked. She was fascinated. "Big black starfish," she said breathlessly.

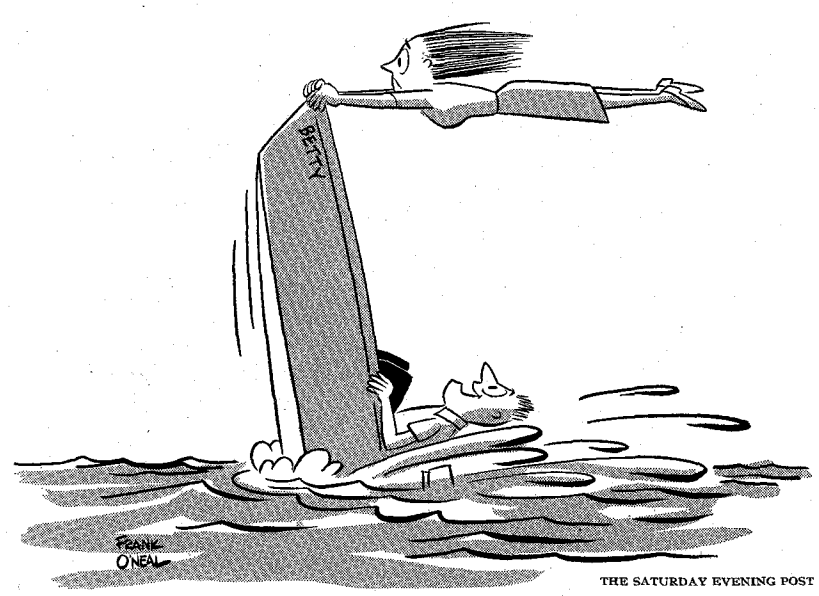
"No," Kelly said quietly; "sea urchins. The white ones we call sea eggs. They are very much alive. Their long spines are like poison darts. Keep looking."

She did. She drew a quick breath. Kelly looked over her shoulder, through the bucket.

"Portuguese men-of-war," Kelly said. "They look like purple jellyfish. But their long arms reach and sting. Once I was nearly stung to death. It is not good, sister-girl, ever to swim beyond the reef."

She was still staring into the bucket. "Oho, gol!" she said.

Kelly looked again. He shrugged. "Small sharks," (*Continued on Page 64*)



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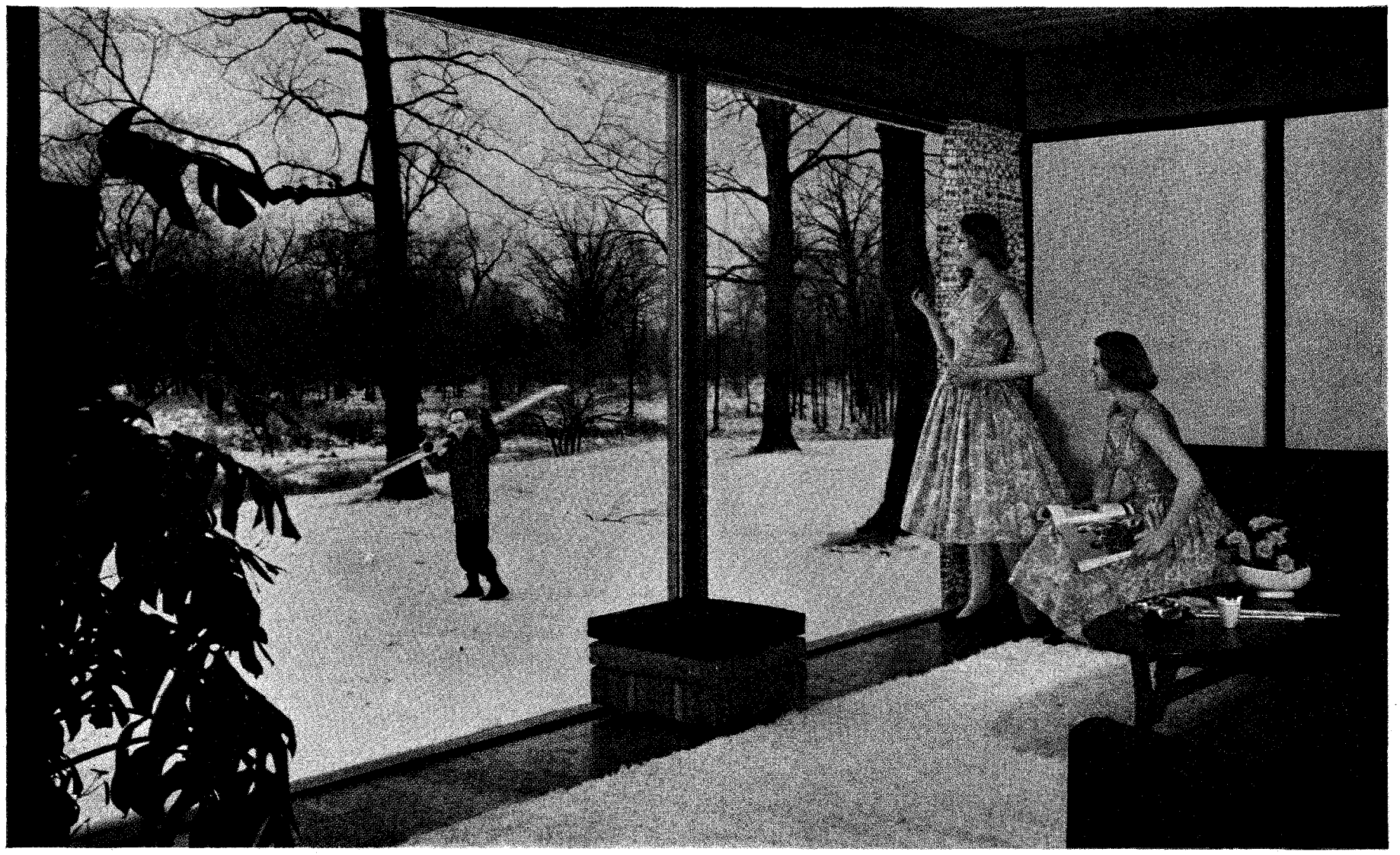

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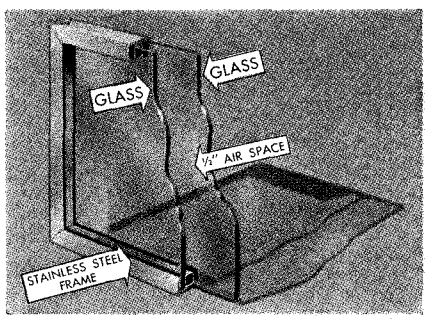

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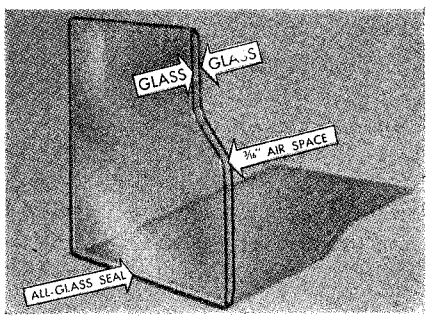

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THE FULL-BODIED COFFEE

(*Continued from Page 62*) he said. "But sometimes, the mothers and the fathers come. Then, if you are in the water, it is time not to be frightened, sister-girl. They can smell fright."

Her eyes left the bucket. They bored into those of Kelly's.

"How can you not be scared?"

Again Kelly shrugged. "Sometimes the mothers and the fathers and even the grandfathers of the sharks come around when I am shelling. I pretend they are porpoises. Porpoises are happy and friendly."

"Now, Kelly." She smiled. "How can you ——" But at that moment, Kelly heard the sinister boom, felt the surging of the water and the trembling of Susie.

Quickly, he grabbed an oar. Desperately, he brought Susie's bow around to the Southeast. Then he paddled—paddled furiously and sweated. Susie moved slowly, awkwardly, away from the reef.

They met it bow on. The Susie rose as though elevated by a giant hand. Kelly dropped the oar. He held the tiller with his left hand. With his right hand he grabbed Ann. He forced her down against the floor boards.

Another monstrous wave came; then another. They struck the reef, fifty feet behind Susie, shooting great geysers high into the sky—geysers that tumbled down in glittering cascades. The backwash sucked Susie toward the reef.

Again Kelly grabbed an oar and paddled madly. But just as suddenly, the terror was over. The water was calm, emerald, beautiful, flecked with white foam.

Ann raised her head. Her eyes were full-moon round and her face was white.

"What on earth was that, Kelly?"

Kelly took a deep breath. "They were the ground swells, sister-girl. From the storm called Betsy, I believe. Very dangerous. Even when the storms are hundreds of miles away, the trouble they can cause is bad."

"But—but ——" She looked at the smooth water, the placid sky, the lush little island. "There was no warning."

"That is why they are dangerous. They suck a ship against the reefs. It crumbles, almost like powder. I have seen it happen."

Ann shuddered.

Kelly's eyes were brooding. "When it happens, sister-girl—when the ship gets sucked against the reef—you jump hard and swim—oh, so hard—for the deeper water. And if the sharks come, you pretend they are porpoises."

She looked at him curiously. Her eyes held some fear. But admiration and respect outshone the fear.

Kelly raised the sail and they moved peacefully and beautifully away from Honeymoon Island.

Ann was still studying Kelly. "You always look so—so—well, happy, inside. Are you?"

"I believe we all have troubles," said Kelly.

"I've got some bad ones," Ann said.

Kelly said nothing. He just looked ahead. He had learned, the hard way, that it never paid to become too buddy-buddy with tourists. Even so, though, this girl was something special, he thought.

"Mother is leaving daddy," Ann said. "This is their last trip. They call it a—a 'final settlement.'"

Kelly was quiet for a long time. Then he said, "I guess it is something like seeing a ship crumble to powder on the reefs. It is very unpleasant."

Ann didn't seem to hear him. "I am going with mother. That is part of the final settlement. But he can come to see me when he wants to."

"You like your mother best, yes?" It was a matter-of-fact question.

The answer was equally matter-of-fact. "I love them both, Kelly."

"Perhaps they will come back together again sometime."

Ann shook her head. "Mother said the agreement to disagree was final."

Kelly spoke gently, "Nothing is final, sister-girl, until the ship has crumbled to powder and the lost souls are in the water."

"Oh, but this is." The dimples had vanished. The large eyes were filling. "The lawyer called it incom—incompatibility. Mother and I have been living in Miami. That's to make it legal, or something. I'll bet you don't have any real troubles like this, Kelly."

Kelly smiled. Then he sighed. "I would wish to marry Susie—after whom the boat is named," Kelly said, carefully and quietly. "I would wish to buy a little home and raise a family. But such things are expensive."

"But you can save, Kelly. Save and save."

He nodded. "Meanwhile, sister-girl, there is Andros, who plays the drums at the Jungle Club. He would wish to marry Susie too. The drumming pays faster than the sailboating. Perhaps Andros will win."

Ann looked perplexed. "Kelly, I heard Mr. Stites say you get twenty shillings an hour. Kelly, I have seen you go out all day with people. Gol! Why, you must earn about—well, twenty dollars a day."

"Half for the hotel, sister-girl, for the docking privilege. Then"—Kelly hesitated—"Captain Stites asks twenty per cent for what he calls the finder's fee. I am still paying fifty dollars a month on the purchase of Susie, and it will be another year before she is paid for."

"Oh, but that's not fair." Ann sounded distressed. "Doesn't the hotel pay Captain Stites?"

Kelly suddenly looked aghast. "I beg of you, please, sister-girl, to say nothing of the finder's fee. I would lose my privilege. A lot of the boys seek the privilege of the hotel dock. Outside of this, we have little. Some shelling, crayfishing, diving for coins for the tourists or, perhaps, working in the turtle pits or the slaughterhouse."

Ann looked unhappy.

"You will say nothing of this, please?" Kelly asked.

"Not if you say nothing about my father and my mother. Kelly, where is Susie?"

"She serves the breakfast scones in the hotel, and the hot rolls at night." Kelly maneuvered the tiny sailboat skillfully toward the end of the hotel dock.

"Oh, I've seen her." Ann's eyes flashed. "She's cute, Kelly."

Kelly nodded. "I believe she is beautiful." He helped her over the rail onto the dock. Captain Stites greeted her.

"It was a wonderful ride, Kelly," Ann said, waving at him. "We're going to be here three more days. I'll be seeing you."

"Thank you, Miss Thompson," said Kelly.

She was no sooner out of earshot than Captain Stites said, "That makes three trips in two days. We'll settle for two pounds, Kelly."

"But that's more ——" Kelly started quietly.

"Use your head. I've got six boys hunting for a berth at this dock."

Kelly slipped him a two-pound note.

In the hotel, where he filled his water bottle and obtained a few cubes of ice

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from the chef, he met Susie. She had an empty aluminum tray slung over a shoulder. The tray had a sliding cover.

"Hey-a!" Kelly said, smiling.

She returned the smile and nodded to the chef, who piled fresh hot scones into the tray. "Hey-a," she said.

"See you tonight at seven beneath the large cork tree?" Kelly asked, a little anxiously.

She shook her head. "Tonight is the big banquet for the airlines compan-ee."

"Tomorrow night, then?"

"Tomorrow night the big ship comes in from Miami. And three airliners. I will work late."

Despondently, Kelly returned to his other Susie. He stretched out on the aft deck, closed his eyes. With their closing, he felt a triumphant sense of release from all trouble. Susie rocked gently. A golden sun burned furiously on the emerald waters, the blinding, white coral beaches. It reflected against the island's vivid flame vine and fragile frangipani. It scorched the tired and wilted tomato plants, which were the island's only worth-while commercial crop.

"Right this way, sir. We're all prepared for you. Happy to have you aboard. You, too, madam, and miss."

Even without opening his eyes, Kelly knew that sister-girl and her parents were being ushered aboard the Love Alone by Captain Stites. Kelly also knew the routine that would follow.

The Love Alone would cruise past Cabbage Beach, Treasure Island and head for No Name Reef, which was at the edge of the Tongue of the Ocean and the mighty Bahamian deeps. There, at this time of year, they would troll for blue tuna. They would probably catch half a dozen—small ones—perhaps ten or twelve pounds each.

Captain Stites, the moment the "sun was over the yardarm," would serve lunch and Martinis. He would, as always, indulge too heavily in the Martinis and tell "sea stories." Captain Stites, Kelly knew, had been ousted from West Palm Beach, Miami and Jamaica. Now he was trying Nassau. The island grapevine had it that he was a cousin of the hotel manager.

"Kelly, good-by! Kelly!" The voice was urgent.

Kelly sat up. The Love Alone was leaving the dock. Ann, standing alone in the stern, looking unhappy, was waving frantically.

"Good-by, sis—Miss Thompson!" Kelly shouted. "Good fishing, Miss Thompson!"

Kelly watched them leave the dock on Friday and Saturday morning. On Sunday morning at five, he arose as usual and rode his bicycle to St. Andrews Church. For two hours he worked furiously, polishing the altar rail, the electric fans, the candelabra and the great gold cross. Deacon Wells, who was very old and tired, but whose eyes were beautifully blue, came into the church about seven-fifteen. He inspected Kelly's work and complimented him.

"It is such a splendid morning, Kelly," Deacon Wells said, "that I feel like making the music myself. After the early services, the parish house will need cleaning."

So Deacon Wells played the carillon—a job which he had taught Kelly to do. He played feelingly, and the chimes of

Awake my soul and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay the morning sacrifice

echoed across the island, which, at this hour, was as green and sparkling as fresh, dewy lettuce. Kelly, who knew the words by heart, sang them quietly as he stood by the Queen's Staircase, which overlooked a great part of the ocean; even, on a clear day, as far as the island of Andros.

That was when he saw the smoke, rising lazily, like the smoke from a cigarette, just off Honeymoon Island. For a moment, his heart froze, because sister-girl had told him on Saturday where they were going.

On his English bike, it took him less than five minutes to reach the hotel pier, less than thirty seconds to race out to the end of the pier and hop into the sixteen-foot utility boat, which had a thirty-horsepower outboard motor. He cranked it, with the clutch in neutral, and it roared into action.

The assistant harbor master, whose name was Reed, came running after him.

"Kelly, get out of that boat!" he roared. He grabbed the painter and hauled the small boat close to the pier.

Kelly's hand dived into a back pocket. The knife blade gleamed briefly. One quick slash and the boat was free. He opened the throttle wide and the rooster's tail behind the little craft rose high. Kelly knew short cuts around Cabbage Beach, across Neverland Deeps, to Honeymoon Island.

Now the smoke was more than a curl. It was a mass, black and swirling. The Love Alone, her bow crumbled, stern breaking up, was smashing against the reef. There was no sign of life aboard. Flames were consuming the afterdeck, licking at the rails.

Kelly cut his outboard motor. His eyes were wild with fear.

"Miss Thompson!" he screamed. "Miss Ann! Sister-girl!"

The flames crackled. A ground swell pushed the Love Alone hard against the coral. It sounded like a huge eggshell crumbling.

Kelly's eyes desperately moved north, east, south and west. He saw something—it looked like a waterlogged fisherman's cork—bobbing north in the channel, far out from the reef. Simultaneously, out of the corner of an eye, he saw two figures wading in the lagoon behind the reef on Honeymoon Island. They were waving frantically.

Kelly gunned the motor. He headed for the bobbing cork. It was Ann. She was thrashing out with her arms, kicking hard with her legs, moving farther away from the reef. In the clear, deep water, only fifteen feet behind her, Kelly saw something else—two sinewy gray shadows.

"Sister-girl!" Kelly screamed. "Don't splash! Just float! Don't be afraid!"

She glanced over her shoulder. He saw the surprise, the gladness, the relief sweep over her face. But he also saw some panic in her eyes. Kelly's boat swept past her. He grabbed, missed. He spun the boat so fast it nearly overturned. This time he met her coming toward him. He grabbed hard. His long arm reached out and raised her—practically jerked her—from the water, into the boat.

Ten feet behind the boat, water splashed. The two gray shapes changed course.

"Oh-h-h!" she said. She was panting. Her face was deathly white. "I did what you said, Kelly. I swam away from the reef. But—but"—the tears came now—"I got scared."

Kelly removed his shirt. He wrapped it around her shivering shoulders. "You did fine, sister-girl. What happened?" Kelly was feeling limp. There were beads of perspiration on his forehead.

"Mother and daddy went on Honeymoon Island ——" She straightened up suddenly. "Oh-h!"

"They're all right," Kelly said quickly.

"Captain Freddie and I fished bottom, beside the reef. We caught some sandfish. Kelly, I told him he was awfully close."

"Yes, sister-girl."

Now she was crying again, and Kelly, using a portion of the shirt sleeve, gently wiped her eyes.

"I heard the ground swells coming, Kelly. He—Captain Freddie—was in the cabin, mixing some more drinks. We hit the reef and something exploded. That's all I remember—except what you told me—to swim away from the reef." She gripped his arm fiercely. "Where is Captain Freddie?"

"I believe," Kelly said, his eyes sweeping over the charred remnants of the Love Alone, "he is gone, sister-girl."

"Oh, no, Kelly." She was crying again. "Kelly ——" She started, but he put a finger to his lips and frowned.

He was studying the water, listening. He could read the waters around New Providence as readily as a man can read a book. He made up his mind. He cranked the motor. At full speed, they roared through the gap in the reef. In the lagoon, Ann plunged out of the boat into the arms of her mother. Her father wrapped his large arms around both mother and daughter. Kelly neither listened nor watched. His eyes were fixed and his ears were attuned to the sea beyond the reef.

After a while, he said quietly, "Mr. Thompson, I believe it would be well for us to leave now."

The rooster's tail astern was rainbow-hued as they sped home. From two miles out, the hotel, brilliantly painted, looked like a shining ruby snuggling in the velvety emerald background. Mr. Thompson, who had his arms around his wife and daughter, suddenly stood up. Kelly said nothing. He was used to the odd ways of tourists. But he cut the speed. Mr. Thompson stared at the growing hotel.

"Darling," he said to his wife—and the wind blew the words back to Kelly's ears—"I've made up my mind. This hotel is for sale. And it's a good deal. I'm going to sell the hotel in New Jersey. Try it here. Will—will you try it with me?"

Mrs. Thompson stood up too. Crazy tourists were always standing up in boats, so Kelly just cut the speed a little more. Ann came bouncing back to the stern and sat beside Kelly. Her eyes were laughing.

"Kelly," Mr. Thompson said suddenly, and his voice boomed like the surf, "how'd you like to be harbor master at the hotel?"

Kelly thought about this for a moment. "I believe, Mr. Thompson," he said finally, "that I would prefer to just have Susie."

Mr. Thompson looked bewildered.

Ann laughed. "Kelly's got two Susies, daddy," she said. "He wants both of them."

Mr. Thompson still looked baffled. But his voice was aggressive.

"Well, what's wrong with that?" he said. "Two Susies and harbor master too? What's to stop you?"

Kelly's teeth shone. "Nothing, I believe, Mr. Thompson," he said.

Ann said, "Here. Let me steer the boat a little and you sing. Yes?"

"Yes," said Kelly. He added softly, "Sister-girl."

Kelly sang as he had never sung before. THE END

You be the Judge

By BRUCE M. JONES

Sophronia tested every piano in the store before buying one. She played it at home for weeks. Then she learned it was slightly used, rather than new as she had supposed. Upset, she sued to force the piano store to take it back.

"I told everyone in my music circle that I was buying a brand-new piano," Sophronia wailed, "and now I find it used to belong to one of them. I can hardly face them for embarrassment."

"The lady tried and inspected the piano and selected it herself," the store owner replied. "If she had asked whether it was new, we would have told her it wasn't. But she didn't ask. And we charged her the used-piano price."

If you were the judge, would you make the store owner take back the piano and refund the price to Sophronia?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Sophronia won. The court ruled that "ordinarily a buyer from a manufacturer or a dealer in new articles . . . assumes even without affirmation by the seller that the article is new and unused." It said the salesman should have told Sophronia that the piano she selected was not new.

Based upon a 1936 New York decision.

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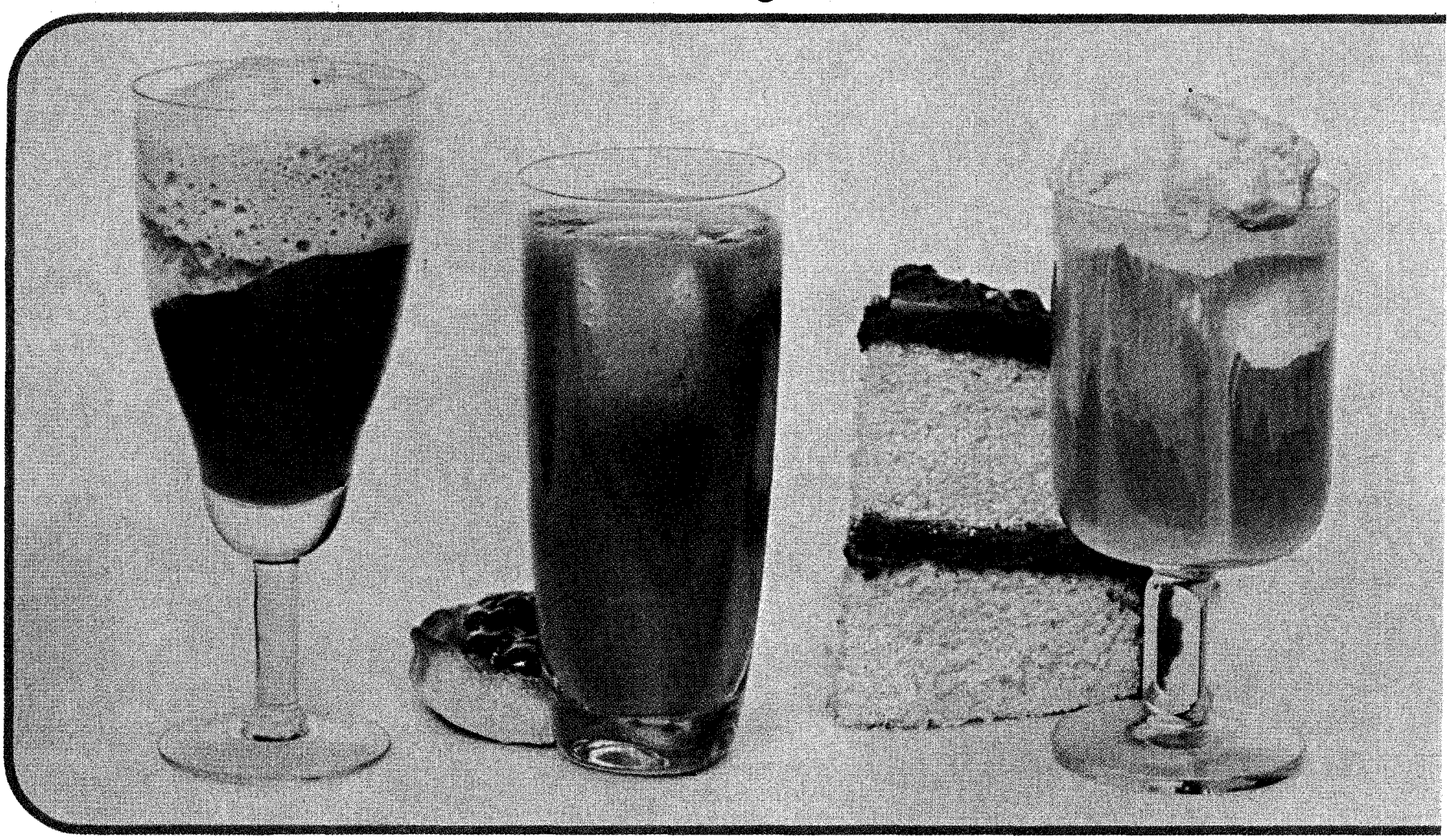
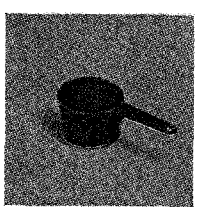
NEW ways to take an



Iced Coffee Tropicale

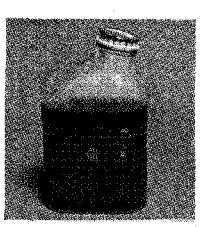
Pour 1½ cups strong cool coffee into blender half-full of cracked ice. Add 1 tblsp. sugar. Blend until foamy. Serves four.

3 Ways To Make Good Iced Coffee



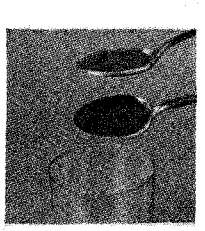
1. QUICK METHOD

Make extra-strength coffee by using ½ measuring cup (4 fluid ounces) of water for each Standard Measure (2 level tblsps.) of coffee — pour hot over ice cubes.



2. PRE-COOLED

Make coffee: 1 Standard Measure (2 level tblsps.) to each 6-oz. cup of water. Cool in covered *non-metal* container. For freshest taste, serve within three hours. Pour over ice cubes.



3. INSTANT

Mix *twice* the usual amount of instant coffee with a little water (hot or cold, according to brand) — add ice cubes, fill glass with water.

Hint

In refrigerator trays, freeze regular strength coffee into cubes — pour fresh coffee over them. Delicious — and no dilution!

Good restaurants serve good Iced Coffee—enjoy it often!

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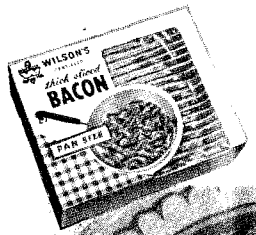
Iced Coffee Mocha

Stir into Iced Coffee 2 tbs. chocolate syrup and 2 tbs. cream. Top with whipped cream if you like.



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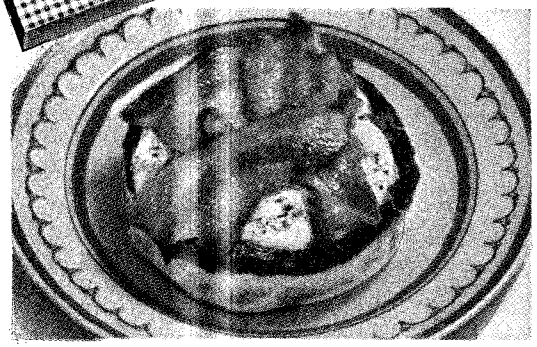
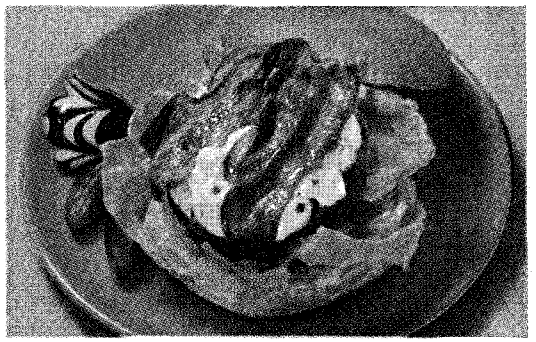
3 SANDWICH IDEAS
made easy with Wilson Pan-Size Bacon!

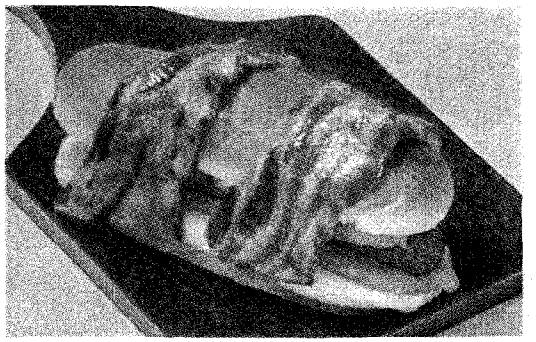
Sandwich size! Extra thick for extra nourishment!



PICNIC-STYLE PIZZAS. Spread English muffin half with tomato paste. Top with slice of pizza cheese; sprinkle with oregano. Cover with slices of Wilson Pan-Size Bacon. Heat in 425° oven until cheese melts and bacon browns—5 to 8 minutes.



SUMMER "SALAD" SANDWICH. Cool as iced coffee itself! Spread toasted hamburger bun half lightly with mayonnaise. Add lettuce leaves, tomato slice. Cover with cream cheese and chive mixture. Top with slices of Wilson Pan-Size Bacon, precooked.



BACON-FRANK BOATS. Man-sized sandwich! Slice frankfurter bun. Spread with mustard. Wrap slice of processed American cheese around Wilson Frank. Insert in bun. With toothpicks, fasten Wilson Pan-Size Bacon around bun. Brown in 425° oven.

It's hard to wait when it's

WILSON Pan-Size BACON

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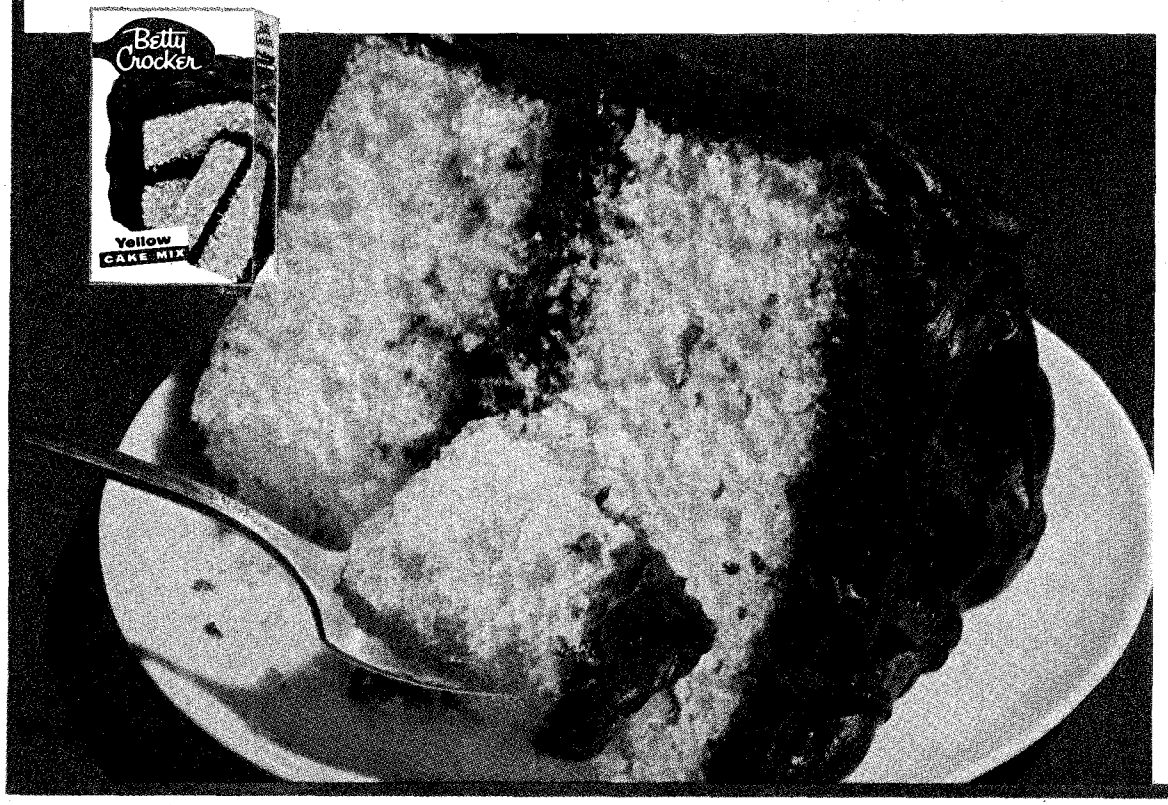
A Betty Crocker Cake Mix Cake and iced coffee make a quick and easy energy treat!



Iced Coffee Float

Scoop a generous amount of your favorite flavor ice cream — coffee, vanilla, chocolate or other — into iced coffee.

"Want a good energy lift? Have a fudge-frosted wedge of a cake made from a Betty Crocker Cake Mix . . . for example, our Yellow Cake Mix. A great way to renew some vim and vigor! There's energy-building sugar and non-fat milk and wholesome fresh eggs baked right into this wonderful, easy coffee-time snack! The luscious frosting is easy, too! It's our Betty Crocker Chocolate Fudge Frosting Mix—just add water...stir...and spread!"

"I guarantee every mix

PERFECT! Yes, every mix we make for you is guaranteed

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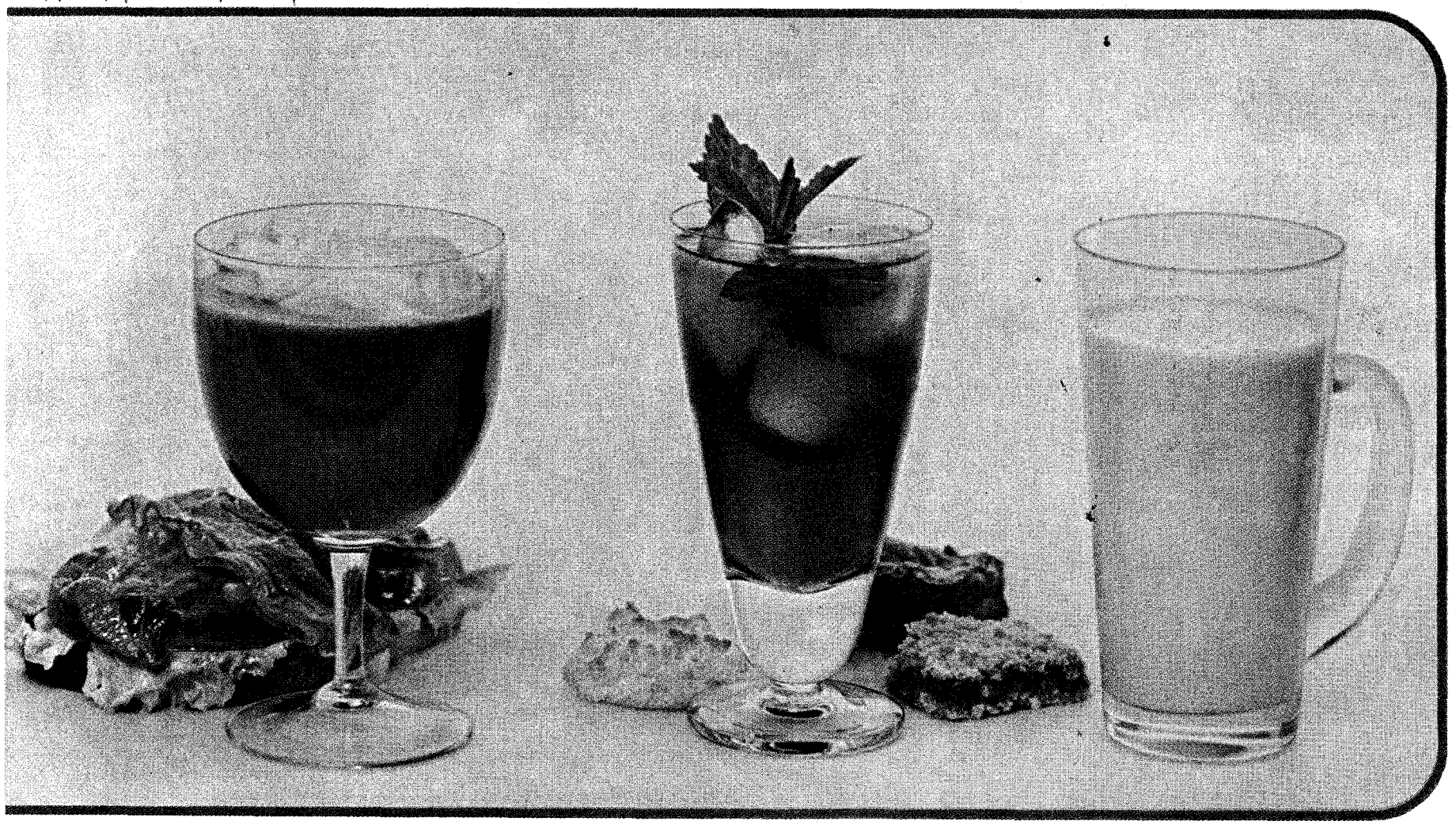
ICED "Coffee-break"



Why Iced Coffee Makes Friends So Fast

Today's Iced Coffee is so versatile that there's a kind to delight *every* taste! And every kind is cooling and refreshing! You may choose to serve guests an exotic Continental variety — in your finest glassware. Or you may want the relaxing lift that only a regular Iced "Coffee-break" gives. Try America's favorite beverage, coffee, *iced*. The new and different ways to enjoy it make Iced Coffee fun for everyone!

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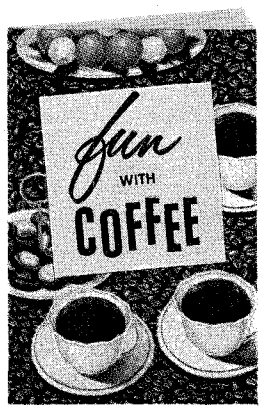
Iced Coffee Junior

To make youngsters feel real "grown up," sweeten milk a little and add a spoonful or two of cold coffee.



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The Deep South Says "Never!"

(Continued from Page 25)

so on the order of Federal district courts. The courts were setting firm and immediate deadlines for desegregation in the Border States; they gave more time in the mid-South; they set no deadlines in the Deep South.

All in all, by 1957, it appeared at a casual glance that desegregation was proceeding rapidly. But a closer look aroused doubts. True, some 330,000 Negro children formerly segregated were enrolled in districts which had begun desegregating. But this left another 2,475,000 Negro children segregated. And probably only about half of the 330,000 Negroes "in integrated situations" were actually sitting in mixed classrooms—only one third of Baltimore's Negro children were doing so—for some Negroes preferred all-Negro schools, some feared to attend white schools, and in some cities residential segregation maintained school segregation—as it does in Chicago and many other Northern cities. Moreover, when a Federal court set a desegregation deadline farther south than ever before, in Clinton, Tennessee, violence erupted, quelled only by the National Guard. And in the Deep South below Tennessee resistance was hardening. Today, segregation is still unbroken in the elementary and high schools of eight states. The hard core of Southern resistance may be considered to be the belt of four states that lies across the southeast bottom of America—South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi. A man who favors desegregation said recently, "In those states the damn thing is being held as a sacred principle, a taboo. You can't let one hole open in the dike. Not one Negro shall go to school with whites."

To Southerners, the court's decision seemed to do far more than break down segregation in the schools; it rent the seamless garment of apartness. Apartness of the races is a black and white thread woven into the fabric of Southern life—its social, political, sexual, cultural, economic life. Apartness is like a vine which, rooted in slavery, never uprooted, but merely twisted by the Civil War, flourished and by now entangles everyone and everything in a suffocating net from which no one, white or black, knows how to extricate himself. Its manifestations have an infinite richness and complexity. Does a white man arrive at the airport in Birmingham? He cannot ride to town in a Negro taxi, but must call a white one. (Whites, not only Negroes, pay for segregation in inconvenience.) Does a Negro go into a Charleston drugstore? He may buy a magazine, but he cannot drink a milkshake. Why not? Law? No, custom. Custom, not law, excludes Negroes from white hotels, restaurants and theaters. A South Carolinian says, "Segregation exists where it's felt needed. It'll cease to exist when it's no longer felt needed. We are defending a necessity. We can't have public schools without segregation."

In the lowland Black Belt of South Carolina, originally so-called because of the rich black alluvial soil, but now so-called because of the heavy Negro population, segregation may be the aristocratic paternalistic planter saying affectionately, "I've got thirty-five Nigra families on my place. I love my niggers and there isn't anything in the world they wouldn't do for me; you couldn't run 'em off my place." In the hilly Georgia upcountry, segregation may be the harsh-voiced, hard-mouthed red-neck with few possessions and a great smoldering hate saying, "Forsyth County—it means something to the niggers. Forty years ago a nigger raped a white woman and they took him outta jail and tied him to a car and drug him around the courthouse square. There ain't been none there ever since." In the Mississippi Delta, segregation may be the leader of the Citizens' Council pointing to the muddy Tallahatchie River and saying, "That's Emmett Till's River," and laughing. But whatever its manifestation, segregation's purpose is the same: Inflexible apartness of the races. In Atlanta a Negro may drive a high-priced car and live in a $50,000 ranch house and send his children North to college; on an Alabama farm he may exist on $500 a year in a kerosene-lit shack, his wife and half dozen children huddled around a fire, ignorant, diseased, almost subhuman; but neither of these men may mingle freely with the whites.

Segregation is not a principle upheld only by louts and bullies. It is viewed as inherently right by virtually every white person in the four-state South of which we speak. A South Carolina lawyer, intelligent, traveled, educated in the North, says, "We denied the Nigra his rights theoretically and gave him all his rights as a practical matter. In the North you gave him all his legal rights and hated his guts. Down here a Negro—no matter how underprivileged he is—he eats, he has a house, nobody's snarlin' and fightin' with him, he's always got some white folks he can go to in his hour of need. The bitterest trials we have down here is when one Nigra shoots another, because the white adherents of each one come to court and bring their lawyers and picnic out on the porch and argue, and there's a hell of a lot of oratory and stress and strain—it's all necessary because of pressure on the whites by other whites to stand up for their niggers; it's a *noblesse oblige*. But up North, if a Nigra gets in trouble, you forget about him. Segregation has been a protection to the Nigra as well as a curse. Segregation is dead now, legally. But the voluntary actions of people are going to be without great change for a long time. There are Nigras who thought that the minute the decision came down they'd be invited to the St. Cecilia Society dance"—a function of the most aristocratic society in aristocratic Charleston. "Do people go where they are uncomfortable? How long is it going to be before whites and Nigras can be comfortable associating too freely? A long time, that's all I know." And then, sighing, "This race thing is worse than an octopus; anywhere you pick it up, it's complicated."

The Supreme Court waited a year before announcing how its decision was to be implemented. During that year of waiting, from May, 1954, to May, 1955, the Citizens' Council movement enjoyed no spectacular success, for no attempts were made actually to desegregate schools in the Deep South. Yet the Councils used that year to organize, and it may well be that the year's head start was decisive in their success.

The rich Mississippi Delta seems an endless land, flat to the horizon, rain-sodden in winter and sweltering in the summertime in 100-degree humid heat. Here the topsoil is 100 feet deep, inexhaustible. Negroes outnumber whites 38,025 to 17,872 in Sunflower County. Robert Patterson lives in a white frame house several miles outside Indianola, on a plantation which he operates—but doesn't own—in partnership with two other men. A half dozen Negro shacks built of upended cypress boards surround his house. "I'm the only white man within a mile and a half," he says. "I'm completely integrated."

Patterson and his friends went around organizing Councils in other towns. In every town they sought the leadership of only the most respected citizens. They avoided entanglement with former Ku Klux Klan leaders. They eschewed secrecy; their meetings were held in downtown public buildings and were open to the public. They forswore violence, proposed to prevent desegregation by legal means. Thus they sought the support of professional men, clergymen, politicians, business leaders, and the middle class. W. J. Simmons, who organized the Jackson Council and today shares leadership of Mississippi Councils with Patterson, has recalled, "The main way Councils were organized was through the service clubs. Patterson or I would go and make a talk to Rotary or Kiwanis or Civitans or Exchange or Lions. We'd tell them what the Council movement is, what fellows were doing in different communities. Invariably the response was favorable." The Councils have a terrible yearning for respectability. Today they deny anti-Semitism, though they have encouraged its growth. Sometimes they even deny using economic pressure on Negroes and whites who favor desegregation, though it is their chief weapon.

The intellectual father of the Council movement, whose ideas nourished it, was Tom P. Brady, a Yale-educated circuit judge in Mississippi and former vice president of the Mississippi Bar Association. He delivered a speech, Black Monday—the title refers to the day of the Supreme Court decision—to the Indianola Citizens' Council and later expanded it into a book; the Council published it, sold it for a dollar in drugstores all over the South, urged its distribution among all high-school students in Mississippi, and sponsored an essay contest on it. Black Monday is the most comprehensive exposition of Council thought.

It opens with a survey of "the three species of man," white, yellow and black, and the decline of Egypt, India and other countries which followed "mongrelization." "The mark of the beast," Judge Brady writes, "is apparent today . . . in the various types of Mexico, the Yucatan Indians, the Hondurans, the North Central Americans and Caribs. The Proto-Negro sign with its accompanying destruction cannot be disputed. . . . Whenever and wherever the white man has drunk the cup of black hemlock, whenever and wherever his blood has been infused with the blood of the negro, the white man, his intellect and his culture have died."

Recounting the history of slavery in America, Judge Brady writes, "The American negro was divorced from Africa and saved from savagery. In spite of his basic inferiority, he was forced to do that which he would not do for himself. He was compelled to lay aside cannibalism, his barbaric savage customs. He was transported from aboriginal ignorance and superstition. He was given a language. . . . His soul was quickened. He was introduced to God!" But, the judge writes, the Negro remained fundamentally unchanged. "The purpose of this comparison is not to embarrass or humiliate anyone. You can dress a chimpanzee, housebreak him and teach him to use a knife and fork, but it will take countless generations of evolutionary development, if ever, before you can convince him that a caterpillar or a cockroach is not a delicacy."

The judge argues at length that the court segregation decision was mistaken. He apostrophizes, "Oh, High Priests of Washington, blow again and stronger upon the dying embers of racial hate, distrust and envy. Pour a little coal oil of political expediency and hope of racial amalgamation upon the flickering blaze which you have created, and you will start a conflagration in the South which all of Neptune's mighty ocean cannot quench. . . . When a law transgresses the moral and ethical sanctions and standards of the mores, invariably strife, bloodshed and revolution follow in the wake of its attempted enforcement. The loveliest and the purest of God's creatures, the nearest thing to an angelic being that treads this terrestrial ball is a well-bred, cultured Southern white woman or her blue-eyed, golden-haired little girl."

Following a section on "Marxist" influence in churches and schools, he writes, "It is lamentable that attention should be called to the alarming increase of Jewish names in the ranks of Communist-front organizations of this country. Of all the nations which have ever been on this earth, the United States of America has been the kindest to the Jew. Here he has suffered but little ostracization—and he has brought most of this upon himself. . . . From the Jewish race there should never be any Rosenbergs, Greenglasses or Alger Hisses [sic]. The Socialist- and Communist-infiltrated (*Continued on Page 70*)

"Anything larger? I have three unmarried daughters."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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The NEW Sunbeam AUTOMATIC PERCOLATOR

makes the best coffee you've ever tasted...hot or iced

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No matter how you like your coffee—mild or strong, piping hot or chilled over ice, the SUNBEAM Percolator always brews it to perfection. Has easy-to-see, easy-to-set strength selector dial that gives you coffee the way you like it, automatically. Quick heating tubular element makes coffee fast. Easy-to-see signal light indicates when coffee is ready to serve. Coffee is kept at perfect drinking temperature by accurate thermostatic control. Automatically resets itself for next brewing cycle—no waiting for percolator to cool before you make more coffee. In your choice of 8 and 10-cup sizes. *Both sizes are made of solid copper with heavy nickel and chrome plating inside and out to prevent staining and corrosion.*

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Stainless steel percolator pump makes cleaning easier. Will not stick or corrode.

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(*Continued from Page 68*) labor organizations should not have the Dubinskys, the Emspaks, the Abram Flaxes and Ben Golds as their leaders. The list is long and it is ominous. . . . There are those today who would damn the Jew, who would like to see him persecuted because he controls the motion-picture industry, the clothing industry, the jewelry market, and so on. . . . Because Arthur Spingarn is president of the N.A.A.C.P., it does not follow that all Jews approve of this rabid organization. Yes, Karl Marx was a Jew . . . *[but]* let us remember the loyal American Jew is not responsible for Karl Marx. . . ."

Beyond Black Monday, Judge Brady foresees further perils: socialized medicine, the "Brannon" [sic] plan, "more FHA's and more corruption, more TVA's," the socialization of banking, transportation, agriculture and more. Behind it lay a Communist plot, Brady maintains, hatched in 1936, to establish "a black empire" in the South, ruled by Negroes. The plan failed; for it the N.A.A.C.P. and C.I.O., with President Roosevelt's encouragement, substituted the plot to abolish segregation. Indicating that the Supreme Court was the object of all this conspiracy, he writes, "The honor and glory, the courage and patriotism, the learning and wisdom of the highest judicial tribunal ever produced on this earth has been socialized and psychologized." Justice Warren's appointment was "a grievous mistake."

And what is the goal? "Amalgamation," the judge writes—that is, intermarriage. "The negro proposes to breed up his inferior intellect and whiten his skin, and 'blow out the light' in the white man's brain and muddy his skin."

What, then, should be done? Judge Brady urges that we stop the "influx of communists to America," teach children "the truth" about Communism and ethnology, make Negro schools truly equal to white schools, expose Communist influence in the churches—"if the Bishops, the Boards of Elders, the Deacons, etc., and the powers that be will not clean up their own back yards, then they must be cleaned up for them." Judge Brady proposes the establishment of "a national central office," which might become a national third party, to supply information to Congress and alert the country to its peril. Judge Brady proposes the creation of a forty-ninth state, perhaps by purchase from Mexico, to which all American Negroes could be shipped. Judge Brady urges constitutional amendments to strengthen states' rights, establish qualifications for Supreme Court justices, provide for the popular election of Supreme Court justices and the Attorney General, and provide for "a special court . . . in which all undesirables, perjurers, subversives, saboteurs and traitors can be promptly tried and punished," since existing courts are too slow. Judge Brady urges the states quickly to enact legislation to "prevent the enforcement" of the court's decision.

If all else fails, he writes, the public schools should be abolished, private schools for whites financed by refunding taxes, and the Negro left to educate himself. "As a last resort," he writes, "a step which no Southern man wants to take, is declaring of a cold war and an economic boycott. A large percentage, over a third, of the negro women in the South are domestic servants. . . . It will be inconvenient upon the white women of the South to discharge their maids and cooks, but this can be done, if necessary. Over 95 per cent of the negroes of the South are employed by and work for white men or corporations controlled by white men." Negroes thus made destitute should be shipped North, he writes, preferably to the home states of the Supreme Court justices.

By October 12, 1954, some thirty Councils had been organized in Mississippi, and they set up the Association of Citizens' Councils of Mississippi. Local Councils would remain autonomous, but would send one to three dollars out of each member's five-dollar dues to the state association, which would co-ordinate their efforts. Patterson became, and still is, executive secretary. He will not say what his salary is. He opened an office, hired three girl secretaries and began organizing and issuing literature. His pamphlets are well printed, as dignified as any corporate report. Patterson, though without literary training—he had studied animal husbandry in college—wrote one himself. For others he selected speeches by Congressman John Bell Williams, of Mississippi; former Justice James F. Byrnes, of South Carolina; Attorney General Eugene Cook, of Georgia; and Senator Eastland, of Mississippi; essays entitled A Jewish View on Segregation and A Christian View on Segregation; and the Bill of Rights, which segregationists, no less than desegregationists, regard as their shield and buckler. Patterson also produced single-sheet leaflets, cheaply printed. They attacked Walter Reuther, of the C.I.O., because he presented a $75,000 check from the Philip Murray Memorial Fund to the N.A.A.C.P.; "proved" statistically that venereal disease, illegitimate births and crime were more prevalent among Negroes than whites, and showed sexy pictures of Negro men and white women drinking, dancing or embracing. He sold the pamphlets to local Councils for six dollars per 100, the leaflets for three dollars per 100. He sold Citizens' Councils stickers for four dollars per 100, and before long they appeared on windows all over the South. He put in a line of desk ornaments—a small Confederate flag—but they were too expensive to sell well.

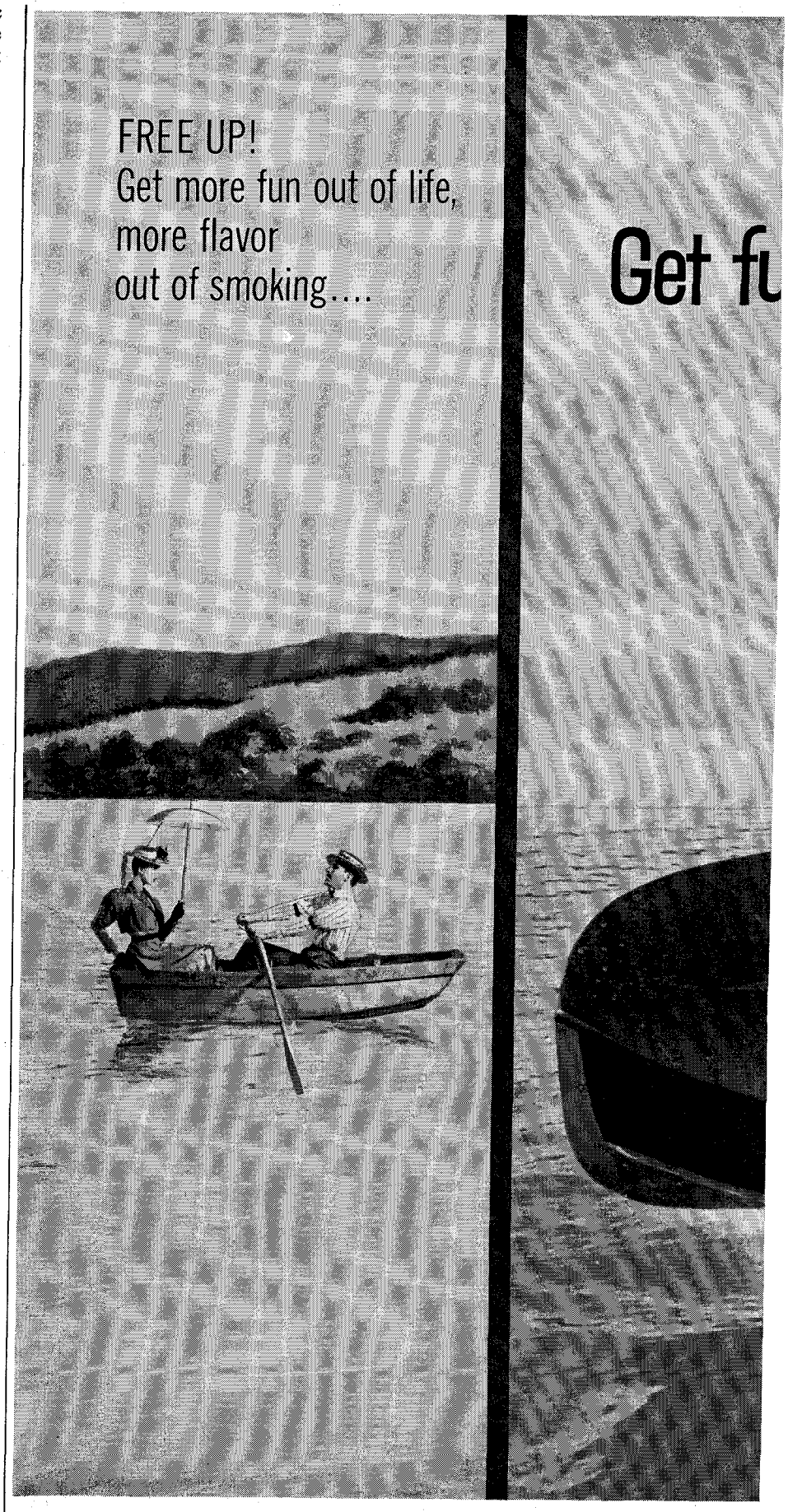
Patterson's mail soared to 300 letters a week. He was gone about half the time, driving from meeting to meeting. He organized a speakers' bureau to help him—ministers, a college president, former FBI agents, the president of the Mississippi Bar Association, high officials of the state government. By the end of the year there were 110 Councils in Mississippi with 25,000 members.

The Councils' fame was spreading. Newspapers were beginning to notice them. Legislators in several states made approving speeches about them. The first Council outside Mississippi had been formed in October at Selma, Alabama. Soon Councils were established in four other Alabama counties, and at the organizational meeting of one, a state senator said that the goal of the N.A.A.C.P. "is to open the bedroom doors of our white women to the Negro man." For the first time the Councils' use of economic pressure was revealed: A Council spokesman at Selma (*Continued on Page 72*)

Property Rights

The toys which they'll squabble
and scream over,
When they're out in the yard at
play,
Are the very same ones they are
sure to disown,
When it's time to put them away.

By Stephen Schlitzer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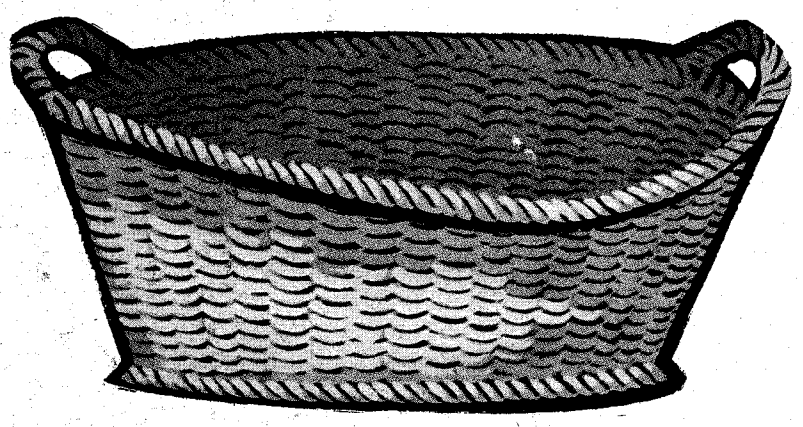
Monday washes automatically vanish



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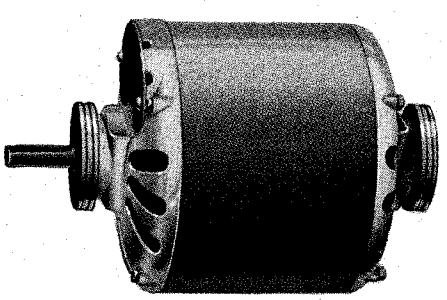

(*Continued from Page 70*) said publicly, "The white population in this county controls the money. . . . We intend to make it difficult, if not impossible, for any Negro who advocates desegregation to find and hold a job, get credit or renew a mortgage." The Montgomery Advertiser called this "economic lynch law" and "manicured Kluxism": "The night-riding and lash of the 1920's have become an abomination in the eyes of public opinion. So the bigots have resorted to a more decorous, tidy and less conspicuous method—economic thuggery." But that was in 1954. Since then the editor of the Advertiser has stopped opposing the Councils. "He began to feel the pressure himself," one Council leader has said—though whether of public opinion or of economics he did not say. So have other editors.

At the end of May, 1955, the Supreme Court issued its implementation decree: schools must make "a prompt and reasonable start" toward desegregation and proceed "with all deliberate speed," under the jurisdiction of Federal district courts. The South heaved mightily. In Virginia, the Richmond News-Leader said, "When the court proposes that its social revolution be imposed upon the South 'as soon as practicable,' there are those of us who would respond that 'as soon as practicable' means never at all." In Alabama, 5000 persons at a Citizens' Council rally heard former Governor Herman Talmadge, of Georgia, say that the "Supreme Court refuses to recognize that it cannot by a mandate shrink the size of a Negro's skull, which is one eighth of an inch thicker than a white man's." The Klan broke up an interracial meeting in Alabama.

And in Mississippi, Negroes first openly challenged white power. On June fifth, just five days after the Supreme Court decree, the N.A.A.C.P. state board directed its branches to move, and Negroes filed petitions asking admission to white schools with the school boards in five Mississippi cities. This was the test of the Citizens' Councils. They were ready. The first petition was filed in Jackson, the state capital, on July twenty-sixth. The president of the Jackson Council said the Negroes had "started something they will never finish." Council leaders met in a Jackson hotel room and intentionally leaked to Negro bellhops the word that those who signed the petition would be investigated by the grand jury. "That was the end of the petition," a Council leader has said. Council membership rose by several hundred.

On the same day, July twenty-sixth, Negroes filed a petition for white school entry in Natchez. Natchez citizens appealed to Patterson and W. J. Simmons for help; they and Judge Brady addressed a mass meeting and formed a Natchez Council; the Natchez Democrat published the names of all petition signers and invited readers to "check" them. The petition died.

On August sixth a petition was filed in Yazoo City. The Citizens' Council there bought a full-page ad in the Yazoo City Herald to print the names and addresses of Negro petition signers. "There were about fifty-three signers originally," Roy Wilkins, of the N.A.A.C.P., recalls, "and when they got through, only two signatures remained on it. One of them is living by helping his wife sell mail-order cosmetics—couldn't get any work in town. One man had been a plumber for twenty years in Yazoo City, but he lost his business as soon as his name was in the paper. That very day, on the way home, he stopped in at the grocery for a loaf of bread, and the grocer looked him in the eye and said, 'That'll cost you one dollar.' He went to Detroit and we got him a job in a factory." Wholesalers refused to supply a Negro grocer who had signed the petition, and a banker told him to come and get his money. He took his name off the petition, but it did no good. He left town. A woman went to a grocery and picked out about ten dollars' worth of groceries, but when she took them to the cashier the butcher told the cashier, "This nigger woman is one of the ones signed the petition," and the clerk refused her money. She returned the merchandise.

On August eleventh Negroes filed a school-entry petition at Clarksdale. Simmons recalls, "The good folks there had said, 'We don't need a Citizens' Council; our niggers are good niggers.' But one bright morning they woke up with a school petition with 303 signers, including most of the 'good' ones. So they organized a Council. The petition collapsed. They all started taking their names off. Most of them got fired, I suppose." The Vicksburg petition lay dormant even though no Council was formed.

Looking back, Simmons now says, "There was a turning point in public opinion, a turning from a feeling that 'integration is inevitable' to a determination that 'we ain't going to do it.' I knew it had turned in July of 1955, when the school petitions hit a stone wall." Students of the resistance movement all over the South agree. One has said, "Up to the summer of 1955 most people thought the thing would work out. But then it became apparent that this resistance movement was really going somewhere."

"What friend? Those are my gloves!"

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In Alabama, petitions were filed in seven counties in August; immediately new Councils were formed. So also in South Carolina, and a speaker said, "If they go hungry they will go North." In Georgia, Attorney General Cook swore in twenty-five "secret deputies" whose duties he refused to define and whose names he would not reveal. The Klan was rising. It burned crosses in South Carolina where school petitions were filed and at the home of an editor who had criticized the Klan. A Georgia segregation leader, Hugh G. Grant, former United States Minister to Thailand, declared that he had thwarted an "attack on our white civilization" by forcing cancellation of the annual soap-box derby because two Negro boys had entered it along with about eighty white boys. Baseball suffered: The South Carolina little league broke up on the rock of segregation.

Simmons recalls, "Everybody was hollering, 'Help save us.' I was working sixteen to twenty hours a day and weekends. I nearly went crazy." In Belzoni, Mississippi, a Delta town, an N.A.A.C.P. leader who had urged Negroes to vote died after an auto crash; witnesses heard shots before the crash, and doctors found lead pellets in his face. A Negro political figure was killed in Brookhaven, Judge Brady's home town, in the midst of a crowd on the courthouse square; no witnesses could be found. The sale of guns in Mississippi rose rapidly. A pawnshop operator spent his vacation in the North buying guns because they brought such a good price in Mississippi. A Council leader has said, "Our women didn't go out at night. For a good while around here nobody knew but what a pitched battle might develop."

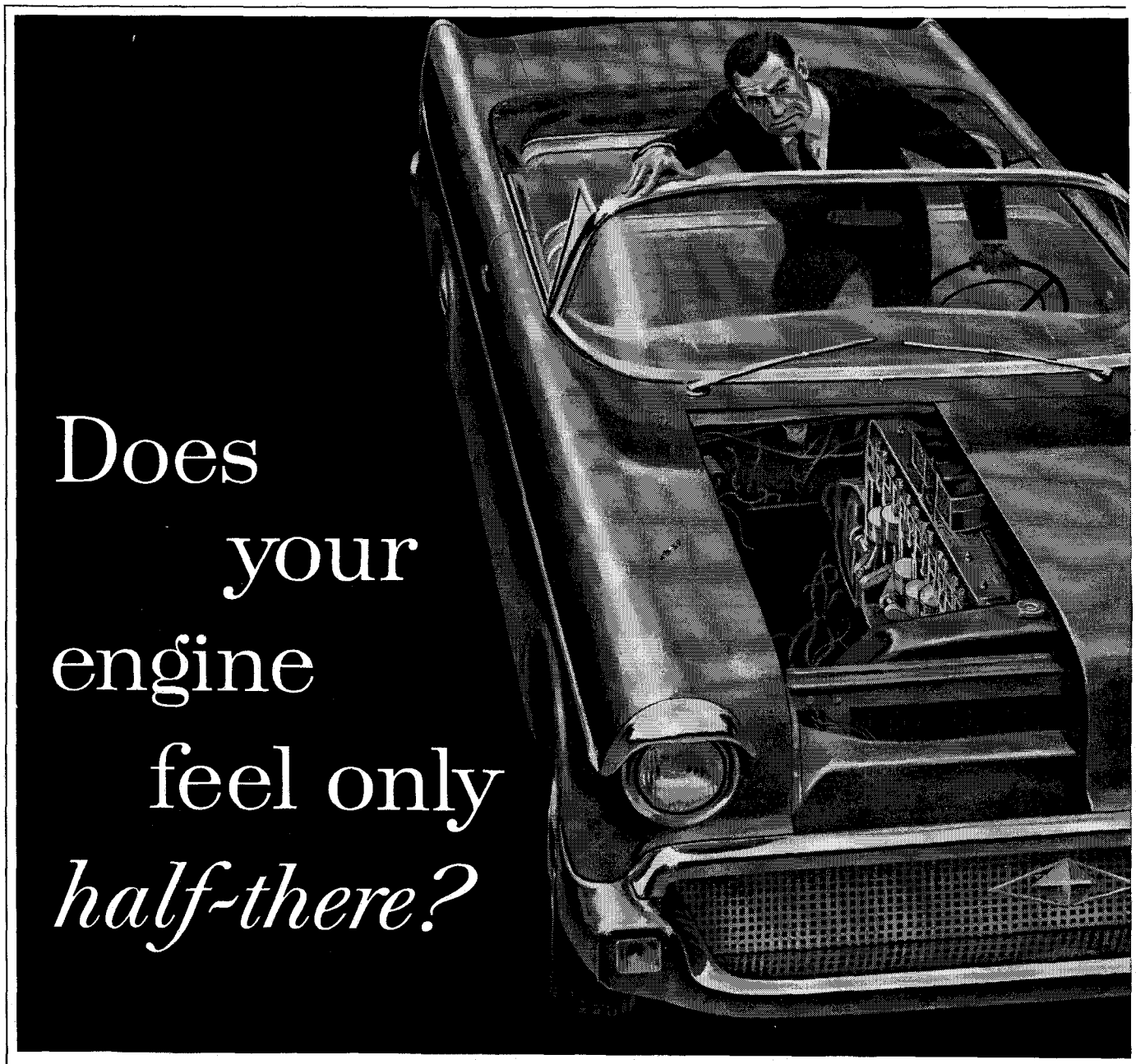
Shortly before dawn on August twenty-eighth on the Mississippi Delta two men took a fourteen-year-old Chicago Negro, Emmett Till, out of his uncle's house because he had whistled at a white woman (according to the Northern version) or had "put his hands on her" and made a lewd remark (according to the Mississippi version) and when, a few days later, a body thought to be his was taken from the muddy Tallahatchie River, a national uproar ensued. Northern editorial writers called the killing a lynching. In Washington, the N.A.A.C.P. denounced "a state of fury" in Mississippi and demanded that the Department of Justice halt it. Northern Negro politicians made speeches, and one visited Mississippi. Mississippi public opinion had been outraged at Till's killers. But now, influenced by Northern pressure, it suddenly switched. Two men were tried for the crime; the jury acquitted them. "After the Till case," a Council leader has said, "the tension died down in Mississippi. No more threats, no more feeling that you couldn't let your wife go out alone at night." When an N.A.A.C.P. leader was shot in Belzoni, the Council offered a reward.

"During the summer and fall of 1955," one student of the resistance has said, "the Councils really began to pick up strength. Then they snowballed." They began publishing a monthly newspaper and mailed it all over the South. Councils were absorbing similar groups in other states. In Georgia, ex-Governor Talmadge, no man to watch an organization arise that might someday challenge his own power, sanctioned the formation of not a Citizens' Council but a Georgia States' Rights Council. Its aims were those of the Council; the difference was that it was Talmadge's. Segregation leaders were crisscrossing the South, speaking at one another's meetings. Many made the pilgrimage to Mississippi.

A South Carolina preacher who criticized economic pressure lost his pulpit. Attorney General Cook, of Georgia, announced he would sell the state parks before allowing them to be desegregated; he journeyed North to present the case for segregation at Yale; he called the N.A.A.C.P. subversive and said he would seek to outlaw it in Georgia; and, in Mississippi, Senator Eastland said the N.A.A.C.P. ought to be investigated. In Atlanta a charter was issued to the Ku Klux Klan.

The executive editor of the Christian Century, the Rev. Dr. Harold E. Fey, likened the rise of the Councils to the rise of Nazism in Germany—they were "displacing the lawful authorities of the courts and are punishing people for registering to vote, for petitioning for redress of grievances and for integration of schools." He proposed sending missionaries to Mississippi. Such attacks merely strengthened the Councils. By the end of 1955, one survey showed, there were at least 568 local pro-segregation organizations in the South, claiming a membership of 208,000. The Councils claimed 40,000 in South Carolina, 75,000 in Mississippi, 60,000 in Georgia, 20,000 in Louisiana, and a scattering in Alabama, Texas, Oklahoma, Missouri and Arkansas. Other important similar groups had sprung up—the States' Rights Council of Georgia; the Tennessee Society for the Maintenance of Segregation, and the Tennessee Federation For Constitutional Government; the American States' Rights Association of Birmingham; the Patriots of North Carolina; the Defenders of State Sovereignty of Virginia, and The Virginia League.

By this time the Councils met in downtown hotels; their elections of officers were carried in small-town newspapers as routine club news. W. J. Simmons said, "If you take (*Continued on Page 75*)



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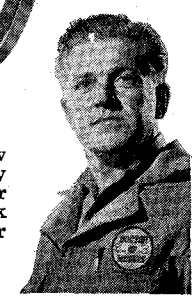

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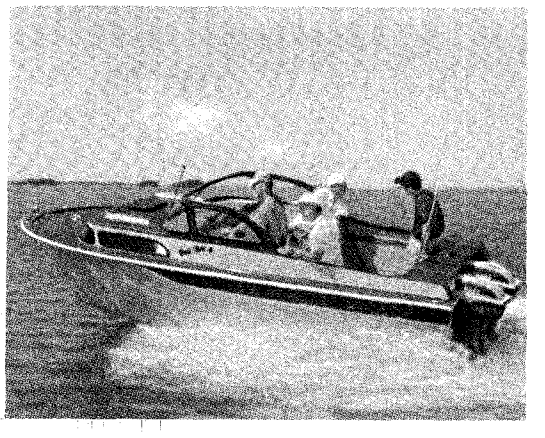
Golden Javelin*, Sea-Horse 35*, Sea-Horse 35, Sea-Horse 18*, Sea-Horse 18, Sea-Horse 10, Sea-Horse 7½, Sea-Horse 5½, Sea-Horse 3. Nine models in all.

*12-volt electric starting (new quick-charging generator available as accessory on first two models). Prices f.o.b. factory, subject to change. OBC certified brake hp at 4000 rpm (18s and 35s at 4500)



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(*Continued from Page 73*) the Farm Bureau, Rotary, Kiwanis and Lions clubs out of the Citizens' Council movement, you wouldn't have much left." Politicians, noting the trend, were getting on the bandwagon. When the Mississippi Councils held their first statewide meeting Senator Eastland delivered the major address. The governor of South Carolina, who, when he took office, had spoken of a three-school system, was now simply saying "no" to desegregation.

Gov. James Folsom, of Alabama, who had attempted a moderate course at the outset, now was saying, "We ain't going to force our fine colored folks to go to school with white people." Newspapers which had hailed the court's implementation decree as reasonable were now, a year and a half later, accusing the court of forcing the issue. Almost no one was criticizing the Councils any more. Southern intellectual leaders were switching or falling silent. Ralph McGill was saying little in Atlanta, and soon, from Mississippi, William Faulkner would send forth statements in national magazines which seemed to say that while he thought segregation morally wrong, he would fight in the streets to defend it against Northern force.

If the first Negro challenge had come in Mississippi with the petitions in the summer of 1955, the second came in Alabama on December 5, 1955: The bus boycott started in Montgomery, the Cradle of the Confederacy. Alabama had been perhaps the calmest Deep South state at the time of the court decision. Gov. Gordon Persons had refused to call a special session of the legislature, and Governor-elect Folsom had refrained from signing a segregation statement at the Southern Governors Conference. And at first the Citizens' Councils had had hard sledding in Alabama. But when the bus boycott began, Montgomery's mayor and city commissioners joined the Council, and attendance at meetings jumped from 300 to 1000. Governor Folsom called a special session of the legislature in January to consider reapportionment; it turned into a runaway session for segregationists—members orated, passed a resolution declaring the court decision "null, void, and of no effect," and rammed through a batch of segregation bills previously vetoed or defeated.

And on February 3, 1956, in the midst of all this, a Federal court ordered Miss Autherine Lucy admitted to the University of Alabama. The second national segregation incident had begun—the Till case being the first. After weeks of disorder, cross-burnings, arrests, legal maneuvers, editorial thunder and political speech both North and South, Miss Lucy finally was excluded from the university. Council leaders consider the Lucy case the best break they ever got. Councils sprang up like mushrooms all over Alabama—suddenly they had 60,000 members. And at the height of the Lucy case, their leader, State Sen. Sam Engelhardt, held a mammoth rally in Montgomery.

It was held at the Coliseum, and between 10,000 and 15,000 people crowded in. They came in Cadillacs, pickup trucks, old Fords and Jaguars, one reporter wrote. They began to pack the hall before six P.M.; by eight P.M. the line of cars stretched to Madison Avenue. "They filed in the Coliseum doors in long lines, millionaires mingling with farmers, as many women as men, all with eager looks on their faces, like people going to a Billy Graham revival." Hundreds of them stopped at two long tables to sign up as Council members and put their money in cigar boxes and pick up literature, some of it Patterson's. "Inside," wrote a reporter, "the atmosphere was 'popcorn, Rebel yells and Dixie.'" A band from the Shrine Temple played Dixie, and "the huge Coliseum thundered a Rebel yell," then the audience stood reverently. The hall was decorated with red, white and blue bunting—the stars and bars. Two men carried a Confederate flag to the speakers' rostrum and anchored it. On the platform were thirty Alabama political leaders. Patterson and Simmons were there, from Mississippi; so was Attorney General Cook, from Georgia. Gov. James Folsom was not, and somebody in the crowd catcalled, "Where's Big Jim?" and someone replied, "He's in Birmingham to see Lucy!" then a thundering "Yea, Dixie!"

Senator Englehardt spoke, and so did Montgomery's mayor and city commissioners—they would resist desegregation to the end—and so did Patterson and Cook, and as each spoke he received a standing ovation and thunderous cheer—"the Caesar cry," a local reporter called it. Senator Eastland rode into the Coliseum in a highway-patrol car, stepped to the rostrum and delivered the main address: "Thank God the state of Alabama has started the offense; from this day, the direction is forward."

A reporter wrote, "The flags, the intoxicating popcorn odors and an atmosphere of march music and Dixie renditions did something to this cheering, enthusiastic crowd. The audience was the important thing; as one political figure put it, 'This is what the people think. This is what they have been waiting for—a chance to say how they feel.' They came to hear leaders express themselves on segregation. They went away satisfied. . . . Said a woman, 'God bless 'em. God bless 'em. God, give us more of 'em—men like those men. God, give us more of 'em.'"

The date was February 11, 1956. It was, perhaps, high tide of the Council movement, its greatest hour. After that night there could be no doubt that the Deep South, the only section of the United States which has ever gone through the agony of being enemy-occupied territory, had found in the Citizens' Councils a flag to rally round. The Deep South was solid once more.

Editors' Note—This is the first of a series of five articles by Mr. Martin. The second will appear next week.

Put it This Way

By FRANKLIN P. JONES

Anybody who doubts that clothes make the man doesn't go to the beach.

When two can live as cheaply as one, he's apt to have been a spendthrift.

A traffic light is a device for luring pedestrians out where cars can get at them.

Nowadays when a woman waits for a man to come along, he's probably delivering bread, milk or mail.

What you have left after taxes is usually a conviction that they're too high.

A woman who puts on a lot of weight is seldom swept off her feet.

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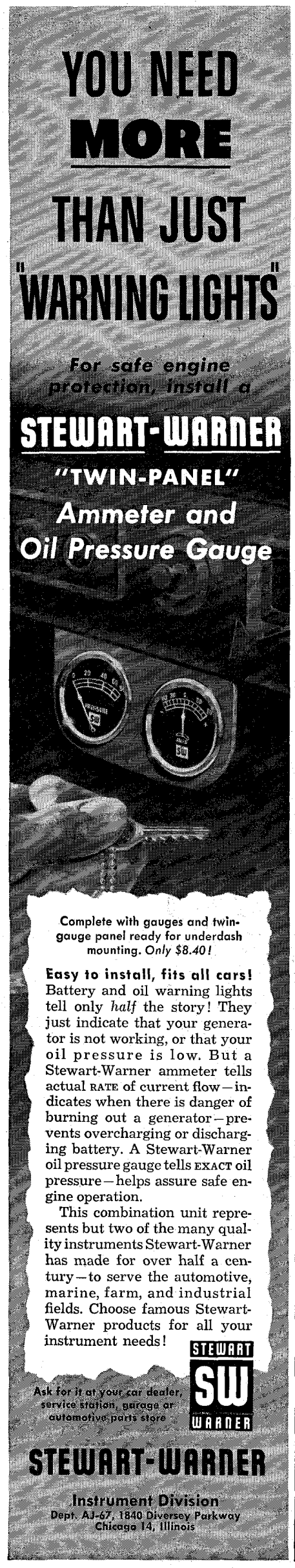

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I Call on Wyatt Earp

(Continued from Page 28)

establishing a bond. It was certainly that. After that, no one wanted to come between us.

I had begun my Wayne assignment by attending a party with him at the home of a Warner Brothers producer. After a few rounds of cheer Wayne seemed to loom bigger, until his chest and arms filled the room. When he patted me playfully on my shoulder, it was like being nudged by a falling telephone pole. After that meeting I hadn't gone back to work for twenty-four hours.

Already my interview with Hugh O'Brian was shaping up as different. When he hung up, I asked, "Do you usually ask them if they have children?"

"There are times when it helps," he said. "This one told me, 'I met you during rehearsals. How about us having lunch together?' I said, 'I don't remember you,' and she said, 'I was planning to take care of that.' I thought it was time to bring up my question, 'Do you have any children?' Then follow it with the suggestion, 'If you do, why not bring them along?'"

Since our conversation had begun on such a man-of-the-world note, I tried to keep giving it a light touch. "I've been boning up on you," I said, "and as part of my homework I have read the Hugh O'Brian Life Story book, which sells at fifty cents a copy when you make personal appearances. It says in there: 'O'Brian lives with his pet toy collie, Lady, at a Malibu Beach house.' I thought maybe your social needs were taken care of by Lady and Old Paint, the trusty pinto you fork to ride off into the sunset alone."

My light touch laid a bomb. Certainly it didn't seem whimsical to him. When he answered, his eyes and mouth were level, and so was his voice. "Don't get me wrong, Mr. Martin," he said. "I like girls. I think they're the greatest thing since the invention of the electric-light bulb, but I loved Lady too. When I lost her I let my lease on the beach house lapse. After all, I had leased it only for her. She was fond of it."

"Did you have to have her put away because of old age?" I asked.

"She was hit by a car," he told me. "The thing about Lady and me was we had an understanding. That is, I assumed we had an understanding, although she couldn't tell me about it."

I tried to bring the conversation around to a "have six-gun, will travel" theme. "Do you own a horse?" I asked.

"No," he said. "I haven't got a place to keep one. Even if I had, I'd rather have a boat."

I was trying to shake off a feeling that the spirits of William S. Hart and Tom Mix were whirling in their graves at such heresy, when a waiter trundled in a table. He lifted warmers from plates containing three fried eggs, bacon and several rolls. "It used to be an ironclad rule with Westerns," I said, "that the hero must never grab a girl and kiss her, no matter how great the provocation. I've been watching your show for some time, and I've never seen any love interest. Is sex still taboo?"

"The fact that we don't go in for hot goose pimples in the Wyatt Earp show has nothing to do with taboos," he said. "We're doing a story about a real man, who, after all, was married. When we get to the point in our story when he got married, Wyatt Earp will marry."

I asked if his audience might not think that "mushy."

"I have enough faith in our writers to believe that they'll keep an intelligent relationship between Wyatt and the girl with whom he falls in love," he said. "We occasionally have a woman in one of our plots, but if we do, there's a reason for her being there. We never drag in the sheriff's daughter with the basket of wild flowers, or the schoolmarm from Boston who's just arrived in town. Unless it comes in naturally and has story value, it's a discordant note. After all, Prince Valiant was never the same after he got gummed up with a wife and began to change diapers instead of carving villains. I did kiss a girl on one of our shows and the producers cut it out.

"I asked that producer, 'Why?' and he said, 'They didn't kiss like that in those days.' I don't know where he got the notion that a stingy, tight-lipped peck was a big deal back before the turn of the century. I've done a lot of research on kissing, and I have found out that if they're done right there's very little difference between kisses. If you put the proper spirit back of them, they're all an all-out proposition. Maybe the producer cut my kiss because, on that particular show, I happened to like the girl and I got a little carried away."

O'Brian forked up eggs and bacon and said, "Generally speaking, the writing for our show has been good. There've even been complaints that it's too adult, with not enough whooping, hollering and gunsmoke."

"Your writers must have just come back from a large weekend in Vegas when they wrote the first Wyatt Earp scene I ever saw," I told him. "I tuned in three or four minutes late. By that time gunmen hired by one stagecoach line had drilled the driver of another stagecoach line between the eyeballs. The killers were busy shoving the driverless stagecoach down the mountainside when the first line of dialogue hit my ears. Someone said quietly, 'Looks like thar's gonna be trouble around here!' It was the funniest line I'd heard in months. For a moment I thought somebody had made a deal with Robert Benchley's ghost to come back and write for television."

O'Brian gave me his level look again. This time it was so level it was expressionless. "It strikes me as being amusing, too," he said, in a definitely unamused voice. "But I'll bet you this: I'll bet you I wasn't in that scene. I guarantee that if I had been on the set that line would not have been said. I fight to keep my dialogue sensible and natural.

"And while we're at it," he told me, "I can't stand the word 'cowboy.' On our show we use 'cow hand' instead. Cowboy was a good word in its day, but the movies have bastardized it until—to me, at least—it means an actor who wears spangled shirts and spurs like jagged saucers, and who practically has dollar signs embroidered on his vest. To me, cowboy sounds about as much a part of the Old West as bop music coming out of a jukebox.

"Living in Hollywood has made 'fan' a dirty word for me, too," he added. "That's why I call my fan club the Hugh O'Brian Friend Club. I'd rather have someone come up to me on the street and say, 'I'm a friend of yours' than 'I'm a fan of yours.'"

I watched him work on his rolls and coffee while I thought of a twenty-page booklet I had seen, called Hugh's News. Its table of contents listed Hugh's Letter, A Day With Earp, Hugh Came to New York, Hugh Visits Detroit, and My Meeting With Hugh O'Brian. The last page was The Poetry Page. On it was a verse by Babbie Sue Smith, entitled I Just Wondered. It began:

Get Hugh's views and the latest clues;
Get in the swing—read the only Hugh's News.
It gets better and better as time goes along,
And you'll enjoy reading it—you just can't go wrong.

"Hugh's News is a professional-looking sheet," I said. "It seems much too good for little girls to put out."

"They're not little girls," he said. "A lot of young (Continued on Page 78)

"Get nervier every year, don't they?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Iced Coffee Julep

Add a couple of drops of mint flavoring to iced coffee. Top festively with sprig of fresh mint.

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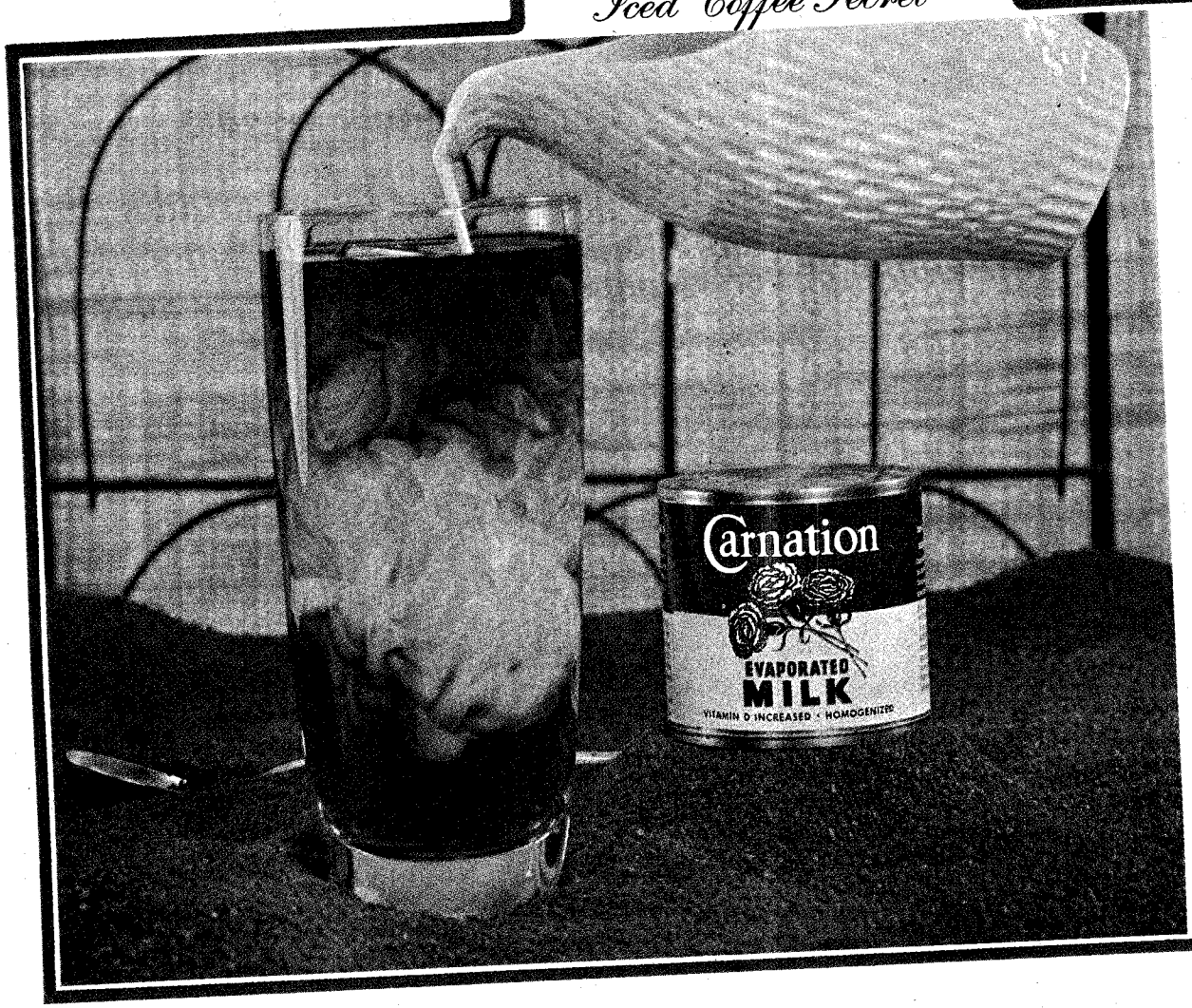

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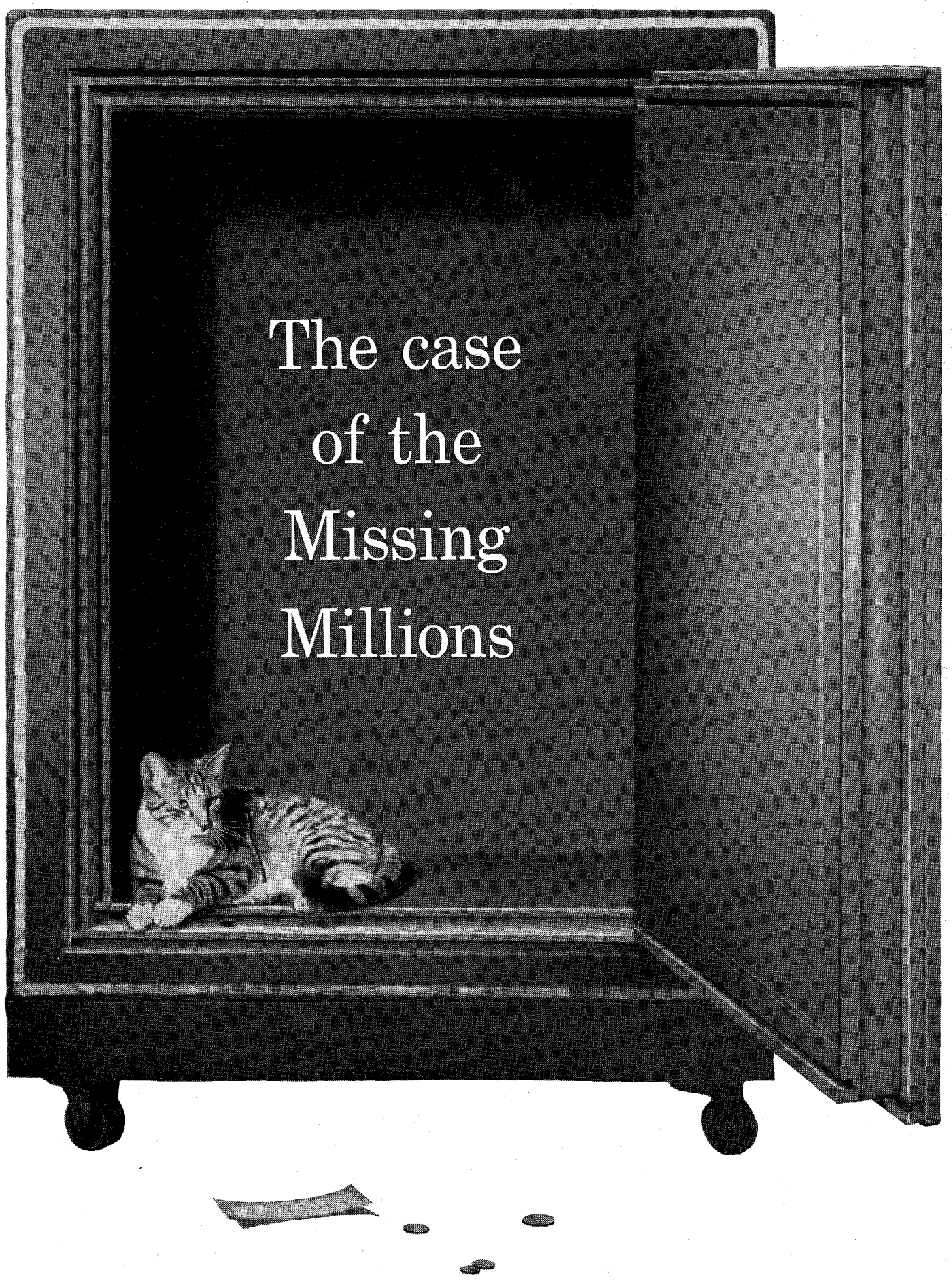

Millions of tax dollars are lost every year through a strange kind of tax favoritism. And you are taxed extra to help balance the loss.

As a customer of an independent electric light and power company, about 23¢ out of every dollar you pay for electricity goes for taxes. But because of present tax laws, people served by federal government power systems escape paying most of the taxes in *their* electric bills that you pay in *yours*. They pay taxes of only about 4¢ per dollar on power from the government's TVA, for example. So to make up for the tax revenues which federal power projects *don't* pay, you have to be taxed *more*.

Don't you think that *every* American should carry his fair share of taxes? *America's Independent Electric Light and Power Companies**.

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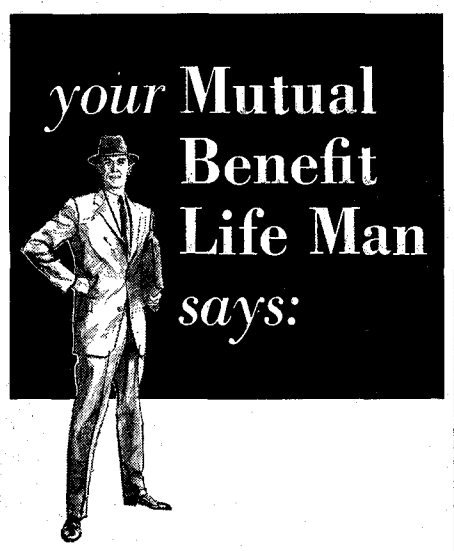

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The **Mutual Benefit Life** *Insurance Company, Newark, N. J.*

(*Continued from Page 76*) kids belong to the club, but its key women aren't bobby-soxers. A woman named Irene Jackson, who's around forty-five, is the president of Hugh's Friends. She charges a dollar a year per member, in spite of the fact that it costs her a dollar thirty-five to put out the booklets. Our English representative is thirty. Our California representative is twenty-eight and happily married. Our national publicity director, Joan Rice, an executive secretary for a printing firm, is twenty-seven. They put out the booklet three times a year. The editors paste photographs in it; they do the writing and the stenciling.

"I take the position that fan enthusiasm can be valuable if handled right," he went on. "It doesn't use up much time and it's as easy to be nice to people as it is to be a jerk. Every two or three weeks the state chairman in each state is given an itinerary of where I'm going and what I'm going to do. She forwards this to Joan Rice, who sends out a monthly bulletin that, in turn, tells the rest of Hugh's Friends what's new with me and suggests what programs they should write to, to urge those programs to use me as a guest in my free time. When Joan said in one of her letters, 'Write to Person to Person and suggest that Ed Murrow visit Hugh,' every one of those kids wrote. They're really dedicated."

I knew what he meant. For two or three years, no week has gone by during which post cards from members of the Charlton Heston and Rock Hudson fan clubs have failed to reach my desk, They are nice post cards. They don't say, "You heel, why don't you write something about a REAL actor for a change!", but they are firm and they are insistent.

"Between June and the end of November," O'Brian said, "we film thirty-nine shows. From the end of November to the first of June I can do outside shows, such as appearing on the Ed Sullivan show or taking over the Jackie Gleason show for a night. Or I make a personal-appearance tour with my Wyatt Earp variety show."

"I've read that you're six feet tall," I told him. "But you don't look it to me. I'm six feet one and a half with my shoes on and I have a feeling I tower above you."

"Maybe it's because I'm sitting down," he said. "I'll stand beside you and we'll look into the mirror." I took off my shoes because he had none on, and together we faced a mirror. He was six feet, all right, and what with the mop of black hair springing from his scalp, he even looked an inch or two taller.

He telephoned Room Service to come and get his breakfast table. "When my friends heard I was going to see you," I said, "some of them said, 'Ask him why, with so many bullets flying around and so much powder being burned in Western stories, so few people get bumped off.'"

"Your pals must have our show mixed with some other show," he said. "There is too much shooting in some TV Westerns. We've been guilty of it a few times ourselves, and this bugs me, but I don't have control over that either. However, we usually try to hold down death and bloodshed in our productions. We never make the mistake of thinking that shooting and action are the same thing. That's the big difference between our Earp series and the quickies the movie studios once turned out. With us, action is second to story development. Our story develops around a problem. We use shooting only when it's necessary to solve that problem.

"Historically there never was much shooting in the West, as there is in the average Western film, certainly not so much long-distance firing. Most of the shooting was done from close up. But our show is the least guilty of all when it comes to two opposing factions hiding behind rocks, whanging away at each other, and missing each other a ludicrous percentage of the time."

"Tell me how you happened to land your Earp job," I said. "I don't want to get involved in the story of your life because I don't have room for it, but I would like to find out what turned you into Earp."

"I'd done a lot of movie free-lancing," he said, "and the producers of the Earp show watched some footage of me when they were looking at shots of other people. I think the main reason I got the job is that I'm not the obvious leading-man type. By that I mean I'm not just a pretty boy; I'm normal looking."

"My daughter thinks you're prettier than normal," I said.

"Probably your daughter would feel the same way about any actor who's playing the part I'm playing," he said. "I feel I'm about the same type as Burt Lancaster and Kirk Douglas, but before Burt and Kirk were in movies women in general didn't think they were anything to heave a bosom over, and before I was Wyatt, women in general didn't think I was anything to write home about either. If you suddenly become an entertainment personality, all of a sudden you're attractive to a lot of women.

"Stuart Lake, who wrote the original Wyatt Earp series, and the producers of the Earp show were looking for somebody with a lean quality. It's important that a Western actor should have narrow flanks. I haven't any hips at all to speak of—in fact, you might say that I've got a cracker butt."

I had no idea what he meant by that, but I decided not to go into it. My guess was that he thought he was as flat as a soda cracker. I agreed with him that I couldn't imagine a Western star with a big fanny.

"Saves wardrobe money too," he said. "I can wear anybody's pants. The producers also wanted somebody who had enough experience so they could depend on him to turn in a job."

"You mean they didn't want somebody who would goof off and have a lost week instead of a lost weekend?" I asked.

"That's not what I mean," he said. "In show business that kind of thing belongs to the past."

I could have given him an argument on that. After all, I've known a few show people myself along the way, but I decided to let it pass. "I've heard that you're the fastest man in Hollywood, if not in the world, when it comes to drawing a gun," I said. "Is that true, and if it is, how'd you get that way?"

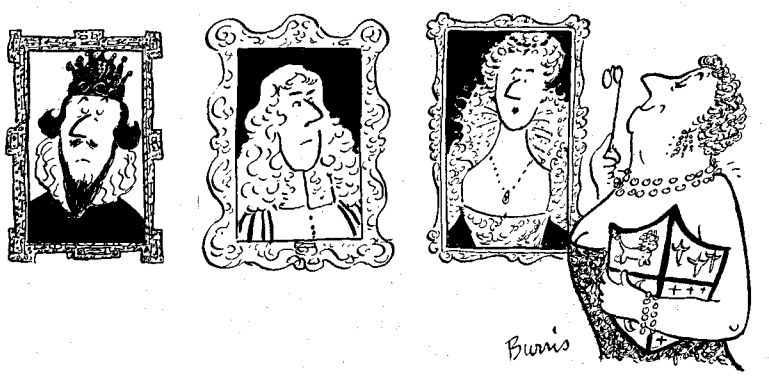
"The fastest man I've ever heard of," he said, "is a man named Ed McGivern who lives in Montana."

"Have you met this McGivern?" I wanted to know.

"No," O'Brian told me, "but I've read a lot about him. In one article he issued a challenge to all Hollywood gun throwers who thought they could outdraw him. There are certain folks here in Hollywood—I don't want to use names—who make a living drawing guns for others while the camera focuses on their hands. Some of these characters claim to have scored fantastic speeds drawing and firing. I myself have hit three tenths of a second. I don't hit it every time; usually I'm closer to two fifths of a second, but I know one man in Hollywood who claims he draws and fires in one tenth of a second. Another says he does it in one fifth of a second.

"Such speeds are unbelievable. There's an electrical timing device which proves whether those speeds can be reached or not. It's almost impossible to time a draw with a hand-operated stop watch. A timer uses up a split second reacting physically at the beginning and at the end of his timing. Have you got a dollar bill?"

I fished around in my wallet, found a bill and handed it (*Continued on Page 80*)



The Perfect Squelch

The hostess, a wealthy nobody with social aspirations, managed to lure a popular and witty actress to her party. The actress mentioned that she had played the role of a queen. The hostess thereupon began talking about her own ancestry, obviously leading up to something. A genealogist, she said, had traced her family back to royalty. In a way, she proclaimed with a flourish, she might have been a queen by right where the actress was one merely by role.

When those around her failed to appear impressed, the hostess said patronizingly to the actress: "Perhaps you don't fully appreciate it, my dear, but family trees can be useful."

"Oh, but I do know it," the actress replied. "Aren't they handy for climbing?"

E. Wright Zinc

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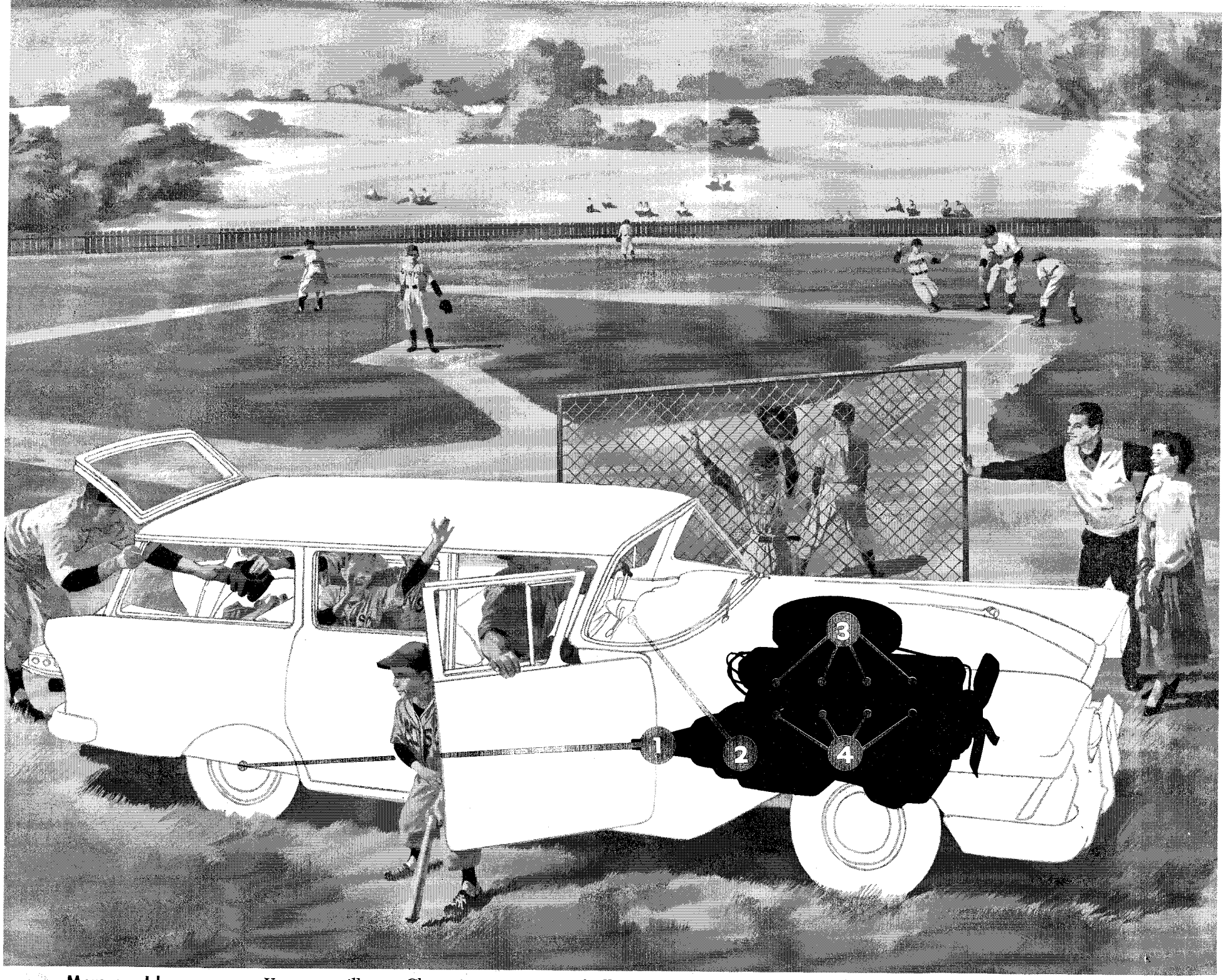

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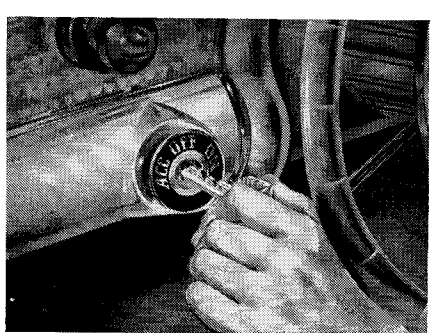
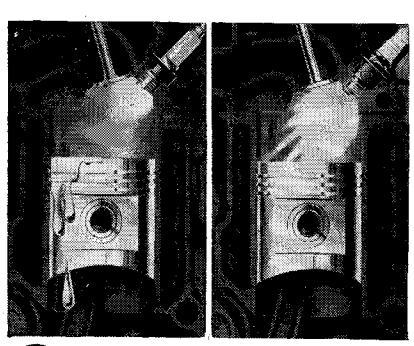
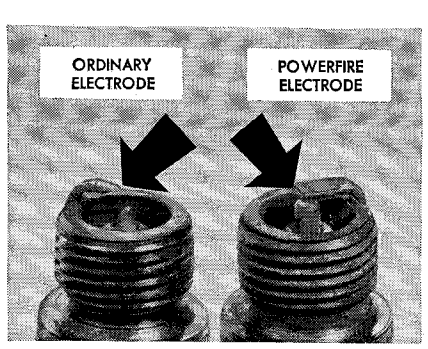


2 Quicker starts—Your engine will start quicker, too . . . save time and battery wear. Actual road tests with cars whose plugs had gone about 10,000 miles show that new Champions cut starting time by as much as 71%—with an average of 39%!



3 Less engine wear—You'll save costly repairs! Old misfiring plugs (left) dilute oil with raw gasoline. New full-firing Champions (right) burn the gasoline . . . protect oil from dilution. *When changing oil—be sure to check your spark plugs!*



4 Lower cost-per-mile—You get top power and gas economy for life of the plug. That's because Champion's great new Powerfire electrode stands up better than ordinary types—as photo above shows. Insist on 5-rib Champion spark plugs!

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(*Continued from Page 78*) to him. "Hold your thumb and forefinger on each side of the bill, ready to close on it," he said; "then when I drop it, see if you can catch it before it passes through your fingers." He let it go and it fluttered to the floor before my thumb and forefinger could meet and snare it.

"See," he said. "You can't react that fast, but the electrical gadget attached to your holster starts a stop watch when your gun begins to move and it stops timing when your bullet hits the target. The Associated Press and the United Press have both timed me that way. I average from three tenths to two fifths of a second. The answer to all the 'I can beat you on the draw' stuff I run into is this: anybody who can beat three tenths of a second can beat me."

"Would you say there's any difference between the kind of Western in which you appear and the pre-TV-type oat burner?" I asked O'Brian.

"Good Godfrey, I hope so!" he said, putting a lot of emphasis on the word "hope." "Let me put it this way," he said; "If we were doing Westerns with chases and with the fights that last endlessly and the sheriff's daughter in calico and sunbonnet, and the Wanted posters and the baddy with the black mustache smoking the big cigar, we wouldn't reach the audience we reach each week—and we average thirty-eight million viewers every Tuesday night.

"The big difference is that our appeal is predominantly adult. Our show runs from eight-thirty to nine P.M., on both East Coast and West Coast. In the Midwest we're on at seven-thirty, and those starting times mean that we're an adult show. Checkups prove that 66 per cent of our audience is adult, and we don't plan to drive those adults away by playing cowboys-and-Indians.

"With the exception of Stuart Lake, who wrote the story upon which our series is based, I don't think anybody is closer to Wyatt than I am," O'Brian told me. "Lake lived with Wyatt for four years before Earp died, but I know a lot about Wyatt too. I don't mean just facts, I mean what he stood for, and what he'd do under certain circumstances.

"I've set up a standard of behavior I follow when I'm Earp. The rule any peace officer in the cow camps of the 1870's followed was the gun fighter's code. Lake put it this way: In Earp's day when a top-notch gun fighter went after his man, he did no shooting from cover, he fired at no man's back. The frontier marshals made sure that no malefactor, no matter what his crime, would be shot down without being given a chance to surrender or to make a fight.

"The warning to a potential prisoner was 'Throw 'em up!' There was a pause for a fraction of a second which gave the one who was challenged a chance to decide which way to move his hands. If they went skyward, he was disarmed and led away to the nearest calaboose. If they went to his belt or his armpits, either he or the marshal was apt to be carried to the nearest boot hill," O'Brian told me, as if lecturing a slightly backward student in a class on American history.

"Wyatt was never wounded," O'Brian went on. "He died of old age and, although he took part in a hundred and sixty gun fights, he only had to kill four men. One reason was that usually before his opponents had their guns out of their holsters, they found themselves looking down the muzzle of a six-shooter in Wyatt's hand.

"In the hand of an expert, the Colt forty-five is accurate for fifty to a hundred yards or so," O'Brian told me. "But in Earp's day the field of fire was generally limited to less than twenty-five yards. That's one of the reasons why the Buntline Special was so successful. It had a much longer range than the ordinary Colt."

"What's a Buntline Special?" I asked.

"Ned Buntline was a writer of dime novels," O'Brian said. "He also originated the first wild West show. It featured a broken-down buffalo hunter named Bill Cody. Buntline took Cody, gave him a hot bath or two, had him grow his beard long and dressed him in fringed buckskin pants and shirt."

I suddenly realized that this serious young man was telling me about things that I had seen with what I was beginning to think must be my own rheumy old eyes. Squatting on bleacher seats under a big tent, I'd seen Buffalo Bill Cody on his white horse, with his white imperial and his shoulder-length white hair blowing as he bowed to an enraptured audience.

"How old are you?" I asked.

"Thirty-one," O'Brian said, and went right ahead, giving me the low-down on frontier history. "Buntline tried to persuade Wyatt and two or three other peace officers to come East and be in his wild West show. About that time, the Colt people brought out a single-action, six-chambered gun with a sixteen-inch barrel. They made only a hundred of these special revolvers. Buntline had six of those sixteen-inch barrels cut down to twelve inches. He called the result the Buntline Special. He took those six guns out West and presented them to people like Earp, when he tried to lure them into coming East for his show. Wyatt kept the gun, but kicked Buntline out of town. We used that scene in one of our televised stories.

"Our sponsor, Procter and Gamble, made a boy's version of the Buntline Special as a premium," O'Brian said. "If you sent in two end flaps from Gleem toothpaste packages plus fifty cents, you got a plastic Buntline Special. It had no moving parts, so it made no noise; but Procter and Gamble are working on a working-model Buntline that will be out next fall and it'll shoot caps."

"How much will that cost?" I asked.

O'Brian had no idea, but he was sure of one thing. "Whatever it is," he said, "I'll get 10 per cent of it."

I stood up to say good-by. One night, a few weeks before, I had seen him enter a restaurant in Beverly Hills with a tall, deep-bosomed redhead whose hair cascaded upon her shoulders in strawberry ripples. Looking at her, I thought, *This girl is a good bet to bring back the shoulder-length bob all by herself.*

"I've noticed that you betray a certain interest in dames," I said. "If you feel that way about them, why are you still a bachelor?"

"I'm getting riper and riper," he said. "Last week, on the Jackie Gleason show, I met a girl, and I'm fond of her. We may get married."

Outside in the hall, I decided that cowboys—pardon me, I mean cow hands—have changed. I had just left one who would probably embark upon his honeymoon in a boat instead of clop-clopping over the purple sage on a horse—and with a girl who was undoubtedly as unlike a sheriff's daughter in calico and sunbonnet or a schoolmarm newly arrived in Dodge City as a girl in a blond mink stole and a strapless, skin-colored dress could be.

I made up my mind that—just for old time's sake—if I happened to be on hand when the newlyweds took off, I'd tell the representatives of the press who would be instructed to follow them: "They went that-a-way."

After all, there should be something stable in a changing world. THE END

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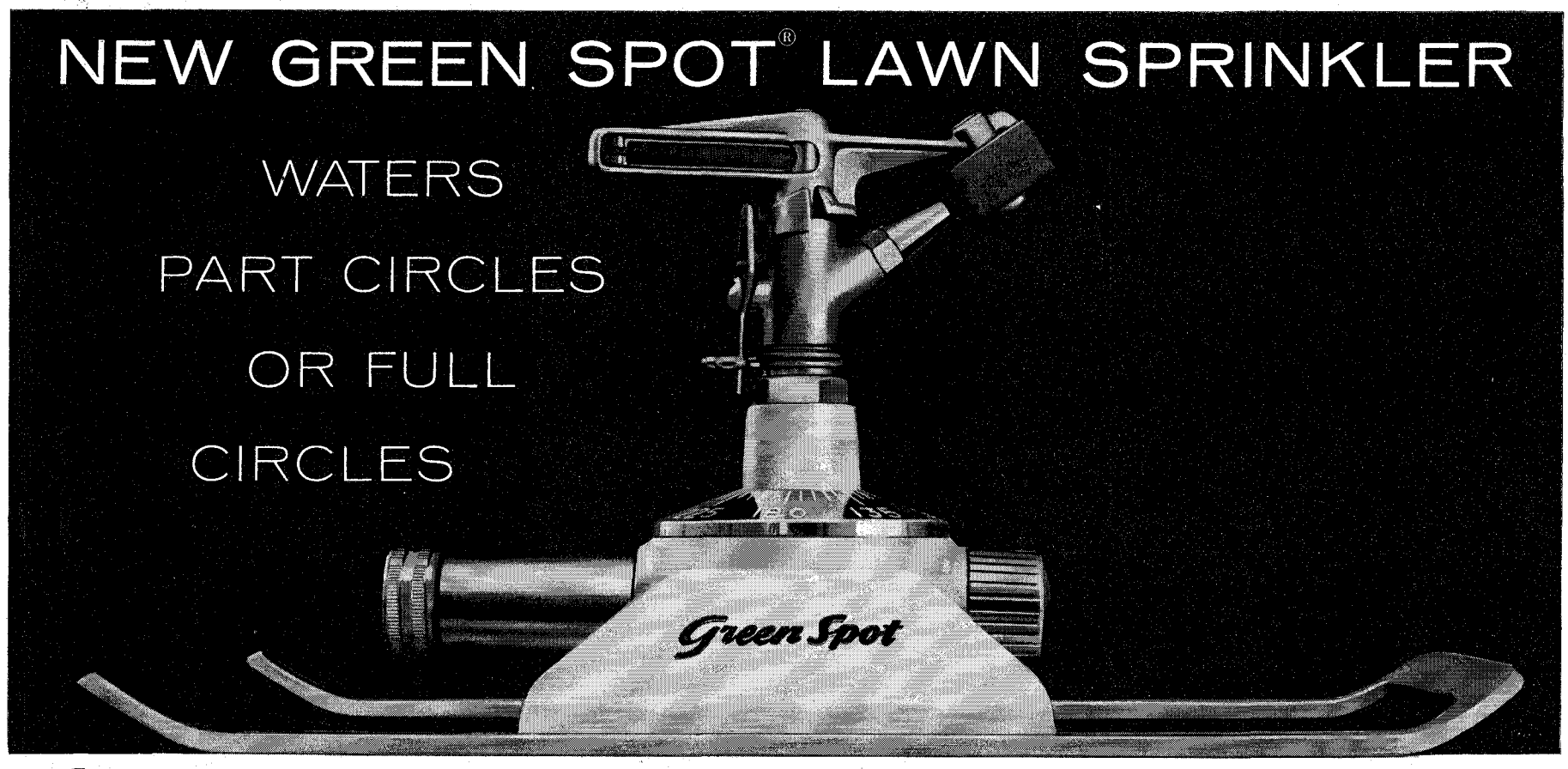

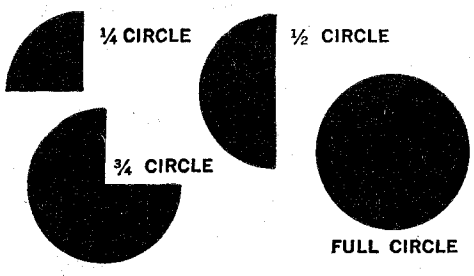

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The Lost City (Continued from Page 44)

insisting he was tough and didn't need a bush hat. I told them about him, and got the proper reaction. You need to be a bit of a schoolmarm to do my job properly. Which was maybe why Piet hated it so much. He wanted to be a pioneer, a big, rugged frontiersman with a bullwhip and a rifle to emphasize his contempt for society. It was only a matter of time before old Solomons, the director, would throw him out, but while the old man was making up his mind to be harsh, Piet was doing the firm a lot of damage.

In our job, everything depends on the way you do it. Because the customers know they're having it soft and that there's no danger. Most of them wouldn't come if it was any way else. But they don't like their noses rubbed in the softness and the safety, with a running fire of sneers about Dead Man's Gulch and vultures. They want to be able to boast just a little about it when they get back home. And why not? That's part of what the customers pay for. But Piet couldn't see it like that. He knew the Kalahari like his own garden. He'd been reared in it, under the big, hard, blue enamel sky. He could scent water like a Bushman, and find his way through it blindfold. Which was why old Solomons had taken him on, in spite of his reputation for being ornery.

"He's a damn skellum," the old man had said to me a year before, when he told

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The most impressive sermons are the ones that leave you wondering how the minister knew about you.

HAL CHADWICK

---

me Piet was going to be my fellow guide. "A damn dyed-in-the-wool skellum. But he's a man."

It hadn't taken me long to disagree about the last bit of that judgment, but I wasn't the boss, and I don't want to prevent any man earning his living. Even so, things were getting pretty strained between us, and we didn't talk more than was necessary.

Shem fished out a pack of cigarettes and gave me one, holding a match for me to light mine. It was a good hand she had, I thought, as I held her wrist steady. Thin and hard, and sun-tanned. A hand that could work if it needed to, and yet the nails were well shaped and kept. Shem—that was a queer name for a girl. Shemara Tracey it had been when she signed the contract, but I liked Shem better.

The old professor leaned forward between us and touched my shoulder. "This Lost City I've been hearing about, Callaghan? Got any stories to tell us?"

It was never too long before that one came up. The Lost City of the Kalahari. The Queen of Sheba's buried capital. There were men who'd swear, after half a bottle of brandy, that they had seen the gold shining in the streets of it. About every two years someone back in Johannesburg or Cape Town gets up an expedition to look for it. I suppose every continent has to have its dream. America's is El Dorado. The Lost City of the Kalahari is Africa's. And ruins like Zimbabwe, in Rhodesia, keep men believing that the Lost City must be real. And that if they could only find it they'd find the gold that Sheba offered Solomon. When Piet was drunk enough he used to swear he'd seen the walls of it on the horizon when he was a boy, and but for a sandstorm he'd have found it then and there.

The Americans had joined us in a small townlet on the edge of the desert, and it was less than half an hour's drive before we were off anything that you'd call a road and into real Kalahari country. We weren't going to follow our usual route, along the line of water holes where the game is still fairly plentiful, because these Americans weren't interested in game. The students all belonged to the professor's class in some university in the States and they were interested in archaeology—Bushman paintings and the chance of picking up some stone implements; things like that.

"That's a queer sort of thing for a girl to be studying," I said to Shem, when the professor got tired asking about The Lost City.

"I don't know," she said. "I like the past better than the present. It's fixed." And she gave me one of those sideways, bitter looks of hers—a kind of defensive bitterness, as if she were afraid that life might hurt her if she didn't treat it like dirt.

"Ah, sure," I said, "life isn't that bad. Look." And there was a splendor in the world we were driving through that always hits me afresh, each time I come to it. The tin-roofed squalor of the dorp was was far behind us. Even the road, that might remind you of it, was gone. There was only the hard-packed sand stretching as far as the horizon, dark yellow and shimmering, half covered by tufts of rasp-rough grass and bleached rocks and thornbushes. Over our heads the sky arched in a blue blaze of sapphire, and through the open windows of the safari car the wind of our passing came hot and clean.

"I've seen deserts before this, Callaghan," she said. "Arizona is full of sand and sunshine."

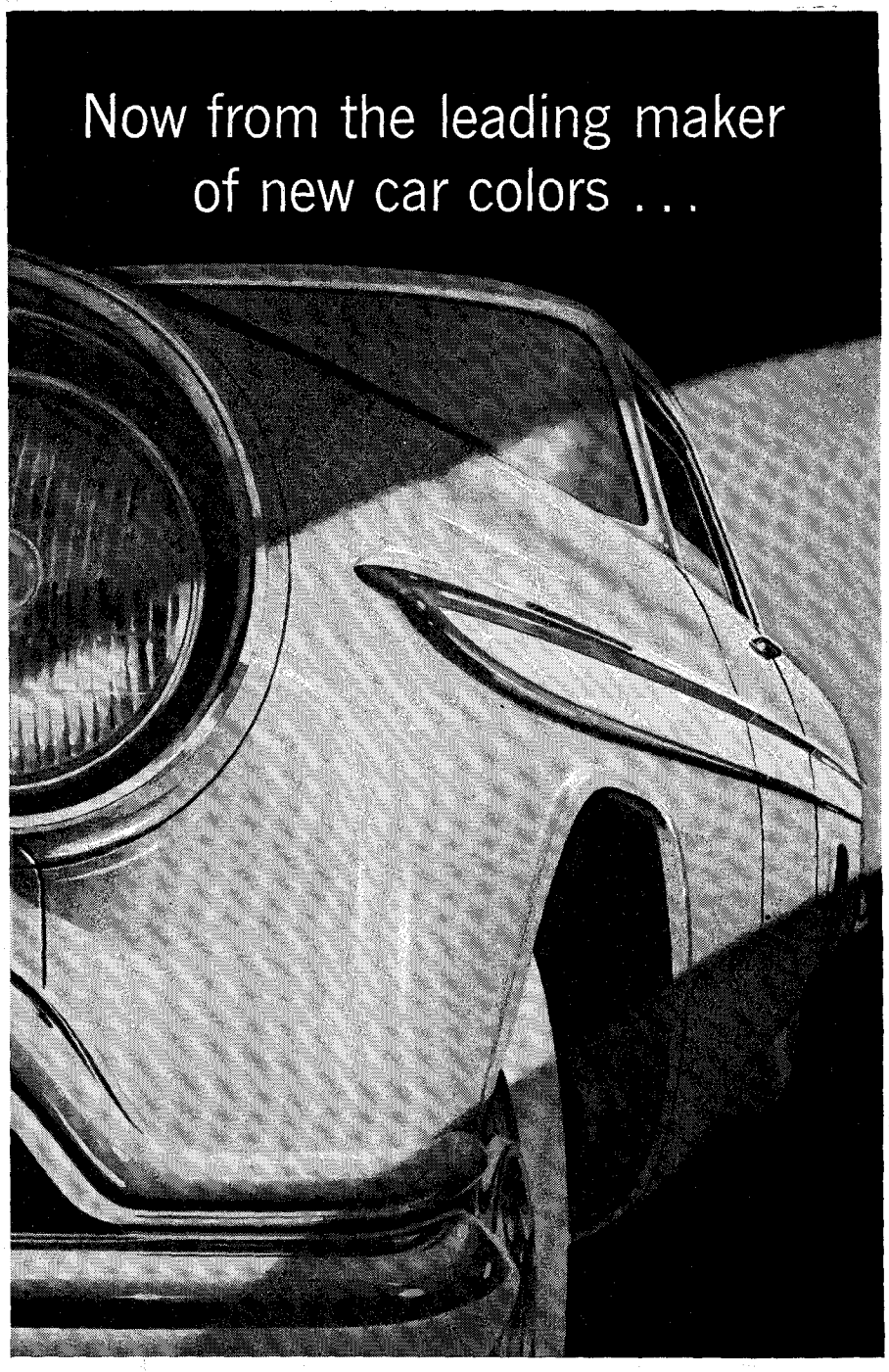
There wasn't much to say to that, and we drove on in silence. One of the boys behind had a movie camera, and every now and then I heard the small, kitten purr of its motor as he focused on a duiker leaping away from our path or just on some spur of rock that took his fancy.

A hundred yards ahead, and to the left, I could see Piet's bush hat slouched over the wheel of the jeep as he drove. The lead jeep always kept to the left or right when it was possible, so that sand wouldn't blow back from it against the safari car. In my own driving mirror I could see the big plume of dust behind me, and away to the right of that the supply truck with Ruskin. There certainly wasn't any chance of us going thirsty or hungry—a case of Scotch and another case of gin, soft drinks, enough tanks of water to keep us going for a month, a crate of canned food. And Ruskin had a way of barbecuing game meat that would have had a vegetarian ravening. It was for shooting an occasional head of game that we carried rifles. Mine was slung up tight against the roof of the station wagon in two webbing straps, and Shem reached up above her head and tapped the butt of it.

"You a good shot?" she asked.

"Middling," I said. There had been a time when I was more than middling, but I didn't like killing any more.

"Show me some game when we're camped tonight?" she asked, and I nodded, without telling her that I'd make darn sure she didn't shoot it. We stopped at midday to boil coffee and stretch our legs, and then drove on until five o'clock and camping time. Ruskin and Piet and I put up the tents, and I got the party round and suggested that we go look at the neighborhood. The hour after dawn and the hour before (*Continued on Page 84*)



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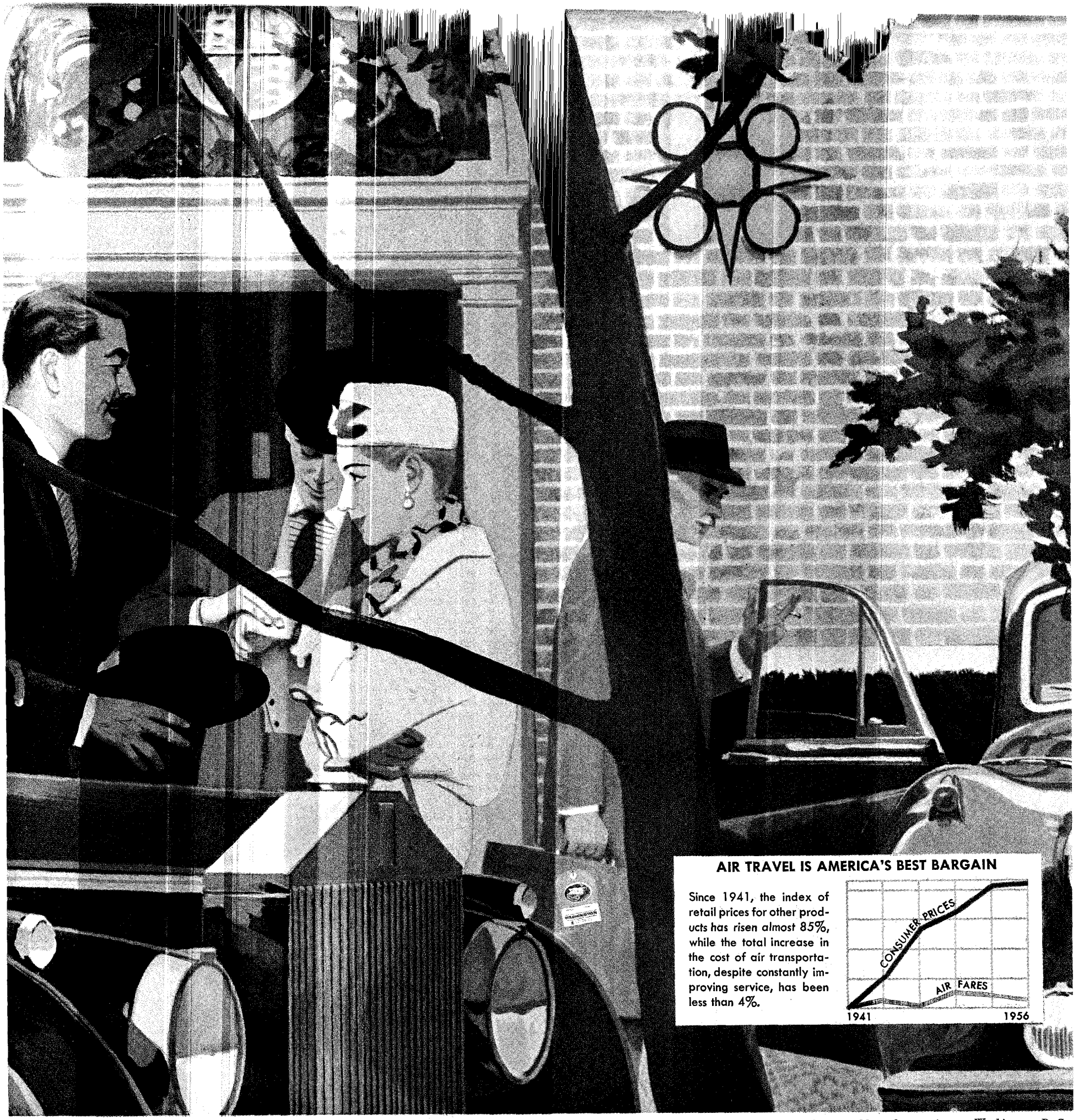

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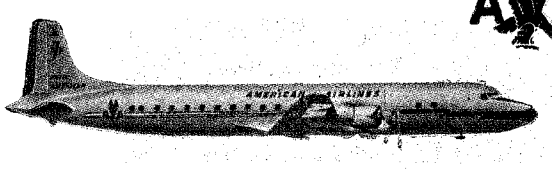

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(*Continued from Page 81*) sundown are about the only time it's both cool enough and light enough for exploring.

Piet gave me a light sneer and asked wasn't I afraid of straying too far from the camp and getting them all lost. It wasn't any good trying to make him different, so I just said no, and led the seven Americans off. Piet should really have taken half of them, but I'd given up letting that happen. I didn't want any more complaints going in to old Mr. Solomons.

On these treks the parties always like to get out of sight of the transport. It makes them feel they really made it on foot. The second the safari car is hidden behind a rock the set of their shoulders changes and they get a new kind of look in their eyes.

"We're two hundred miles from the nearest town," I told them, "and better than fifty miles away from water. So don't waste any." I smiled to show that I was only half serious, and then I told the professor that he'd better take over, because he knew what they were looking for more than I did. So we puttered around behind him, while he told the students all about the Bushmen and the cave paintings that they'd made, and his wife fanned herself with her hat. I found myself falling a bit behind the main group, with Shem beside me.

"Is this still like Arizona?" I asked her.

"Pretty much," she said. "All places are pretty much the same."

"Then it's a pity to spend so much good dough on coming to look at them."

"And if I'm spending it to leave something behind?" she said.

Maybe it was because of the fading light, but all that hard shine seemed to have gone from her eyes. Blue eyes they were, dark blue as the night sky, and suddenly they were as full of misery as the sky is full of stars. I didn't think anyone could get that miserable at her age. She couldn't have been twenty-four.

"Then you're crazy. You can't leave some things behind, however far you travel."

"I guess you're right," she said, "but I can try. He was a heel," she went on, without any prompting from me. "Oh, what a heel! Handsome as a TV announcer, and bluff and honest and open as the kid next door. As a matter of fact he was the kid next door. And inside, right solid from side to side and top to bottom, a twenty-four-carat heel." She stopped, almost in surprise, and looked at me again. "Do women on these trips always tell you their secrets?"

"Usually," I said.

I thought she was going to hit me. Instead, she laughed.

"You're good for me, Callaghan," she said, but she didn't tell me any more. And she didn't need to, really. Most girls meet a heel sometime or other, and break their hearts over him. But mostly, earning a living keeps their minds from brooding, and awhile later they meet a decent man and marry him and forget all about it. But Shem probably had a rich father tucked away somewhere in Arizona and didn't need to earn a living. And life had gone sour on her. I'd seen them like that before, at all stages of the disease. At twenty-odd, when they caught it and started getting cynical. And at thirty-odd, when they'd kicked life in the teeth so often for having ill-treated them once that it was beginning to stay clear of them. And at forty-odd and fifty-odd and sixty-odd, when there wasn't anything for them to do but spend their money making life difficult for men like me, who were paid to be polite to them. I didn't care to think of Shem getting like that.

"You know," I said, "you might find you had a lot in common with Piet. Life did him a dirty turn once or twice and he's never forgotten it. That's what makes him the way he is."

I could see her face go rigid and her eyes half close as if I had struck her. I could feel the hurt inside her as if it were my own pain, and I could have kicked myself for opening my big mouth. *You're getting soft, Callaghan,* I told myself. *What do you care about this girl and how she feels?* But I didn't listen to myself. I watched the clear-cut lines of her face against the sunset sky; the mouth that should have been soft and laughing, and I wanted to take her chin in my hand and tilt it up, so that—so that ——

"So you made it back?"

It was Piet, outside his tent, arms akimbo, red face sneering. "Old man Kalahari didn't get you this time, huh?"

"Go and drop dead somewhere," I said. But I felt almost grateful to him. If he hadn't called out just then I might have done something crazy.

Next day we hit farther into the desert, swinging west with a touch of south, into country that even I didn't know. Four days out, we might have been on the moon, and I didn't have any trouble at all giving the party that feel of adventure that I liked all my parties to have. Because I felt it myself. Raw, ravaged country, burned and split by the sun. Not a blade of withered grass. Not a thornbush. Only rock and sand and heat.

Twice the professor had found Bushman engravings on flat rocks near where we camped—carved pictures of a rhinoceros, and of men hunting eland—and the professor had explained that this was proof that once the Kalahari had been fertile land. The boy with the movie camera had used up a whole reel of film on each of them. But it wasn't that which gave me the excitement. It was the strangeness. The jagged, hostile landscape, like nothing that I'd ever seen, even in five years of trekking. Not a living thing stirring within three hundred miles of us. And it was then, on the fourth evening, that we saw the City.

We came over a slow rise of burned rock and sand, Piet out to the left and ahead as usual, (*Continued on Page 86*)

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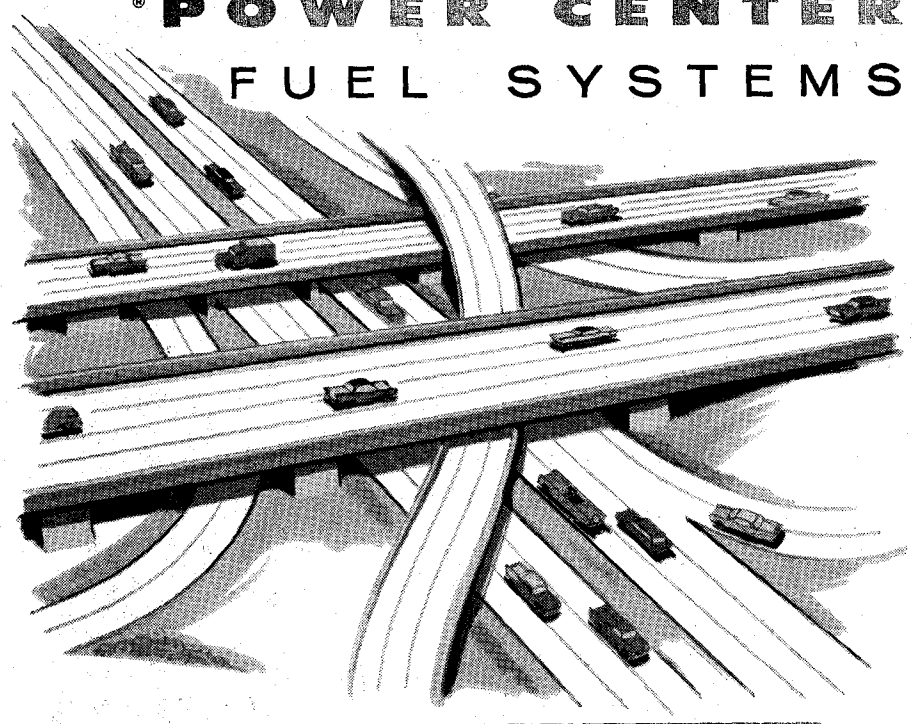

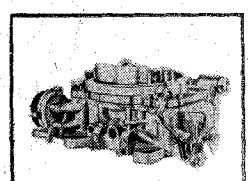

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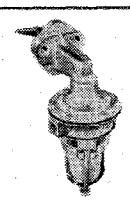

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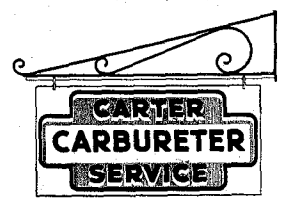

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(*Continued from Page 84*) and suddenly I saw him stop and stand up in his jeep, shading his eyes with his hand. He lifted his hat and waved it, pointing ahead like a madman. I cruised up beside him, and then I saw it too. Straight lines of rock like walls, some of them ten and twelve feet high, and in one place a round tower that must have lifted thirty feet from the desert floor.

"It's a freak rock formation," I said, half to Piet and half to the Americans.

We drove down slowly, watching the walls lift up in front of us, and within a minute or two we were among them. There wasn't any freak rock formation about it. They were walls, man-built, with the same dry-stone technique as the walls of Zimbabwe, more than a thousand miles to the northwest, in Southern Rhodesia.

Behind me, the professor began to stammer with excitement, and the boy's camera whirred like a hornet. Everybody was leaning out of the windows, staring, pointing, shouting, "Look, look!" Even Shem, who had grown very quiet the past couple of days, had got excited and was staring out of the side window.

I braked slowly, and they piled out of the station wagon before I was stopped, touching the walls with their hands, picking up stones from the ground and examining them. The professor was already in a kind of lecturing pose, his hands behind his back and his silvery hair glistening under the sides of his bush hat.

Ruskin drove up beside me, grinning. "Plenty nice camp tonight, eh, my *baas?* Old Mr. Solomons give us all a big bonus for this, maybe?" He nodded at the stores behind his back, and I knew there was a bottle of whisky in his mind's eye.

"Maybe," I said, "if you don't get too drunk and don't let Boss Piet know anything about it."

I looked over to where Piet was standing. Even he'd want to celebrate a thing like this. And then something in the look on his face made me wonder. Almost like a man who sees people trespassing on his own land. He watched the two boys and the girls running here and there among the walls, and the professor, with a lump of stone in his hand, telling his wife something about it, and there was naked anger in Piet's eyes. His hands were clenching and unclenching, and I thought he was going to shout at the professor.

"Hey, Piet!" I called, to stop him before he could say anything unpleasant. "So you were right, after all!"

He came over to me at that, almost unwillingly, but drawn by my voice, and perhaps by the fact that we were two of a kind—old Kalahari hands as against the tourists.

"It makes me damn mad," he said. "I've dreamed of this moment half my life. To find this. The Lost City that every explorer who's ever set foot in Africa would have given his right arm to find. And to stumble on it like this, with a bunch of lousy tourists round my knees like a school treat! And when that old buzzard gets back to Johannesburg, you watch—it'll be him that found it. Him that'll get the credit, because he's a professor and can spout rubbish about the dirty Bushmen. But it was me! It was me that found it, wasn't it, Callaghan? You'll see I'm not robbed, won't you?"

He caught me by the front of my shirt and almost shook me in his excitement. His breath was in my face and I could tell that he'd been drinking more than was good for him. And there was a queer glaze in his eyes, almost like madness.

"Of course, you'll get the credit," I said. But I knew what he meant. It was a bit of an anticlimax to make a find like this on a tourist safari. I was almost sorry for him in that minute. Then Shem came back, her long, easy stride handsome in the sunlight, her white hat tilted over her eyes. Her excitement of a few minutes before seemed to have cooled down, and she gave me one of her sly grins with that bad taste of bitterness behind it.

"So this is the big moment of the trip, eh, Callaghan? The lucky tourists stumble on Africa's last big secret. Only a hundred dollars extra. You people sure know how to lay the local color on with a bucket."

"I don't get you," I said, and for a minute I didn't. I was looking at Piet's face. He got it, all right, first time off, and I think he'd have liked to kill her then and there with his bare hands.

"Don't play dumb," she said. "I won't tell the others it's a phony. The professor is seeing his name in the history books already. Don't people ever get mad with you when they get back to Johannesburg and find it was all just a great big tourist fake?"

"They haven't so far," I said, "because you're the first people to see this. We kept it specially for the party you'd be on because your manners are so good."

Piet grinned at that; a kind of thin-lipped snarl, and I felt sorry I'd said it. But it was too late to unsay it, and Shem walked away, her khaki slacks crisp and cool as the day she bought them—as if this were Central Park and I a park attendant who didn't know my place.

"See what I mean?" said Piet.

But I was watching Shem's back, already a long distance away among the tangle of ruined walls and rocks; slim and arrogant and bitterly alone. And suddenly I had the oddest feeling that something inside her was crying out to me; as if she were wanting me to follow her, to be angry with her, to make it up with her; wanting me just to be with her, to break through the emptiness surrounding her and find her own Lost City in her heart; wanting so hard that I could sense it like telepathy. As if she were someone very close, very dear to me, and I could feel her thoughts. As if I loved her.

I jerked my head as if I had been hit with something. And then I wanted to run. After her? Away from her? I don't know which. Just to run. But the professor's wife came round the end of the truck, looking for a cold drink, and I couldn't run anyplace. Only pour out the drink and shut my eyes, and imagine that it was Shem's hand taking the glass, cool and slim and friendly.

We all sat pretty late that night, talking round the campfire, and listening to the professor tell us what he thought about the City, and how he was going to get up another expedition—a real scientific one this time—the minute he got back to civilization. After a minute, Piet couldn't stand it any more and went off to his tent, and by his shadow on the tent wall I could see he was lifting his elbow inside pretty often, trying to drown his soured dream. Ruskin was doing pretty much the same thing for different reasons over by the supply truck, and the rest of us by the fire were having a mild kind of celebration too. Not much, but enough to make sure we slept pretty sound when we did stretch out at last.

I remember my head hitting the pillow, and then, a long, long time after, I remember running after Shem through the ruined City, and always she was cool and aloof and out of reach, and always her voice was calling to me in a kind of imprisoned anguish, asking me to find her. It's crazy, the things gin'll do to an abstemious man.

I woke pretty late the next morning. The sun was already up and the sand was hot when I stepped outside the tent. It must have been all of seven o'clock. No one was moving, and I could see Ruskin stretched out like a black corpse under his truck. And it was while I was looking at him that I noticed the water dripping—a slow drip of water from the truck's belly, where the water tanks were.

The fool, I thought. *He's knocked the drainage cock in his sleep.* I went over to close it tight again, and then I saw that it was too late to bother. All the sand for a dozen feet around the truck was crusted and darkened, where the water had soaked in. I lifted my foot to fetch Ruskin a kick, and then I stopped. I didn't want the tourists to know. They might panic. We were safe enough, of course, with the spare tanks in the safari car, but it was better not to start broadcasting what had happened. I went over to Piet's tent to tell him.

"Piet!" I called. "Piet!" I lifted the flap and looked in, and saw that the whole tent was empty. Not just that Piet wasn't there. Everything was gone—sleeping bag and pillow and rifle, clothes and lamp. All there was was a stone in the middle of the empty floor, and a torn scrap of paper under it.

"This is for you, Callaghan," I read. "I'm sorry about you because at least you're halfways (*Continued on Page 88*)

LADY CHESTERFIELD TO HER SON

By PEG BRACKEN

12. Of the Wife and the Big Picture

And now, lad, we have finally reached an end;
Proving you what? Why, husband, lover, child,
And father, too, and often just a friend:
A fivefold role. Yet, be you reconciled!
For hers is many-colored equally:
Hoyden and matron, made of pain and joy
And all the humdrum household things there be—
And still a lady from a town called Troy.

Nor is it easy to be Everyman
(Or Everywoman); but how worth the doing!
What docile close-by star deserves pursuing
Or ever has, since time and earth began?
Oh, being spouse—and, hence, philosopher—
My son, endure, enjoy and cherish her!

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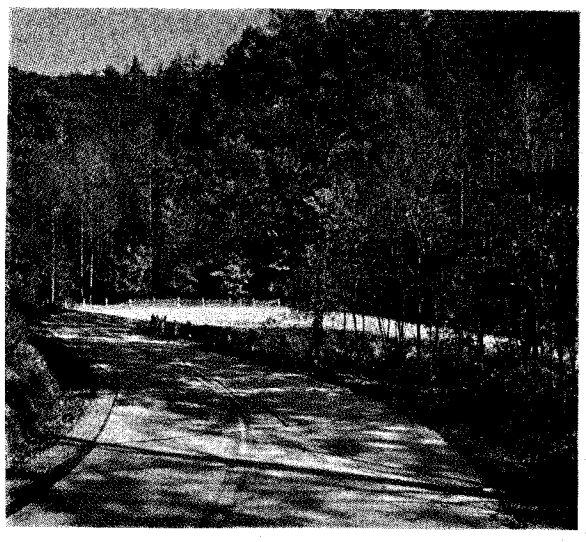
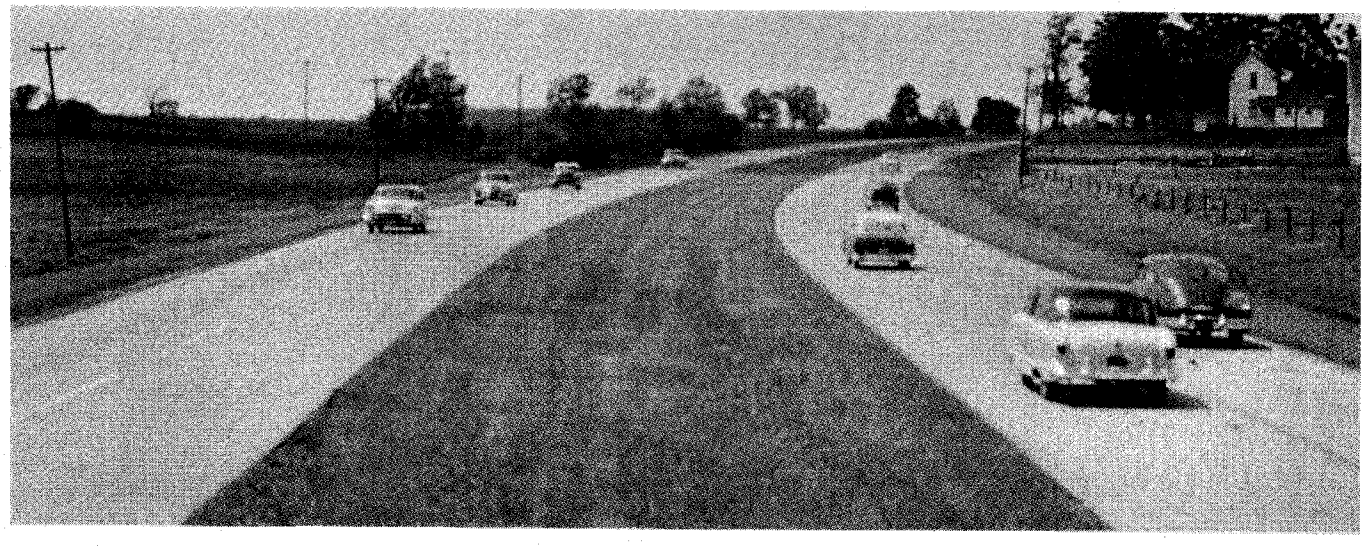
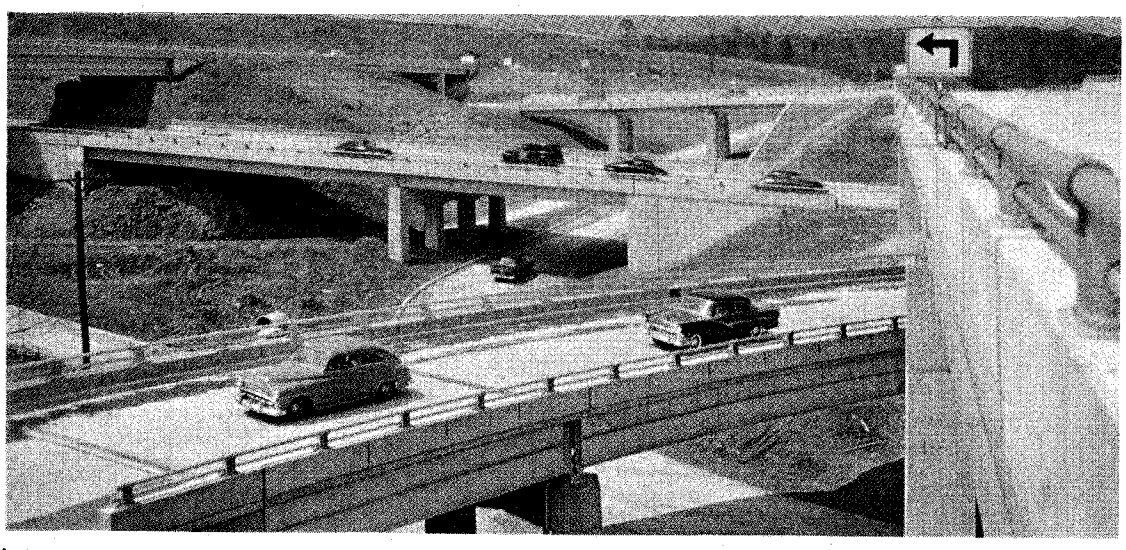
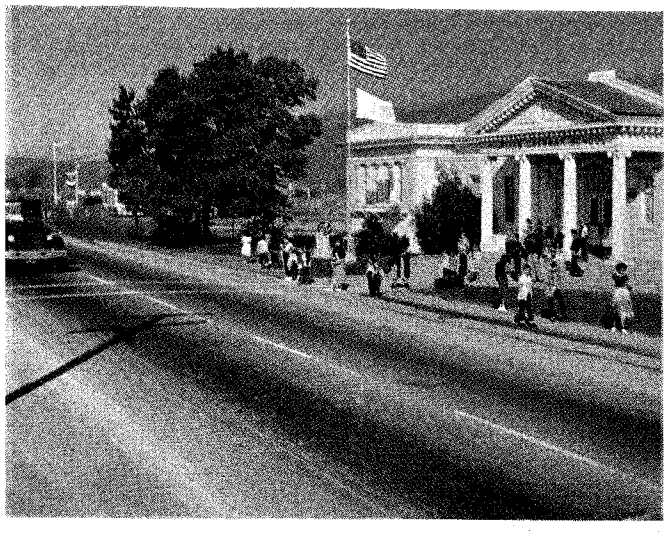


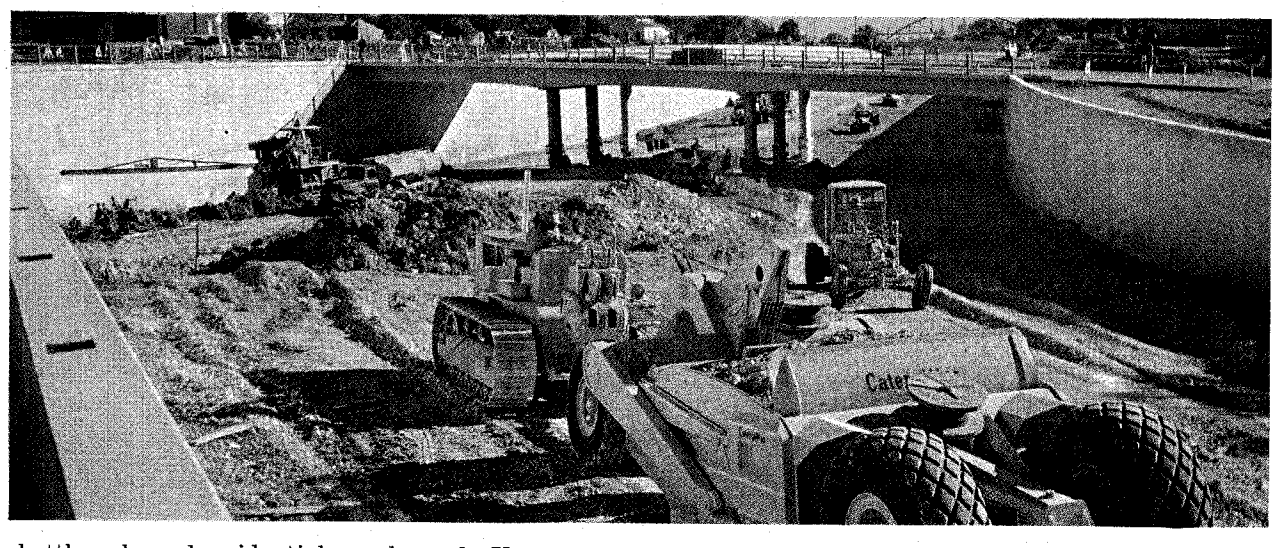


1. Engineered for safety. Sharp turns and steep grades will be banished from the new highways. All lanes will be 12 feet wide, with 10-foot shoulders. Curves will be banked for safe speed. Federal specifications call for divider strips at least 36 feet wide on all roads of four or more lanes outside the cities. This will practically eliminate the danger of head-on collisions.



2. Controlled access. There will be no crossroads, no intersections or railroad grade crossings. You will be able to drive coast to coast without seeing a traffic light. Overpasses and underpasses will eliminate them. Access roads will provide safe, swift merging of traffic. Gas stations, restaurants, stores and other businesses will be off the highway on special service roads.





3. By-pass routes. Forget business section bottlenecks and residential area hazards. You won't have to pass schools, or look out for children at play, or swerve to avoid wobbly bikes.

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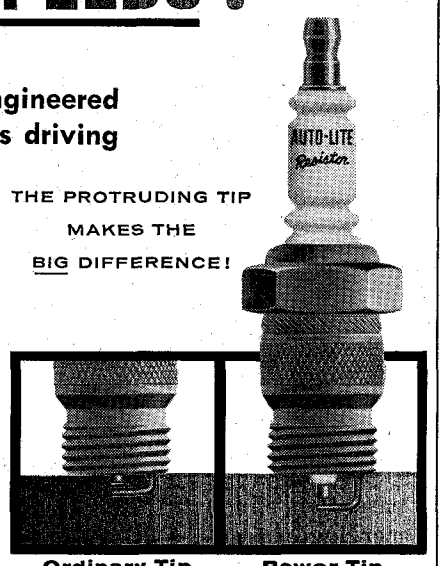

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(*Continued from Page 86*) to being a man. But nobody is going to rob me of the credit. Or the gold. So I've drained off all the water I don't want myself, and taken the distributor heads from the transport. As far as the world is concerned, our party is going to have a tragic breakdown, and everyone but me is going to die of thirst before the breakdown gets fixed. Then I'll come back here by myself and discover this City the way it ought to be discovered, with a pick and shovel and a couple of Kaffirs to dig for the gold. So long, Callaghan. Signed, Piet."

I went out into the sunlight again as if I'd been struck on the back of the head. Of course, I checked what the note said. But I might have saved my sweat. It was true, all right. And I stood in the middle of the camp by the dead ashes of last night's fire and cursed until the sweat poured off me in a river. Cursed the rocks, and the sun, and the gin I'd drunk, and myself and Piet, until there wasn't a curse or a breath left in me.

"That sounded fine," a voice said behind me. "Is this a morning ritual or just occasional?" And there was Shem, in blue sharkskins and a skin-tight scarlet shirt. "Is breakfast up?" she said. "I sure could use a gallon of coffee right now, the way my mouth feels."

There wasn't any sense in beating round it, especially with her. "There isn't a gallon of anything in the camp," I said, "except maybe gin and concentrated orange juice."

I showed her the note. She read it through twice, frowning, and once she looked up with that half beginning of a grin.

"If you think this is another phony," I told her evenly, "don't say so. Just behave as if you have a brain."

I could see it sinking in through the layers of protective cynicism—sinking in that this at last was reality. And strangely, as it penetrated, all the bitterness left her eyes, and I saw a kind of fierce joy in them, so that I could see what she must have been before her next-door "heel" had let her down, and what she ought to have been still. A girl who loved life in big handfuls, and was willing to stake it all on one throw. She wouldn't be the hardest one to tell this to. I took her by the elbows and shook her, very gently, backward and forward.

"Don't worry," I said. "We'll make out."

"Does it matter?" she asked, one dark, bird's-wing eyebrow lifting. But although the words had the old, sour flavor about them, her face was different.

"Does it matter?" I echoed her. "By all that's holy, it does. More than it ever did." I could see her face turned up toward mine as I held her, laughing at me, her lips soft as a girl's lips ought to be, her eyes warm and shining, as if I hadn't just told her that Death was near. "Does it matter?" I whispered. "Does it matter if I kiss you now?" And not Piet, not the professor's wife, not anyone on earth was going to stop me now, because there might be very little time to tell Shem all the things a man can tell a girl only by kissing her.

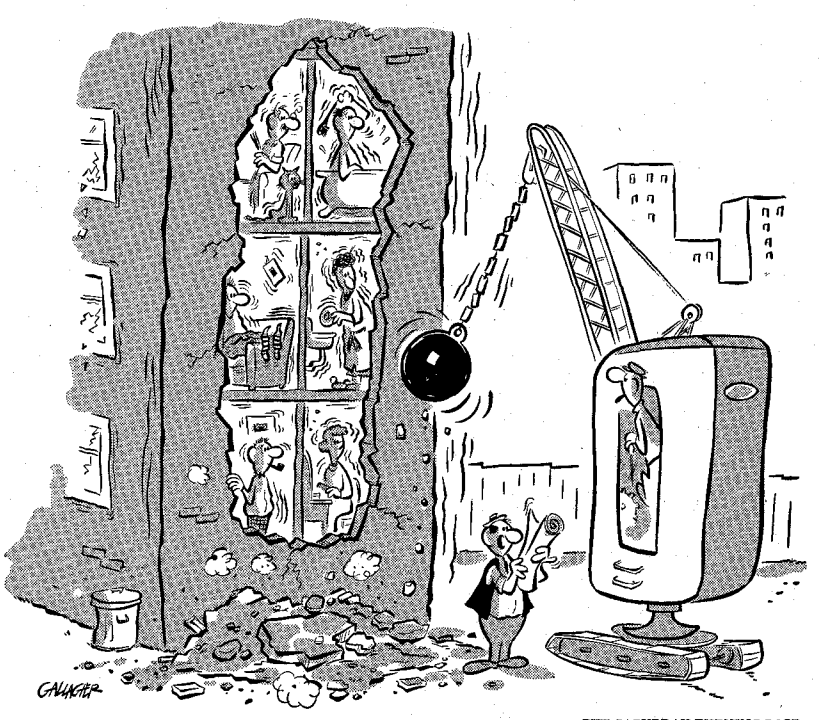
"Callaghan," she said. And then she said nothing, because I didn't let her, and it was a long time before we thought of anything but our own Lost City that we had just discovered.

When we could talk again, Shem and I sat in the shade of the safari car, trying to work things out.

"As I see it," I told her, "we've got about thirty-six hours to find Piet and those distributor heads. The juice in the canned foods will last us that long if we ration it tight enough, and the condensed orange juice ought to get us back to the nearest water."

I tried to make it sound hopeful. But looking at the burned moonscape round us, with its maze of rocks and shadows, I knew that we hadn't even the right to hope. Find one man in that, when he didn't want to be found? And a man who only needed to toss the distributor heads five yards from him in a scuffle, for them to be lost forever? But I had to make it sound different.

When the rest of them woke, it wasn't so bad as I'd feared. The two boys and the other girls took it as if it was just part of a queer African game. They were city people and it wouldn't have mattered what you told them; they couldn't really take it in that there wasn't a faucet somewhere with an endless supply of water piped to it. It was just a matter of waiting round for help, as far as they could figure it. The professor knew a bit better than that, but not much, and his wife reckoned that this was what she had always known would happen if they came to Africa, and someone had better do something about it pretty fast.



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Let's have another peek at that address."

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"I will, ma'am," I said. "Just as fast as I can. Maybe you'd go and lie down and even try and sleep a little? It'll conserve your energy."

When she was gone, we held a conference, the seven of us round a camp table. Ruskin sat a long way off, looking as though he thought we were going to blame him for everything. I called him over, and he came very slowly and apologetically.

"He's in this too," I explained to the others. "It's only fair he should hear the score." And if ever a man repaid a gesture, Ruskin did that day. We'd been talking pretty nearly an hour before he spoke. Going round and round the one question—how we were going to find Piet and the distributor heads in a landscape that could have hidden an army.

"Please, my *baas*," Ruskin whispered, in a pause in the talk. "I think Baas Piet will be over there." And he pointed to a hillock on rising ground about half a mile away. A long, swelling ridge ran up to gather into a knot of boulders at the top. There were quite a few small hills like that scattered between us and the horizon, but only two of them so near us. That one and one on the route we'd come by.

"You see, my *baasies*," said Ruskin timidly, "Baas Piet will want to watch us. But he wouldn't go back along our trail. He'd want to go farther on, to a place none of us have been. So he will have gone there," and he pointed to the hill again.

As soon as he'd said it, I knew that it was true, and I could have kissed Ruskin's big, black, ugly face. I looked at the sun. It was nearing midday, and it would have been suicide to try to track anyone then.

"Let's all get some sleep," I said. "At four o'clock we'll start hunting." And I made a gesture round the men—the two students and the professor and Ruskin.

But at quarter to four it was Shem who called me, with a small mug of tinned fruit. She was dressed all in khaki and had a dark hat on.

"We'd better get moving soon," she said.

"We? What do you think this is? A movie?" I was trying to eat the canned fruit, and the thick, sticky juice nearly made me retch as it touched my parched throat. Shem squatted down beside me, easy and supple as a boy dropping down onto his hunkers, her face vivid with excitement.

"No. I think it's a case where we'd better forget about sex and chivalry, and use horse sense. I told you I know deserts, and I'm the only one, bar you and Ruskin, in this party who does. Those halfbacks with the crew-cuts would be good boys in a straight scrap, but they're not going to help you much in this."

I knew she was telling me the truth. Because even if Ruskin was right, and Piet was on the hillock, it was going to be another thing to flush him. And we not only had to flush him. Someone had to get so close to him before he knew it that he wouldn't have time to throw those distributor heads away. And to stalk a man like that in country you don't know isn't easy. The more desert-trained eyes I had to help me, the more chance we had of living, whether they belonged to a man or a girl. And there was another thing too. The crazy, idiot feeling that I couldn't let Shem out of my sight again, knowing it might be for the last time.

And so, when we started, Shem was with us. The two other girls and the professor's wife stayed in the camp to mind it, with a firewood hatchet between them to make them feel they were helping. The two boys, the professor, and Ruskin with them to show them what to do, spread out in a long line that was to wait half an hour and then beat slowly toward the hill, looking pretty obvious, without being too much so. The professor, who was pretty agile for an old man, and not much shorter than I, wore my bush hat and one of my khaki outfits, in the hope that Piet would mistake him for me, and think the professor was back in the camp minding the women.

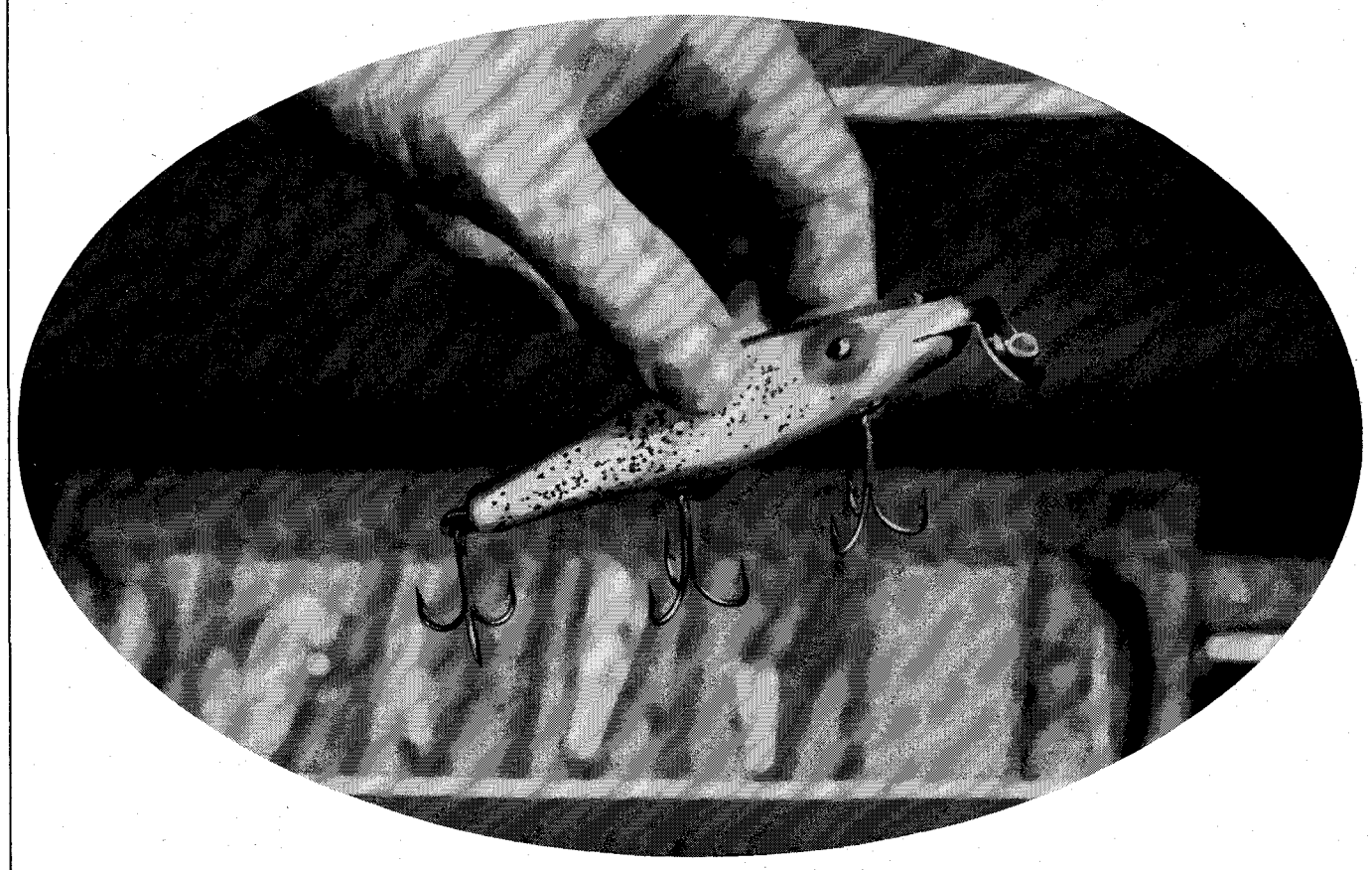
And Shem and I, with the one rifle that we had, started at once on a long circle that would bring us round behind the hill. Piet wouldn't expect to see Shem at all, so he wouldn't miss her from the line of beaters, and anyway, until the last moments it was the beaters in the open who ran the worst risk of getting shot. If things worked out, Piet would be watching the line slowly combing the ground toward him, while we crept up from behind, and it wasn't until we were dead close that there'd be much danger for us. And in those last moments I'd see that Shem was out of it.

It was a pretty simple, primitive sort of plan, but I couldn't think of a better one, with the equipment at hand. And the way simple, primitive things sometimes do, it worked, where a platoon of trained trackers mightn't have found Piet in a week.

We'd been going nearly an hour before we got behind the hill and the hunt really started. It lifted above us in sawtooth boulders and escarpments, like the result of some fantastic explosion.

"This is where we split," I whispered. "You take the left. I'll work to the right, and we'll watch each other as well as look for Piet. If you see him, lift your hand like this and point. Then freeze. I'll take care of the rest." (*Continued on Page 91*)

YOU'RE JUDGED BY your lure



YOU'RE JUDGED BY your printing

The final judge of a lure's merits is the fish, not the fisherman. And when you use printed selling pieces to lure prospects, your final judge is the reader.

He has examined hundreds of booklets, brochures, broadsides, folders, manuals, reports and catalogs. He has learned to appreciate and respect the ones that are distinctively printed on quality paper. They appeal to his good taste and judgment.

If you show respect for your prospect's taste and judgment by sending him distinctive printed literature, he'll respect you in return. Make sure, therefore, that *your* booklets always reflect the good name and character of *your* company. If they do, they'll win many good friends and customers for you.

Your teammate — a GOOD printer. The way to look your best in print is to consult a good printer at the very start of the job. He can deliver printed pieces that will draw favorable attention to your product or service, enhance your reputation and increase your sales. A good printer will probably specify Warren's High Standard Printing Papers. He knows that Warren papers produce top quality printing results. *S. D. Warren Company, 89 Broad Street, Boston 1, Massachusetts.*

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(*Continued from Page 89*) Even then, I didn't like it, but it doubled our chance of finding him, always assuming that he was there at all, and little as I fancied putting her near a lunatic with a rifle, I fancied still less the certainty of watching her die of thirst in the next couple of days.

For five minutes we worked upward and away from each other. Two steps and look. Two steps and look. And every couple of seconds I'd take my eyes off the sky line of the hill and look at Shem. Once she raised her hand, and my heart stopped, but it was only to hold up her thumb in an "O.K." signal. And even in the middle of that I had time to realize that Shem had found herself again; that she'd realized life was worth living just when it seemed pretty certain that she'd already lived all of it that she was going to enjoy. And then her hand lifted again, slowly this time. She lay softly back against a slanting face of rock and pointed upward, over her shoulder.

From where I was, it looked like just another rock. I took two soft, soft steps upward, and the rock became the crown of a bush hat. And under it, Piet's red, fleshy neck. I slipped the rifle off my shoulder and cocked it as gently as you'd set a mousetrap. Fifty yards. Maybe sixty. I couldn't miss a running rock rabbit at that range. The stock came up neat and snug against my cheek, and my finger began to tighten. And stopped.

There was a man at the other end of that gun sight. A living, breathing man. And inside a fraction of a second, if I pulled that trigger, he would be dead. And I remembered a moment three years back when I'd had a leopard in my sights, and I'd seen the flat, hard hatred in his yellow eyes, and the beauty of him. I'd lowered my gun and watched him pad away into the shadows, and I'd never killed since, except in necessity, for food. And was I going to kill a man now, even a madman?

I lowered the rifle slowly and wiped the sweat off my face. I could see Shem looking at me, and I wondered if she'd understand what I was thinking. I wasn't sure I understood it myself. But in the desert, where life is scarce and death is easy, you learn to value lives. Any lives. And I had to give Piet his chance. I began creeping, while the sweat rolled in the channel of my back and down my thighs. It only needed a stone to slip, my boot to scrabble on a rock, and I'd thrown all our lives away. "I'm mad," I said. "Stark mad."

Thirty yards. Twenty. Once he moved, but it was only to scratch himself and take a swig of water out of a bottle. Or maybe it was whisky. And once he laughed. He must have been watching the others stalk him, down in the plain below. He began to talk to himself, and I heard the word "gold" over and over again—that dream that has haunted white men in Africa since they first set foot in it. He was dreaming of finding Sheba's treasure in those ruined streets that had probably never seen more gold than was in the professor's watch.

Ten yards. Five. I laid the rifle down and felt for a round stone. Four yards. Three. I had the stone now, and I came slowly to my feet, until I was above and behind him, the stone poised. I twitched his hat off with my left hand and struck him behind the ear, and he fell sideways, very slowly, his blue, whisky-haunted eyes looking up at me in a glazed astonishment as he fell. And then he was nothing more than an unconscious heap of clothes, he that had been Death incarnate thirty seconds before.

It seemed a long time before I heard Shem's footsteps coming across the rocks. I looked up, and held out my hand with the three small distributor heads like jewels in my palm.

"There's life for you," I said. "Is it worth having, now that we've won it back?"

And her eyes told me all the answer that I needed, and her lips, and her body, and the feel of her heart beating against mine. And I knew, as I held her, why I had let Piet live. Because he had given me Shem, as the leopard long ago had given me a sight of beauty. For all his hatred and his madness, he had given me Shem. It had needed something like his attempt to kill us all to shock her out of her bitterness and back into real life. And now she was living again, the bitterness stripped from her like poison ivy, and I could feel the life quivering in her, and her tears wet and scalding under my mouth.

"Callaghan!" she was sobbing, over and over again. "Callaghan!" But she didn't need to say any more.

I still have nightmares about that journey back; of Piet raving mad with sun and whisky, strapped down to a camp bed in the back of the supply truck, under the awning. I can still hear him scream, sometimes, when I wake at night; a scream like an animal being killed, "Gold! Gold!" until his voice trailed away into a hoarse, croaking whimper for water—for the water we'd all have given the swollen tongues out of our heads for; the water he had emptied into the sand.

The two blond boys took it in turns to drive the safari car, while Shem and I took the jeep, headlights probing like white hands through the darkness, over the rock-strewn desert with its patches of soft, treacherous sand. To this day I can't feel sand yielding under my foot without shuddering, and remembering the taste of the sweat I couldn't afford to lose rolling into my parched mouth as we dug one of the vehicles out of another sand trap that we hadn't seen in the dark. Yet we had to travel by night because it was cooler than the day and we didn't feel the thirst so much.

And to this day I can't taste canned fruit without remembering the retching, gagging sickness we felt as we tried to soak our throats in the thick, cloying juice. Half a dozen times I thought we were beaten; that we'd never get out alive. But we made it; first to water, and then hell-for-leather for the nearest town, five hundred miles to the east, and the moment when I saw the shimmer of sunrise hitting the corrugated-iron roofs of that little, edge-of-the-Kalahari dorp, I swore I'd never set foot in the Kalahari again as long as I lived.

But even then I knew I didn't mean it. It's like taking a bad fall from a horse. The only thing is to climb back on. And so, when Piet's trial was over and he was safe away for his five years' stretch, Shem and I went back, with the professor and a couple of scientists from Pretoria. Not that I can tell you much about what they found there. Shem and I had other things to think about. They'd show us bits of pottery and old stone weapons and carvings, and tell us that these things proved the city was abandoned maybe a thousand years ago, by ancestors of some of the tribes that now live far to the southeast. But we weren't thinking of old cities. We were thinking of a new home; of a small ranch Shem knew of in the Arizona hills, where we could hear the water running cool and clear at night.

I can hear it now, as I sit on the veranda watching an amber moon ride up the Arizona sky, while I wait for Shem to bring the coffee out. But what I'm remembering are those last three paces across the bleached, burning rock of the hilltop, to where Piet sat with the rifle across his knees. And the feel of the stone in my hand as I swung it. And Shem's face as she came to me, life reborn in her eyes.

THE END

"I figure it's his two weeks."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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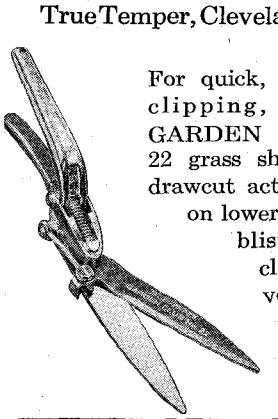

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The Gentlemen in the Garden

(Continued from Page 43)

club gather around a long table in the Sunset Room of the California Club to smell and admire flowers which have been growing the day before in Hawaii or Mexico or Long Island or Oregon. The blossoms are flown in just for the two-hour feast of food and horticulture, during which business and industry are not only forgotten but taboo as table talk.

No female gardener is supposed to smell a single flower until the Southern California nabobs have satiated their eyes and noses. Then wives are allowed to peek into the Sunset Room to see what they missed, after which the floral show is donated to the city's hospitals.

"We insist on no women," explains Charles S. Jones, founder and first president of the club. "This is a men's affair. Men, since time began, have been the world's gardeners."

Unfortunately, the women don't buy this philosophy wholeheartedly. On two occasions females slipped into the luncheon meetings. One interloper was an airline stewardess who had delivered a load of blossoms from Hawaii; in an unguarded moment she was invited to stay and eat. The other was a distaff director of the American Camellia Society who gleefully accepted, before it could be withdrawn, an invitation by the society's directors to eat with the green-thumbed Angelenos at a "camellia luncheon."

The rich and lucky Men's Garden Club members are so envied by other businessmen of the area that there is a full-fledged waiting list, and another group waiting to get on the "waiting list" as well. These "waiters and hopers" are occasionally allowed to come to monthly meetings as five-dollar guests, and they are permitted to join in as "angels" whenever the club decides to put its oomph, which is plenty, behind a worthy civic cause. The most worthy cause of all, which led to the founding of the club, is the almost-hopeless project of making Los Angeles beautiful.

"Los Angeles is becoming one of the greatest slums on earth," bemoaned founding president Jones, who is also an oil-company president, to eight friends invited to luncheon back in 1951. "Just compare our city with the older cities of Europe and South America, where they have been planting trees and beautifying the landscape for generations."

"Well, Charlie, if you were any good, you'd do something about it," retorted Roy Wilcox, a prosperous nurseryman, who had been needling Jones to spearhead a businessmen's garden club. This time the needle hit. Jones proposed forthwith that the nine men around the table launch the Men's Garden Club of Los Angeles. They whipped together some by-laws and adopted as the club emblem a design featuring an old-fashioned wheelbarrow loaded with manure and topped with a sprinkling can, and elected Charlie Jones head gardener. Though primarily social, the club had a serious *motif* from the start.

The by-laws were rugged. Every member had to be a bona fide gardener, not necessarily with dirt under his own fingernails, but certainly with dirt under his gardener's nails. Every member paid, in advance, quarterly dues which included the price of the monthly luncheon, whether he was there to eat it or not.

Three of the founders—Roy Wilcox; the late Manfred Meyberg, head of Germain's Seed Company; and Lovell Swisher, an ex-insurance man whose hobby established him as a horticultural consultant—rated as professionals. This presented a problem in a club that was strictly amateur. However, the members needed a few pros around to answer questions about bugs and fertilizers, so Wilcox, Meyberg and Swisher were allowed to be members, but not office holders. They were listed as "advisers." Swisher was chosen club manager, for which he now receives a modest fee, and, as founder Jones says, "Without Lovell there would have been no Men's Garden Club."

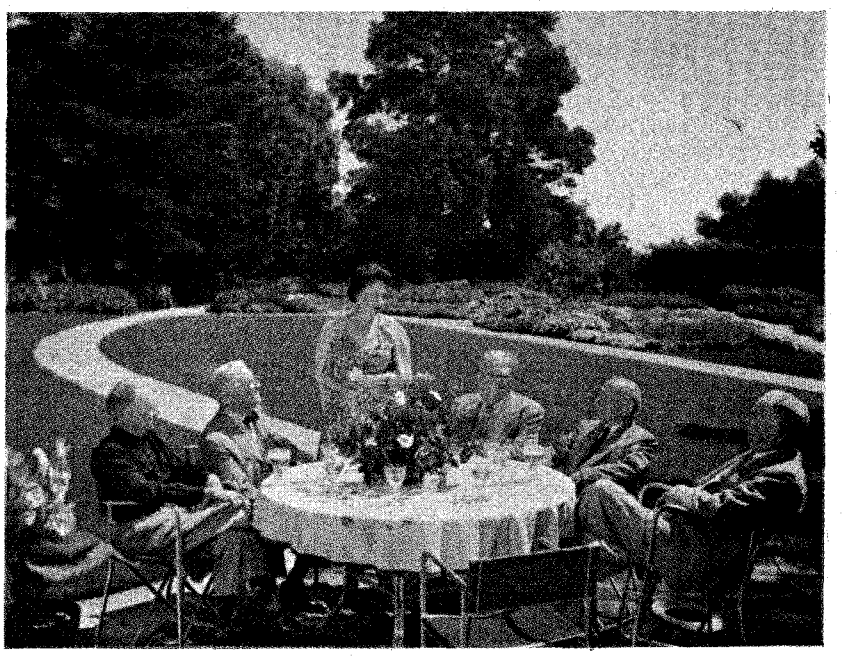
Swisher's feats in bagging the bowers of flowers for the members to smell and admire have become club legend. "Lovell can line up a fortune in flowers for free or almost nothing," explained former president Mosher. When Swisher does buy, he'll spend up to $600 without qualms. Over that, he may have to tap one of the club members for a contribution. Each luncheon is photographed on color slides, so the club has a permanent record of the flowers displayed. This may sound as though the club members feast on flowers only, and is slightly misleading. Even when the club had a "vegetable luncheon," the members had roast beef on their plates.

The vegetable luncheon was an example of Swisher's resourcefulness. Noting the beauty of the vegetables at the Los Angeles County Fair one September, he decided to spring a surprise on the club members at the next luncheon. The date, however, was a month away. So Swisher scrounged the choicest vegetables when the county fair closed, and rushed them into refrigeration until the next month, when, to their astonishment, the green thumbers arrived in the Sunset Room to find the long table piled high with colorful cabbages, squashes, celery and other produce.

In the spring of 1955 Swisher decided to stage a lilac luncheon. Since lilacs don't grow well in Southern California, he had to scout far afield, and finally found what he wanted on Long Island, New York, where a grower named Mark Eaton had twenty-eight varieties that bloomed at the same time. Swisher flew the lilacs out to Los Angeles, and for full measure, flew in six bundles of dogwood from Oregon and 200 branches of rhododendrons from Eureka, in the northern part of California.

For the camellia luncheon, a rousing success even with the female Camellia Society director on hand, Swisher had the help of club member Ralph S. Peer, a music publisher who happened to be in New York at the time. Peer hopped an airliner, flew out for the luncheon, told fellow club members what he knew about growing camellias, then caught another plane back to Gotham.

Nearly every member is a specialist in some flower, such as camellias, orchids, geraniums, or you name it. Dave Barry, a real-estate man, is a little bit hipped on tropical plants, particularly bromelia and cycads, which may be described as something between cactus and palms. At least, they look like it. So Barry's outstanding planting provided the color for one luncheon. Another time, orchid enthusiasts in the club contributed 2500 sprays and cuttings. Swisher estimated he had $5000 worth of orchids on the table for that luncheon. One of the members who was an expert gave a talk on the tricks in successful orchid culture.



Sam Mosher, a former president of the Los Angeles Men's Garden Club (3rd from r.) and his wife, Leedja, entertain at their ranch. His club has made three 100-mile jaunts by plane from Los Angeles for meetings here.

One year when Swisher planned a special spring flower luncheon, "unusual" weather hit the blossoms in the Los Angeles area, and Swisher had to phone his florist friend, Eddie Goeppner, in San Francisco, for help. "You fellows don't know how to grow spring flowers anyway," said Goeppner. "Just leave it to us San Franciscans." This gratuitous insult was compounded when Goeppner flew down a planeful of spring flowers and a staff of decorators to arrange them for a show that is still the talk of the club.

Swisher's grandiose ideas for luncheon decorations occasionally get him into trouble. Once when he arranged a year ahead with the Bodger Seed Company to grow a plot of super-duper zinnias for a luncheon, grasshoppers moved in just before the occasion and had the zinnia feast instead. Swisher saved the day with two truckloads of zinnias rolled into Los Angeles from Northern California the night before the luncheon.

Then there was the time that an airline strike tied up a planeload of anthuriums from Hawaii. Luckily, Swisher was able to get the anthuriums on another airline's plane. The emergency was pretty expensive, even for a millionaires' garden club, but the show went on as scheduled.

As a rule, the airlines are willing to humor Swisher, often flying posies in for free or at (*Continued on Page 96*)

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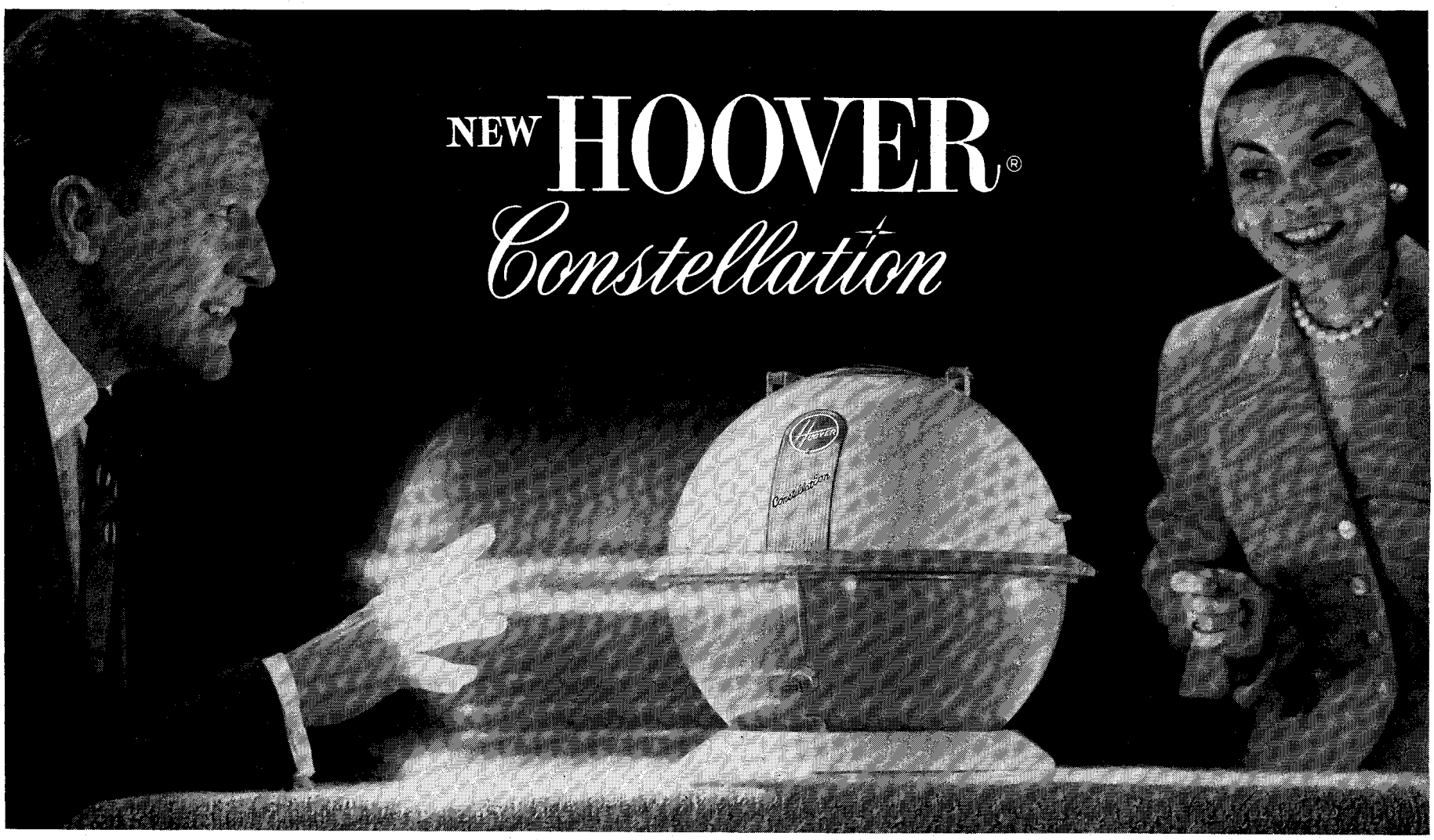
see! the cleaner that walks on air!



Actual photograph of a store demonstration

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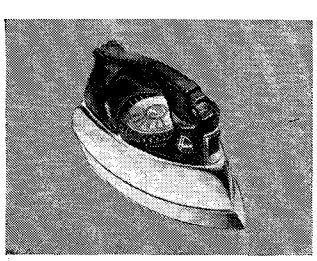

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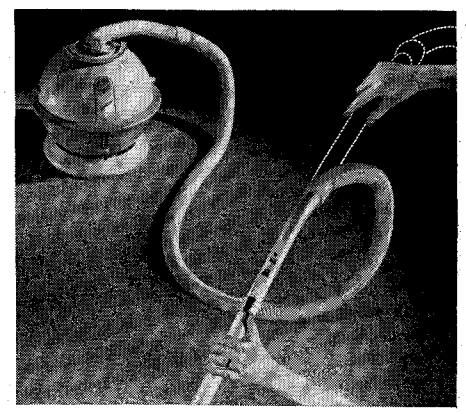

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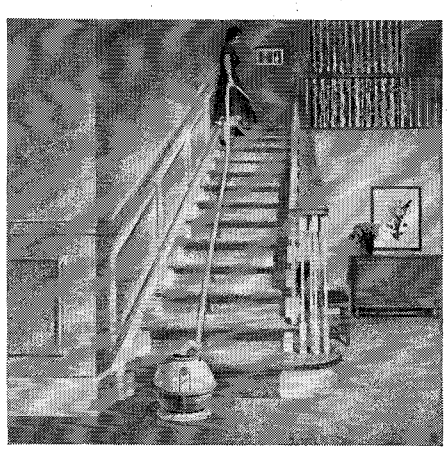

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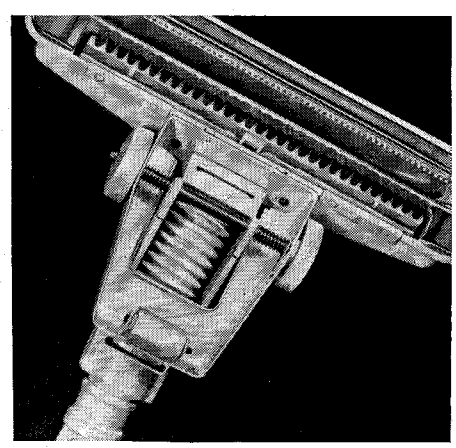

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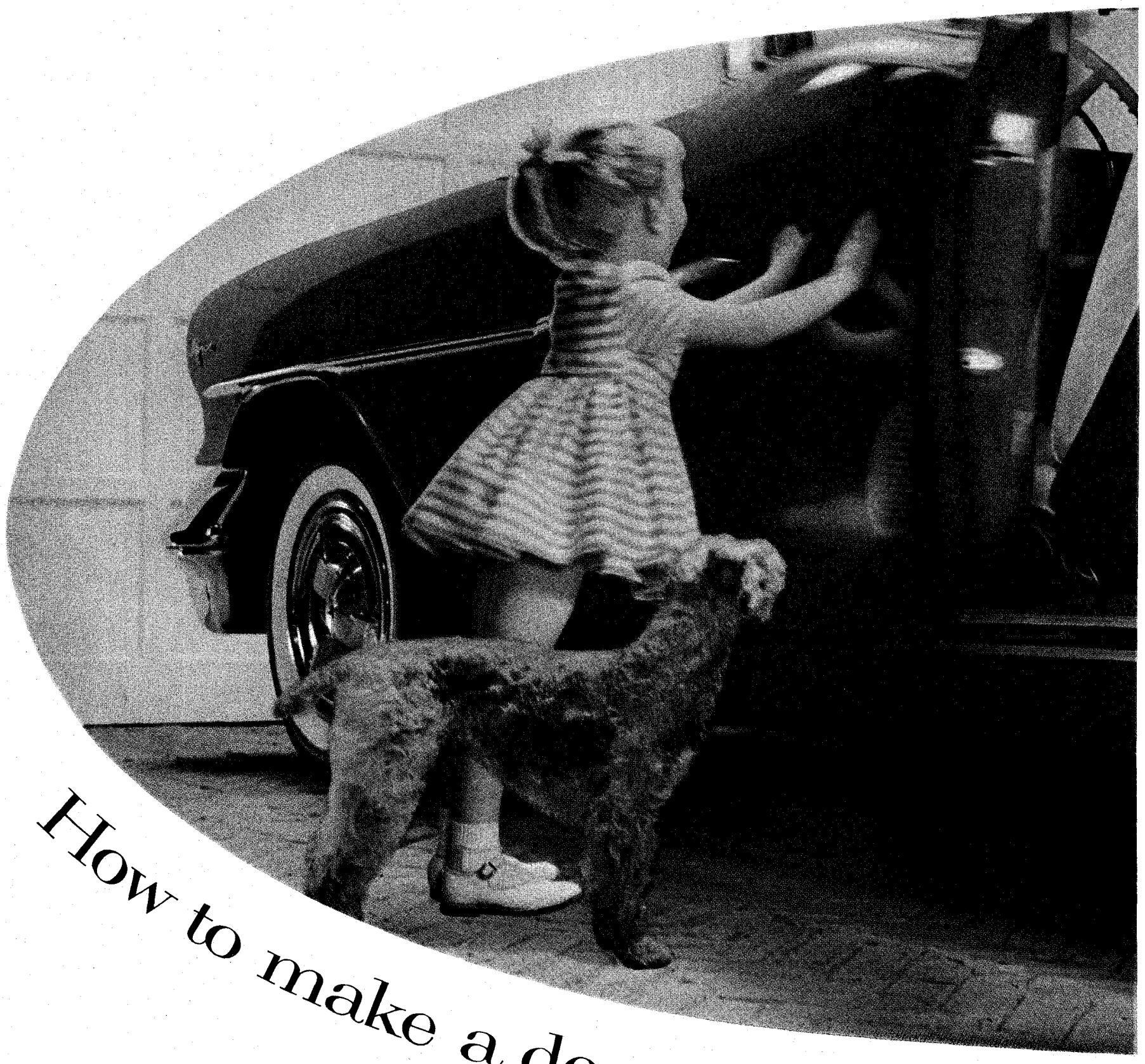
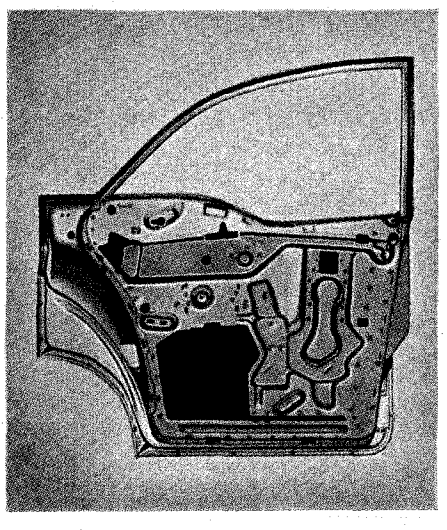


How to make a door say "kerchunk



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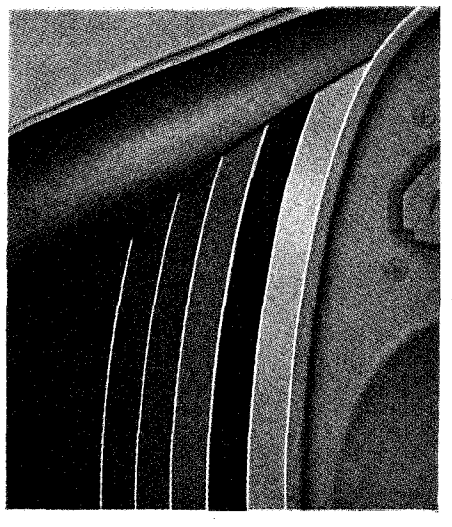

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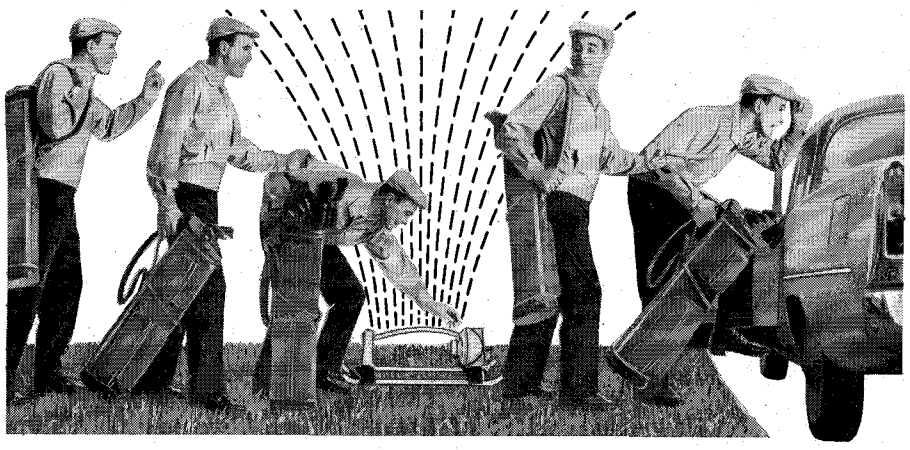

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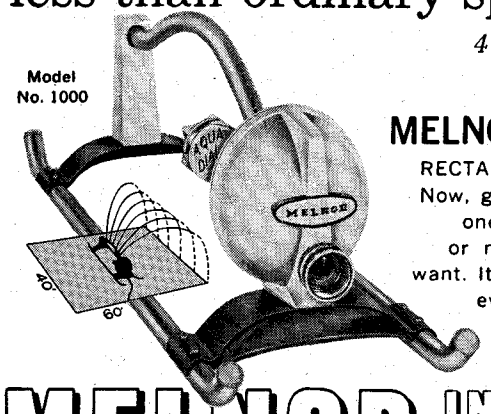

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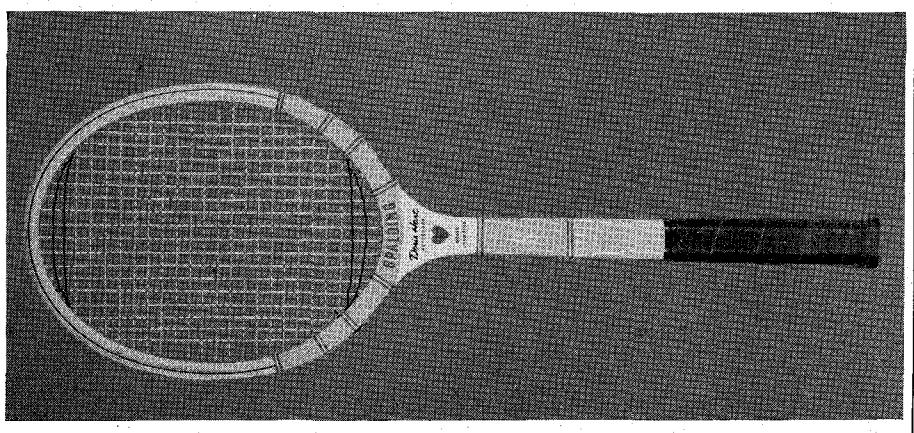

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It's the prettiest racket that ever served up a tennis ball. Comes in a new pastel pink with white reinforcements. Looks every bit as good as it plays.

The Doris Hart Autograph Racket sells for $20.00 strung with Pro-Fected Nylon. See it at your sporting goods store soon — along with the complete Spalding line of fine rackets to suit every player's game and pocketbook.

Like all Spalding products, they're guaranteed unconditionally.

SPALDING
sets the pace in sports

(*Continued from Page 92*) special rates. The longest haul Swisher has scheduled so far was a shipment from Holland for a tulip luncheon. The tulips winged over the Arctic Circle on a Scandinavian Airlines plane to Los Angeles.

The gold-plated green-thumbers carefully point out that it isn't because they can't grow top-grade flowers in their gardens that they import blossoms from far places. They just like to do things in the spectacular way. In fact, several club members have built their hobbies into sideline businesses that can fill the Sunset Room with flowers any time. Arthur Freed, a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer producer, is now likewise a leading orchid producer. Samuel B. Mosher, the second head gardener of the club, who started out to be a farmer, then switched to oil as a means of supporting horticultural enthusiasms, is now the largest grower of carnations and orchids in the country.

The eager enthusiasm of the members for their club is illustrated by the fact that some have not missed a meeting since the organization was launched six years ago. And Swisher, who runs the club like a jovial dictator, is likely to arrange a special meeting any time. Once, he staged a club breakfast at the wholesale Los Angeles Flower Market at six o'clock in the morning.

"Lovell, you'll never get them out that early," warned Charlie Jones, who was president then.

But seventy-nine of the 100 members turned out for the six o'clock tour of the flower market, followed by a seven-o'clock breakfast. Twice Swisher has staged breakfast meetings at the Hollywood Turf Club to kick off the annual Los Angeles Flower Show, which is one of the club's enthusiasms. Three meetings were held at the Santa Barbara rancho of Sam Mosher. This is a 100-mile jaunt, just to smell some flowers, but Mosher solves the transportation problem neatly by assigning a company plane and chartering another from an airline. Members fly to and from the luncheon in less time than it takes some of them to reach downtown Los Angeles by car.

The abundance of wealthy "angels" in the club is a great help in nursing along the civic projects too. Every so often, when the club is considering the wisdom of a good deed, some member will get inspired and do it on his own, as happened when a historic old palm got in the way of progress and was about to be uprooted. While the club was debating, a member pungled up several hundred dollars and had it moved to the county arboretum, specifying that his name was not to be mentioned in connection with the job. Another member, Arthur Freed, gave the arboretum a $30,000 collection of orchids.

The arboretum itself is a club undertaking. When the old Lucky Baldwin Ranch near Pasadena was subdivided, the Men's Garden Club members were sick at the thought of having some of the finest old trees in Southern California removed to make way for streets and homes. They persuaded the county supervisors to buy 160 acres for the arboretum before the bulldozers moved in.

Another project was the saving of the Descanso Gardens, north of Los Angeles. Hearing that a bank was about to foreclose on this unique grove of live oaks which sheltered an outstanding camellia garden, president Jones declared, "We're not going to let the subdividers get their hands on that," and invited the county supervisors to a luncheon. By the time the affair broke up, the county fathers were ready to buy the property for a public park.

One of the club's exuberant members is county manager Arthur Will, who has dreamed up a gigantic $90,000,000 project for a downtown mall, nine blocks long, a major step in the proposed beautification of Los Angeles. When Will encounters opposition from the taxpayers, all he has to do is call the signals and the Men's Garden Club starts running interference.

The club also opposes billboards along the city's new freeways, rather effectively since the millionaire green-thumbers include some of the largest advertisers in the area.

Tree planting along the downtown streets is another club project. This takes some doing, as ex-president Charles S. Jones discovered when he decided to transplant thirteen good-sized trees around the Richfield Building, which houses his oil company. Making room for the trees' roots under the narrow sidewalks called for moving conduits, building concrete basins, moving in earth and, finally, finding trees that could survive. Two decades back, palm, olive and citrus trees were planted around Los Angeles Union Station to create the proper Southern California atmosphere for arriving visitors. Unfortunately, most of the trees succumbed to the smog. So the Men's Garden Club detailed a horticultural committee to discover a tough, good-looking evergreen that would resist city conditions, including smog. They recommended the shiny-leaf ficus, a species of rubber tree, which Jones planted about three years ago.

They have thrived, and in spite of the $700-per-tree cost, other building owners have followed his example. Jones furnishes the engineering specifications free, and the club has authorized manager Swisher to buy up all the ficus trees in Southern California nurseries, to make them available to other city planters at cost.

The Los Angeles Flower Show, held each spring in the area beneath the grandstands of the Hollywood Turf Club, is an example of how the Men's Garden Club gets behind a worthy horticultural enterprise without getting out in front. The Flower Show is staged by a separate association, sparked largely by two club members, Roy Wilcox and the late Manfred Meyberg, who were its first two presidents.

This is the Women's Auxiliary, which gleans the surplus earnings for charities. But at the start, when it was anybody's guess whether or not there would be a surplus, the Men's Garden Club members agreed to go on the cuff for the flower show if it needed angeling. The show was an immediate success. Obviously, enough angels with the right kind of thumbs can make gardening pay off. In Los Angeles, that is.

THE END

... ...

On Hearing Certain Words

By Jane Merchant

Water must ripple
When stones are cast
Into its depths.
Calm comes, at last,
When the last circumference
Of dismay
Is spent. Calm comes,
But the stones stay.

... ...

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How They Meet Payrolls in Russia

(Continued from Page 31)

The other is the picture presented by the current production statistics, of a Soviet Union with a massively strong industry, second only to our American industry in annual output, growing more rapidly than American industry, and very nearly as technically advanced as American industry in the crucial military sector. The former picture was true thirty years ago. The latter picture is true today. And one of the longest steps on the painfully hard road from the Soviet industrial past to the Soviet industrial present was the creation of the new class of Soviet payroll meeters.

As I have said already, Kominov is a representative member of this class. As director—or president, as we should say—of the Kemerovo Coke-Chemical Combine, he is the hard-working head of a key industrial enterprise. He has the primary job of transforming the coal of the great Kuzbas mining region into vital coke for the hungry steel mills of nearby Stalinsk for the burgeoning metallurgical industries of Siberia, and most probably for supporting elements of Siberia's atomic industry as well. His family history has a symbolic interest too. Both his father and grandfather were patternmakers in Leningrad's famous Putilov steelworks—which means that the Kominov family has participated in Russia's industrial revolution from the remotest outset, in Czarist times. Yet I have singled out Kominov among many other Soviet payroll meeters not because of what he is but because of something he said.

During our long talk in his pretentious, gloomy office in Kemerovo, I asked him how many engineers, chemists and other technicians with university-level training he had on his payroll. He replied that he employed just under 300 men in this category in his big enterprise. And then he continued spontaneously, in what may be called a tone of reminiscent shock, "You know, it wasn't so long ago, in my country, when even the directors of plants like this one did not have any special technical preparation. In the early period of our five-year plans, in fact, the chief engineer was often the only technically qualified man in the whole enterprise. But we've changed that now." (Here the tone altered again into something pretty close to complacency.)

"Anyone who wants to make his career in our industry nowadays must go up on the technical side, through the ranks of the engineers and specialists. No one would think, now, of choosing a man not already tested as chief engineer for the directorship of an enterprise. There are no more amateur industrial managers in our country."

Always and in any society, the emergence of an altogether new class is a fascinating human and social drama. What Kominov said was the best short summary of the emergence of his own class; and his few words, as will be seen, have all sorts of far-reaching meanings, both for the Soviet future and for us in the West. Normally, I should not try to explore those meanings. I am, after all, only a political observer, without any sort of industrial background. Yet I venture to make the attempt, if only because opportunities of observation that have been given to very few other Westerners were freely given to me during a recent visit to the Soviet Union.

This visit's most fruitful single episode was a journey of several thousand miles from Moscow to the big industrial city of Kuibyshev on the Volga, thence across the region of the new Soviet frontier in Western Siberia as far as Kemerovo, which is the capital of the Kuzbas, and then from Kemerovo back to Moscow. Everything is interesting in this astonishing region where tens of millions of acres of virgin steppe are being plowed for the first time; where every old enterprise is being expanded and vast new enterprises are rapidly springing up; where each day's travel presents the most violent contrasts between the old and primitive, and the new and advanced. Yet what interested me most during my journey was the cumulative experience of meeting the top executives of this Soviet frontier's principal industries.

Generally, I was also shown over their mines and factories from top to bottom. Sometimes, this kind of inspection was not practical—I could hardly ask, for instance, for a special ski plane to take me to the new Kuibyshev oil field, whose wells will soon be outproducing the historic wells of Baku. But I could and did talk at length with the director of Kuibyshev Napht, the huge company—again using our American term—that is developing the oil field.

All in all, I had a great many hours of frank and detailed conversation with a considerable number of Soviet equivalents of our American big businessmen, and with numerous members of their executive staffs. I not only questioned them closely about their work. I also collected their personal biographies, which they usually recited with an amusingly human touch of vanity. It is mainly on this long series of extremely exhaustive interviews that the present report is based.

What, then, is the general character of this new class of Soviet payroll meeters? One must begin by noting, I think, that they all belong to Soviet industry's second managerial generation.

When the industrialization of the Soviet Union started with the first five-year plan, Russia was still predominantly a land of immemorially illiterate peasants. At that time, too—just under thirty years ago, remember—even the intelligentsia in the cities were chiefly knowledgeable about literature, the arts and political theory. Technicians equipped for the staggering task of all-out industrialization were a tiny minority. Moreover, very few of them were considered politically reliable.

Josef Stalin's method of solving this problem was hinted at by Viktor Ivanovich Kominov. Leading Communists, chosen for their reliability, ruthlessness and energy, were named to head the new industrial and mining enterprises of the early five-year plans. The available technicians were carefully rationed out to advise the Communist bosses. As Kominov remarked, the only technically qualified Russian staff member of a new enterprise was then likely to be the chief engineer himself. Foreign advice and foreign machinery were lavishly purchased. Fearful human and economic waste in the construction of the new enterprises was cheerfully accepted. Cruel sacrifices were imposed on the entire Russian people, in order to squeeze funds for capital investment out of a very low national income. Every other consideration was sternly subordinated to the single consideration of industrializing as rapidly as possible. If industry was built, no price was too high to pay.

Among the members of the presidium who now rule the Soviet Union, there are several who belonged to Soviet industry's first generation of party-trained executives, including Bulganin and Khrushchev themselves, Kaganovich, Mikoyan, and the two younger recruits, Pervukhin and Saburov. But the practical task of industrial management in the Soviet Union today has been wholly transferred to a second generation of executives of a quite different sort. Such, at any rate, were all the men I met.

As I looked through my collection of their biographies before writing these words, I was more than ever struck by the uniformity of the careers described. These men came from all over Russia, but every one of them began life in humble circumstances. Aleksandr Nikolaevich Vasiliev is the director of the big ball-bearing plant in Kuibyshev. He was the son of a sturgeon fisherman in Astrakhan. He only left the family boat and nets for a job in industry when he was already twenty-one. Pyotr Ivanovich Kokorin now heads the School of Mines in Kemerovo, but he was a leading executive in the Kuzbas coal industry for fifteen years before that. He was the son of a peasant family from Saratov. His parents were exiled to Siberia by the Czarist government during the agrarian troubles of 1907. These happen to be the first and last biographies of my collection, but all the others show similar origins.

Kokorin, a genial bear of a man who is a Hero of Soviet Labor, was an outstanding exception in another way. Evidently his father did well in Siberia after the revolution. At any rate, he was able to help his son to get an education. Kokorin himself "already saw that our country would need technicians." So he went through the Tomsk Polytechnical Institute before going to work in the mines.

"It was the only higher technical institute in all our country east of the Urals in those days," he told me. "I graduated in 1926, just before the first five-year plan and just in time."

All the other older executives I met had first gone to work as unskilled or at best as semiskilled laborers, almost always instead of going to high school. But they had worked hard. They had no doubt shown a strong loyalty to the Communist Party too. And so they had been chosen as the first beneficiaries of the Soviet state's quite conscious decision to form a new social class of industrial executives and technicians. This was embodied in Stalin's famous dictum about the overriding importance of "cadres" for the first five-year plan.

A "cadre," in the Soviet jargon, is anyone specially trained for a special purpose. All members of the new class of Soviet industrialists and technicians have enjoyed special training for industry. The men from forty-five to fifty-five—the present plant directors—were generally granted leave from their jobs for their first bout of training at the time of their promotion to foreman. They got their second round of university-level training when they made the decisive step up from the working mass into the executive class. The men from thirty-five to forty-five—the present chief and deputy chief engineers—had generally received their first round of technical training in high school before going to work. But these men who started as skilled workers had also been sent away for university-level training before making the great upward step. Finally, the very junior executives, in the twenty-five to thirty-five age group, had generally gone through college or the equivalent before reporting for their first jobs. But they had still been put to work with their hands before being granted executive status, because this is considered "the best way to test cadres." Almost all the Soviet enterprises I visited had large numbers of just-beginning college graduates in foremen's jobs and the like—rather more, I judged, than you would find in such jobs in comparable American enterprises. And this was explained on the

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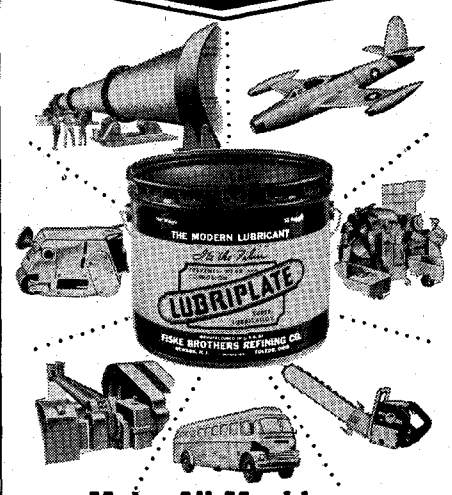

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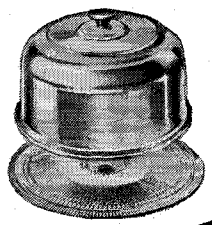

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ground that "our industry is still expanding, and we must continue to increase our supply of cadres for the future."

The training story of the Soviet executives of different age groups quite clearly implies the growth of a formidable apparatus of technical education in the Soviet Union. This has indeed taken place. All over the country there are countless technical high schools, college-level institutes and higher-than-college-level academies. These are designed to provide skilled workers, technicians and executives for every imaginable branch of economic activity from banking to petroleum extraction. Originally, no doubt, the technical education offered was poor enough in quality—quantity in education is always easier to attain than quality. Even today, I suspect that it is often too patchy and very often too narrowly specialized.

All the same, the tremendous Soviet emphasis on technical education for industry is distinctly impressive. At the higher levels, the courses given are now extremely rigorous. Kokorin's School of Mines at Kemerovo, for instance, first requires its 3000 students to go through two full years of the hardest sort of work on such general scientific subjects as physics, chemistry, mathematics and mechanics. Then there follow two more years of equally hard work on mining subjects. And the more promising alumni are also encouraged to stay on for two or three additional years of postgraduate study.

Furthermore, the industrial managers themselves clearly regard advanced technical education not just as a bothersome necessity, but as a positive honor. I can still hear the boastful note in the voice of Pavel Fedorovich Lukyanov, deputy chief engineer of the gigantic Kuzbas Coal Combine, when he told me that he had just finished a long leave to complete the course at the Mining Academy in Moscow, and had now "successfully defended my thesis as a candidate in science." It was exactly like hearing a fairly important vice president of an American mining company—if there is an American company with an output of more than 60,000,000 tons of coal per annum—casually boasting that he had taken a couple of years off for postgraduate study at the Colorado School of Mines and was well on the way to getting his doctorate.

Their technical training, then, is the chief characteristic of the present generation of Soviet industrial managers that sets them apart from their predecessors. But the fact that they are thus set apart from men like Khrushchev and Bulganin, Pervukhin and Saburov, does not in the least mean that they are "agin the government." Take one example, and you will see why. Pyotr Markevich Kavasevich started as a trainman's son and is now deputy director of the Kuzbas Coal Combine, with its ninety-nine producing mines. He told me how his hard work at the coal face won him a college scholarship, and therefore a ticket of admission to the executive class, with all its many privileges. Then he went on, in a genuinely emotional voice, "The state gave me my chance."

In the same fashion, self-made men in the United States are generally highly conservative and intensely loyal to the established order. But perhaps it is misleading to use the phrase "self-made men" about these new Soviet industrial managers. We would not think of a general or an admiral as a self-made man, or perhaps one should say, a big wheeler-dealer. And in Soviet industry, members of the executive class, already marked out as professionals by their intensive special training, also rise from rank to rank in the manner of professional officers rising in their services.

In this respect, the uniformity of biographical pattern among the Soviet payroll meeters I talked to was so complete as to become almost boring. First foreman; then chief of shift; then assistant engineer; then deputy chief engineer; then chief engineer; then plant director—that was the nearly universal promotion story.

From the level of plant director, the story became even more repetitious. First director of a single mine; then chief engineer of one of the trusts that manage groups of eight to ten mines; then director of the trust; then deputy chief engineer of the combine running all the mines; then chief engineer; then deputy director; and finally director of the whole combine—that was the higher-promotion story in the Kuzbas Coal Combine. It was paralleled in the other enterprises large enough to have the same hierarchical organization. When they met with me, all grades in the staff of every enterprise were genial with one another. But one could still almost imagine the bars, or leaves, or eagles, or stars on their shoulders. And they not only showed the same generic similarity that one finds in the professional officers of any armed service. They also showed just the same sort of differences. Partly, of course, these were differences of basic human character.

The quiet, solid Vasiliev, of the Kuibyshev ball-bearing plant, was quite clearly content to go on expanding and perfecting his factory until the time came to retire. He had gone to work in this same plant with the smell of the Astrakhan fishing boat on his clothes. He had been responsible for moving its machinery from besieged Moscow, over the war-harried rail lines, and starting production anew in a set of abandoned horse barns in Kuibyshev. He had given the enterprise twenty-six years of his life; since becoming director, he had trebled the plant's output, and the plant had become his life.

But a quite different note was struck by Viktor Ivanovich Muravlenko, the other big businessman in Kuibyshev—not counting the director of the aircraft plant, to whom I was not introduced. The fine-drawn, fiery Muravlenko was plainly hoping to move on from his directorship of Kuibyshev Napht to even higher posts in the Soviet petroleum industry. In view of the structure of Soviet society, this meant that he had political, or what you might call parapolitical ambitions. One could see in him a possible Pervukhin or Saburov of the future.

But besides the natural difference between a Vasiliev and a Muravlenko, there were much more important differences of career. Consider, for example, the staff members of the really staggering textile plant I visited at Barnaul. They had 4000 looms already at work. They would eventually have more than 6000 looms, with proportional spinning, finishing and dyeing mills. They were currently turning out 200 kilometers of gray goods daily. By the end of 1959, their plan called on them to turn out no less than 400 kilometers daily of finished and dyed textiles, thus supplying the whole of Siberia's need for cheap cotton goods. And they were responsible for an investment that would eventually reach 715,000,000 rubles, or very nearly $100,000,000 even at the realistic but unofficial rate of exchange.

In sum, these men were in charge of what must surely be the largest single new enterprise of the Soviet textile industry. Beyond doubt they were chosen for their jobs because they were regarded as the best men that could be found in the textile industry. Yet in human quality and intellectual capacity they were visibly inferior to all the men I met in executive positions in heavy industrial enterprises, including very much smaller enterprises like the North Mine of the Kemerovo Coal Trust, with whose youthful executive staff I spent a long, rewarding day. And this difference was natural.

The Soviet leaders have persistently channeled a double lion's share of available investment funds into heavy and military industry. Hence all the ablest and most ambitious new recruits have either chosen to go into the heavy industries or been ordered into them. Such orders can hardly have been needed very often either. For what sane man planning an industrial career would fix his ambition on the directorship of a factory still creaking along with machinery dating from the nineteenth century? And in the Soviet textile industry there are still such factories.

There are such factories in the textile industry, and indeed in all of the consumer industries, because of the working of the iron Soviet rule of state investment. When investments are being made, the strength of the state is always considered first, the welfare of the people last. Today, to be sure, the Soviet national income stands at the level of $130,000,000,000 a year, and therefore the working of iron rule is by no means as harsh as in the past. Some investment in consumer comfort and welfare is at last being made. The Barnaul textile plant, with its serried rows of thousands of brand-new Soviet-made looms, was proof enough of that. But between a career in consumer industry and a career in heavy industry, there is still the same sad difference that also exists between a career in the Quartermaster Corps and a career as a line or general-staff officer. Those men of the Barnaul textile-plant staff were like those unhappy major generals in charge of biscuit supply—happy with their rank, to be sure, but depressingly conscious of their basic inferiority to mere colonels and majors in the military branches that attract the brightest and best.

I should add that even in heavy industry—but not, I suspect, in military and atomic industry—a successful Soviet executive must usually accept some things that would give his American counterpart the creeps. His office will be shabby and gloomily Victorian. His factory, too, unless just built, is likely to be badly laid out and inconveniently dark. The principles of modern factory design are only beginning to be understood in Russia. And in view of the acute construction shortage, replacement of existing and still usable buildings is all but impossible. Then a Soviet executive will almost certainly employ unskilled labor to an extent surprising to Americans, for such jobs as pushing things around. But in Russia this kind of labor is still cheaper than the machines to replace it. And finally, if his enterprise is old established, the Soviet executive must also expect to have to work with a certain proportion of machinery that an American executive would probably replace.

In Vasiliev's ball-bearing plant, at the beginning of my journey I saw American Acme-Gridley lathes bought in the factory's Moscow period in the mid-1930's. In Kominov's coke-chemical plant, at my journey's end, there were German gas-exhausting and coke-pushing machines purchased a year or two before Vasiliev's lathes. But both plants had far greater quantities of new machinery, most of it Soviet-made and some of it very advanced indeed. Kominov's plant had been thoroughly re-equipped in 1946. This year Vasiliev is installing a completely automated ball-bearing production line, similar to the automated line which so much impressed the American automation engineers who visited the Soviet Union last year. In both plants, too, the remaining old machinery had been extensively rebuilt and modernized. Vasiliev's American lathes, for instance, had been hand-fed originally, but they were now equipped with automatic feeders and inserters of Vasiliev's own design which greatly increased the unit output.

The truth is that the side-by-side operation of old machines and new, so often mentioned in discussions of Soviet industry, is really very normal. It is characteristic of any industry anywhere, whenever production is constantly expanding and

"First, I spaded the ground, turning under the compost. Then I added nitrogen fertilizer and raked a smooth seedbed. Then I carefully planted them one foot apart and one and a half inches deep, and that's the last I ever saw of the darned things!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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demand is all but unlimited. In these circumstances, any machine that can turn out the article in demand in reasonable quantities is still a useful machine. One has only to think how many American factories had to make do with old machines during the war, in order to see the truth of this. Furthermore, these Soviet industrialists were the opposite of complacent about their older machinery. Kominov almost angrily described his factory as "very old, really very old; we have much better coke-chemical plants in the Soviet Union today." Yet he was producing nearly twice as much coke as the plant had produced in 1940, although he was now being forced to use coals of poorer coking quality.

When the Soviet leaders decide to launch a really big new industrial development, moreover, the results can really approach the spectacular. I think, particularly, of my visit to the Sokolov-Sarbaiski Mining Combine.

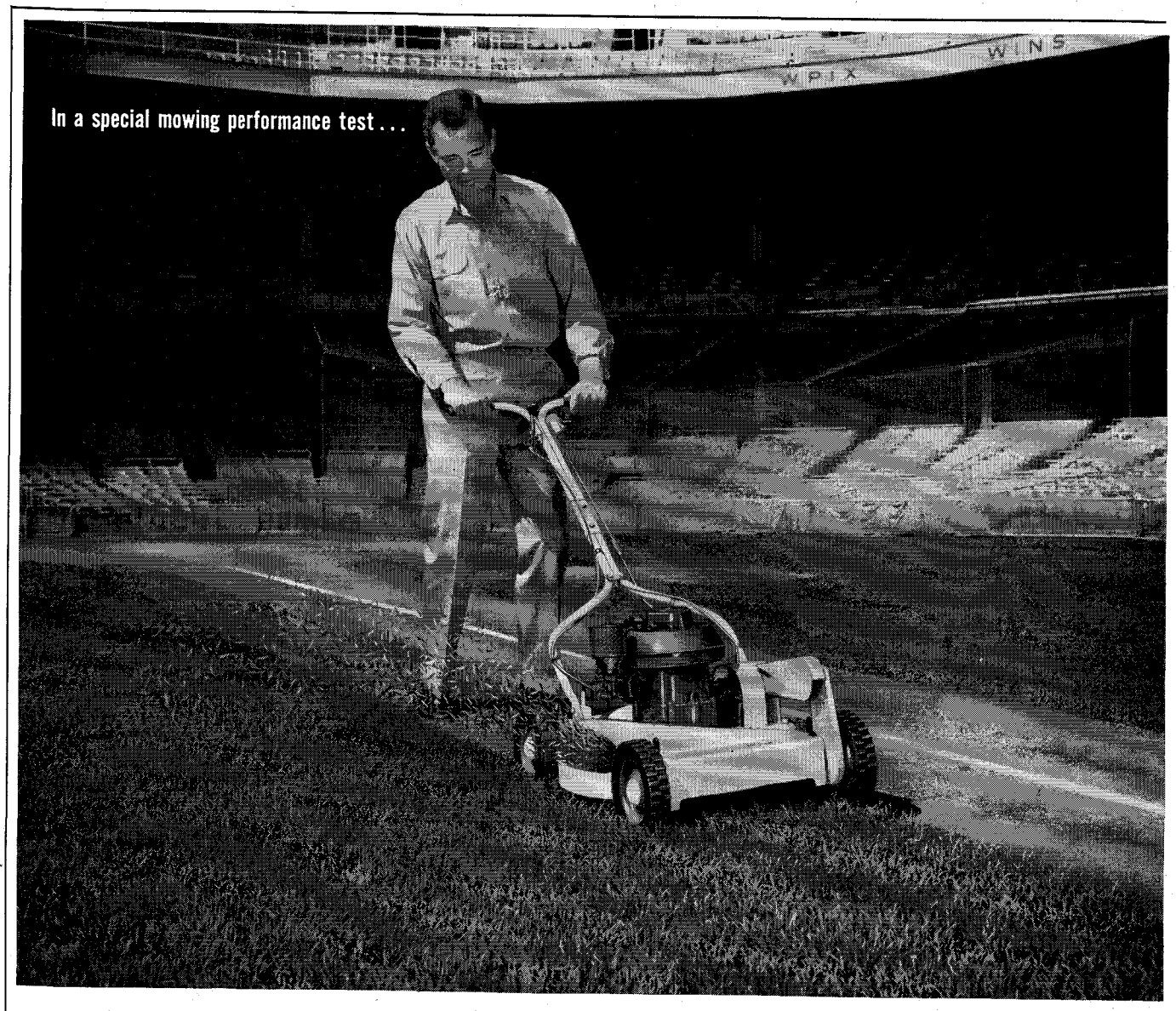
Here, in the wild Siberia steppe only six years ago, a pilot lost his bearings because his compass temporarily went mad. The Soviet geological survey investigated, and promptly discovered that the compass had been affected by two vast and previously unsuspected bodies of magnetic iron ore, the larger at Sarbai amounting to over a billion tons. I shall not try to trace the steps by which the Moscow authorities took the expensive decision to exploit these two great ore bodies. Nor shall I try to describe in detail the complex process of preparing "the plan." From the managerial standpoint, the story only began when Nikolai Fadyevich Sandrigailo was called to Moscow from his directorship of the Ural Ore Trust. He was informed that he had been appointed director of the new Sokolov-Sarbaiski Combine. And he was therefore presented with the sacred plan for his new combine, in thirty-four stout volumes with half a truckload of maps, charts and other annexes.

That was only in 1954, and the steppe was still virgin. Yet by now the plan is about 50 per cent realized. Half a city has been built to house the influx of workers. Long rail links have been laid out across the steppe, to connect the new mines with their customers. A huge ore-enriching plant, capable of bringing the iron content of Sokolov-Sarbaiski's 48 per cent ore up to 59 per cent, has already been half completed and will enter production in six months. An astonishing pit, nearly two miles long, about half a mile wide and about 150 feet deep, has been dug in the steppe to uncover the Sokolov ore body. Actual ore production has begun at the Sokolov pit, and meanwhile the Sarbai pit is just being opened.

For all these tasks, fleets of twenty-five-ton trucks, scores of ponderous earth-moving machines—including fourteen-cubic-meter excavators, with seventy-meter-long excavating arms—more than 100 narrow-gauge electric locomotives, a train-borne temporary electric-power plant and uncounted pieces of other heavy equipment, all Soviet made, have been brought to the scene. Schools, stores, a hospital, a VIP guesthouse, a "palace of culture and rest"—which mainly means a movie house and dance hall—have all been built. A permanent power plant, a big reservoir and an immense complex of permanent garages and machine shops are well on the way to completion.

There is much to do still—the astronomical total of 130,000,000 cubic meters of top cover must be removed from the ore bodies before full production is achieved. But by the end of his planning period, in 1960, director Sandrigailo is confident that he will reach his target of an annual output of 12,000,000 tons of enriched ore—or enough to increase the already considerable iron ore output of the whole Soviet Union by a whacking 20 per cent. I should be inclined to bet on Sandrigailo's success, too, for this quiet-spoken, highly intelligent and singularly determined man has made a habit of success. If he does succeed, he will have approximately paralleled the most dramatic recent feat of American industrial development. The Sokolov-Sarbaiski project in fact closely resembles the almost imperial iron-mining project in Labrador initiated by Secretary of the Treasury George Humphrey when he was head of M. A. Hanna Co.

Sandrigailo was pre-eminent. Yet all the Soviet executives I met, except those rather depressed men at the Barnaul textile plant, had just the kind of drive and vigor and enthusiasm for their jobs and interest in new production frontiers that you would expect to find in American industrial executives of good quality. By the same token, they share a good many of the preoccupations of their American counterparts. For one thing, Soviet industrialists are passionately concerned about labor productivity. Their workers, it must be emphatically noted, are far from being the clumsy and untaught mass of ex-peasants that the West pictures. A heavy stick and a large carrot have been used. Wages for unskilled labor are almost below the survival level, while skilled labor does pretty well by Soviet standards. And with these inducements, plus the same enormous apparatus of technical training that has formed the new executive class, the Soviets have also formed a wholly new and surprisingly highly skilled industrial proletariat. When you talk with



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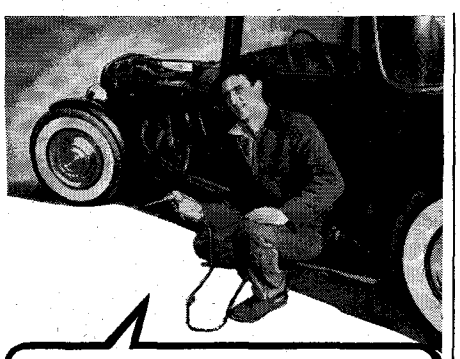

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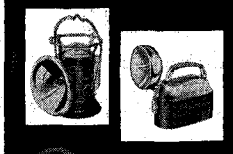

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them—and I talked with scores of these Soviet workingmen—their first subject is always *"moya professia"*—"my specialty"—of which they are always proud. They have some reason to be proud too. Only about one third of the enormous postwar increase in Soviet industrial output has been achieved by new investment. The rest has been achieved by increases of labor productivity.

All the same, the industrial managers want these increases in labor productivity to continue. They are so preoccupied with the problem that it always crops up, even if you do not bring it up. For example, Kavasevich, of the Kuzbas Coal Combine, boasted that monthly coal output per man engaged in mining had risen from thirty-eight to fifty tons in the last ten years. He said with equal pride that in the last five years alone the price of his coal per ton had been reduced from fifty-nine rubles to fifty rubles. (This compares fairly well, by the way, with the American price at the mine.) He attributed about half his gain to extensive mechanization, with such American-style equipment as combine-cutting machines. But the other half he attributed to his labor's better use of the machines available. And he said he expects labor productivity to go up by another 20 per cent by 1960.

Then, too, the Soviet payroll meeters have an almost American preoccupation with profits. There is no space here to struggle with the mysterious Soviet formula for calculating industrial profits—it includes cost of production, type of product and the degree of "overfulfillment of norm." The point is that all Soviet enterprises are expected to and need to make profits.

The profits of the consumer industries in fact provide about half of the capital funds for the state's immense investments in heavy and military industries. But even in the heavy industries profits are still vital. Profits provide the "directors' funds." These are very dear to plant directors because they are the only funds freely available for any development or replacement that the plant director personally considers needful. And profits above all provide the very big bonuses that are paid to any plant that has "overfulfilled." These are very dear to everyone, because the skilled workers and the plant executives share out the bonuses on something like a fifty-fifty basis. Altogether, Soviet industry has its profit motive, although the profits are different in character from ours.

In contrast, however, there are some highly important preoccupations of American industrialists which the Soviet payroll meeters do not share. They do not worry about financing—except for financing short-term transactions, for which they go to the state bank. All large capital investments are passed on by the state and the funds come from the state. Again, Soviet payroll meeters do not worry about sales or advertising. Sales are handled by all-union supply organizations in each industry, and advertising is virtually nonexistent.

Then again Soviet payroll meeters do not have to worry about labor relations. They generally provide and control the housing and schools for their workers, and they always provide and control their workers' social, health and recreation facilities. But the party has the task of "mobilizing the working masses." It is the party which plans every aspect of the workers' lives, in order to encourage them to work as hard as possible, to play as little as possible, and, above all, to think as few dangerous thoughts as possible. And it is the party which invented the thoughtful arrangement by which each enterprise's "union leader" is in effect a member of the executive staff of the enterprise's boss.

Some American payroll meeters who hanker for the old days and ways of the company towns will perhaps envy their Soviet competitors' wonderful freedom from worry about labor relations. But there is one other thing that the Soviet payroll meeters do not have to worry about, which will both astonish and shock American executives. In brief, they do not have to worry about planning any expansion of their own enterprises which cannot be financed out of current profits. Perhaps the most peculiar feature of the whole Soviet industrial system is the welter of "state project institutes" which have entire responsibility for detailed planning of all major new capital investments. Enterprise directors may propose such investments and are consulted about such investments. But the appropriate project institute draws up the sacred plan. In the case of the Sokolov-Sarbaiski Combinat, for instance, the plan in thirty-four volumes was prepared by the *Lengyproruda*, which is Soviet official gobbledygook for the Leningrad State Institute for Ore Projects, with contributions from more than a dozen other state project institutes for factory design, for power-plant construction, for city planning, and so on. The system is not so unpractical as you might think; for every project institute is chiefly staffed by the best men with practical experience in that particular field. And it is a necessary system in a planned economy. Investment planning must be centralized and standardized in the Soviet Union or the great Gosplan, the all-powerful state planning commission, would hardly know whether it was on its head or its heels.

Considered overall, then, the responsibilities of a Soviet payroll meeter are decidedly more restricted than those of his American competitor. Those who have more industrial background than I do will be able to judge whether or not this is fortunate. At any rate, with more restricted responsibilities the Soviet payroll meeter also has more restricted experience. Our American engineers and technicians are now bitterly complaining that the top jobs are not often open to them, going more frequently to men with experience on the financial or legal or sales or even advertising sides of the big companies. In the Soviet Union, on the other hand, top jobs are open only to men who "come up on the technical side," as Kominov put it.

Soviet payroll meeters do not need other kinds of experience, because the business of a Soviet businessman is simply to produce more and more, with less and less labor at less and less and less cost.

If he does well, he is richly rewarded, with a car, a comfortable apartment or even a house, an ample expense account, de luxe paid vacations and an extremely substantial, almost-untaxed income. And you can see how many of the Soviet payroll meeters must have done pretty well, merely by glancing at the American Government's official estimates of the postwar rise in Soviet industrial production.

This is the first of two articles by Joseph Alsop. In his concluding article, in a coming issue, he reports on four new dilemmas facing the changing Soviet.—The Editors.

NEXT WEEK

BEWARE THOSE PHONY STOCK SALESMEN!

How Fast-talking Con Men Sell Fraudulent Securities

THE ACTOR IN ME

Kirk Douglas Tells His Own Story

THEY RESCUE THE MAIL

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BARGAIN BONANZA

Swappers' Paradise in Canton, Texas

IN COLOR:

CRUISING THE COOL COAST

A Windjammer Vacation in Maine

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Is Lollar Better Than Berra?

(Continued from Page 36)

Sherm is better defensively. He helps us pitchers on every pitch, in every game."

Chuck Comiskey, co-owner and vice president of the White Sox, is another who believes that Lollar is a better receiver than Berra. "You have to rate Berra first for all-around ability because of his power," Comiskey says, "but on defense you would have to take Lollar. For catching ability I would rank Lollar first, Jim Hegan, of Cleveland, second, and Berra third."

Al Lopez, manager of the White Sox, had a catching career somewhat like Lollar's. Although Al would never make this complaint himself, it is a fact that, back in the '30's, when Lopez was rated as a fine receiver and handler of pitchers in the National League, the headlines went to two colorful catchers who could hit the long ball consistently—Gabby Hartnett and Ernie Lombardi.

Discussing the essence of a catcher's relationship with the pitcher, Lopez says, "A pitcher, to be successful, must concentrate on getting the ball where he wants it on every pitch. A catcher like Lollar takes a great burden off a pitcher by calling for the correct pitches. Our pitchers have great confidence in Lollar. They realize that he will call for their best stuff, and that he knows the strength and weakness of every hitter in the league. The pitchers seldom question him more than three or four times in a game."

Ray Berres, the White Sox' unsung but invaluable bullpen coach, was a National League catcher for eleven years. He says, "Sherm is not the type of receiver who bounces around and loses a lot of strikes by causing the pitchers to miss their target. He has good hands and doesn't drop many balls. He's especially good on pop flies."

Berres prepares the Sox pitcher for a game, and then turns him over to Lollar, in full confidence that Sherm will get the maximum out of him. "For example," Berres explains, "a fast-ball pitcher might be extremely fast for a given game, but he's fast and he's straight. Sherm has the knack of quickly recognizing that a pitch isn't doing anything. There are some catchers who won't recognize it until the hitters have hurt the pitcher. And if a pitcher starts slipping out of his groove or perhaps unknowingly changes his motion slightly and loses the strike zone, Sherm is quick to bring him back."

One of the greatest Lollar boosters is Ray Schalk, the old White Sox catcher, who is a member of the Baseball Hall of Fame. Schalk, currently coaching baseball at Purdue, declares, "Lollar does everything well that you can do back there. And when you talk about his batting average, don't forget that he is playing in a ball park that was built by a real baseball man, the first Charles Comiskey. You don't think Berra or Campanella or any of those guys would have hit three hundred very often playing in Comiskey Park, do you? I sure don't."

This last point—the size of Comiskey Park's playing field—often is raised by Lollar's advocates. They argue that Berra has a decided advantage in playing seventy-seven games in Yankee Stadium, a park tailored for left-handed pull hitters like Yogi, while Lollar, who swings from the right side, plays half the schedule in a vast enclosure that is a pitchers' paradise.

Ask Sherman about this, and he says, "It might make some difference, but I wouldn't be as good a hitter as Yogi if I were hitting in a phone booth."

To take another point of comparison, Lollar is a work horse. He caught in 132 games last season and in 136 during 1955. Only one American League catcher saw more action over those two years—Berra, as you might have guessed.

The grind of catching day in and day out seems to take away some of Lollar's power at the plate as the season wears on. At the start of last July he was hitting .312. By the end of the month his average had dropped to .287. His six-foot frame, which packs as much as 200 pounds at the beginning of a season, looked gaunt. For the rest of the year he just about held his own with the bat.

Whenever two White Sox fans gathered to talk baseball, one of them was sure to say something like, "If the Sox could just come up with a good second-string catcher, so Lollar could get a little rest, he'd probably hit three-twenty."

This year the club is hopeful that it has the good second catcher in twenty-two-year-old Earl Battey. In any event, this community solicitude for Lollar is an indication of how far Sherman has come in the last few years. Not so long ago, White Sox fans were bitterly expressing the hope that the club would get a catcher—any catcher—so Lollar could be banished from Comiskey Park forever.

That was in 1952, Sherman's first year in Chicago. The Sox obtained him in a deal with the St. Louis Browns, who are defunct now, and were defunct then, but didn't know it. Although Lollar had hit only .252 for the Browns, in 1951 the White Sox brass must have convinced themselves that he would revert to his 1950 performance, when he batted .280 and made the All-Star team for the first time.

"Nineteen fifty-two was a nightmare, the worst year I've had in baseball," Sherman says. "My wife had become ill after the birth of our first son, and that was on my mind. Then I got off to a bad start when the season opened, and nothing seemed to go right. It went on like that for five and a half months."

Lollar's throws toward second base skipped into center field. Pop flies dropped in front of him. He became entangled in ludicrous situations on the baselines. He struck out with runners on base. He hit scorching grounders that were turned into double plays. His batting average for the season was .240.

The fans discovered that Lollar was painfully slow afoot, and that he seemed to generate very little enthusiasm behind the plate. They called for ancient Phil Masi to take over. There were demands that the Sox ask for waivers on that "big, dumb, lazy hillbilly character of a Lollar."

Today Lollar is just as big and just as slow, maybe even bigger and slower, but the Comiskey Park clientele no longer thinks of him as being a dumb, lazy hillbilly. If the Sox tried to trade him now, there might be a fans' uprising. However, although the paying customers are aware that they have seen the transformation of Sherman Lollar as a ballplayer, they still know almost nothing about the man.

Where Berra is distinctive looking, to put it mildly, the brown-haired Lollar is a sad-faced, sad-eyed individual. In most of his pictures he looks as though someone had just stolen his favorite catcher's mitt. In his "smiling" pictures, the smile seems forced. Squinting through a mask on hundreds of baseball days and nights has cut a network of lines around his eyes. He usually looks tired.

Berra is celebrated for malapropisms. Lollar is seldom quoted. An unobtrusive workman, he is obscured on his own club by crowd-pleasers such as Nellie Fox, Minnie Minoso, Jim Rivera and Luis Aparicio.

The White Sox catcher has been described as "one of those guys who say hello in the spring and good-by in the fall." Obviously nobody is that quiet or uncomplicated. John Sherman Lollar—to give his full name—is not a baseball recluse. It doesn't take long to discover that he is intelligent. His teammates elected him their player representative after Ferris Fain was traded late in 1954. In this capacity Sherman has represented the Sox in player negotiations with the club owners on such matters as the baseball pension plan.

Lollar can take care of himself in locker-room repartee, and he is an accomplished bench jockey. Joe Heinsen, a forty-year-old Chicago printing-firm executive who is the Sox' volunteer batting-practice catcher, is an admirer of the Lollar sense of humor. "Sherm can tell a story as well as any ballplayer I've ever heard," says Heinsen, who has a collection of more than 300,000 baseball stories.

Ed Froelich, White Sox trainer, enjoys recalling a Lollar story of a few seasons ago. "Sandy Consuegra was pitching against the Yankees," Froelich says, "and along about the seventh inning the Yanks had the bases loaded with none out, and three lefthanded hitters named Mantle, Berra and Mize coming up. Lollar called time and trotted to the mound. Chico Carrasquel came running in from short to interpret, because Consuegra only spoke about twelve words of English. Just then the plate umpire—I think it was Bill McGowan—ran out to say, 'Only one man is allowed to talk to the pitcher.' Sherm turned around wearing that crooked grin of his, flipped the ball to the umpire, and said, 'O.K., Mac, tell him what *you* want him to do.'"

Lollar enlivens a conversation by using folksy anecdotes to make a point. Discussing Paul Richards, the Baltimore manager who piloted the White Sox during three of Lollar's years with the club, the catcher said in a soft Arkansas drawl, "Paul reminded me of this old fellow back home who told a friend, 'I got me twelve cats and I got me twelve holes cut in the side of the house.' The friend told him that he didn't need twelve holes, that one would be enough. But the old fellow said, 'Look! When I say scat, I mean scat!' That's how Richards was. He didn't waste a lot of words, but when he said something, that was it."

Outside baseball, "Sherm's family is his hobby," according to Ron Northey, the thirty-seven-year-old pinchhitting specialist, who is one of Lollar's closest companions on the ball club. Northey says, "He's a very fine golfer—shoots in the low eighties—but he would rather be home with his family, maybe broiling a steak in the back yard."

The Lollars always rent a house in the Chicago suburbs during the baseball season to give roaming room to their sons—John Sherman (Pete) Lollar III, six, and Kevin Patrick, four. Their permanent home is a three-bedroom ranch-type house in Springfield, Missouri.

Connie Lollar, a slender brunette who met Sherman during the part season he spent with Cleveland in 1946, says her husband is not the fretful type who plays the game over at home. "Sherman leaves baseball at the park," Connie says, "and comes home to what I like to think is a normal way of life. Baseball is rarely discussed in our house."

Everyone who knows Lollar seems to use the word "easygoing" in describing him. But he can become a very angry man indeed when he believes an umpire has blown a decision at home plate. He is

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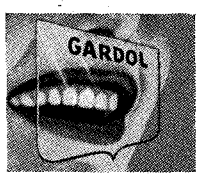
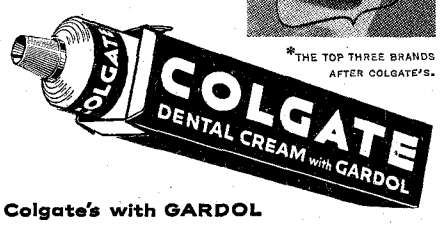


*THE TOP THREE BRANDS AFTER COLGATE'S.



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ejected an average of about once per season.

On the whole, however, he is proof that it is not necessary for a man to blow his top every five minutes just because competitive fires are burning within him. When the White Sox were jumping off to an early front-running start this season, Lollar was getting few hits—but making them count. During the first thirteen games, for example—of which the Sox won eleven—he contributed fourteen RBI's on only nine hits. Four of them were homers and two were doubles.

Rivals have learned to respect Sherman as a clutch performer. Jack Tighe, the new man in charge of the Detroit Tigers, puts it graphically, "Lollar throws well enough, he's a good handler of pitchers and he's a hitter who hurts you when the hurting period is there."

There was another "hurting period" in the life of Sherman Lollar. It began on a day in May of 1933, when John Sherman Lollar, Sr., a former semipro baseball player, entered City Hospital in Fayetteville, Arkansas, to have a carbuncle removed from his neck. He died there. Sherm was then eight years old.

Sherman's dad and his mother, the former Ruby Springfield, had been operating a grocery store in Fayetteville, site of the state university. They had moved there from the smaller Arkansas town of Durham when Sherm was three.

If Ruby Lollar, who still lives in Fayetteville, had been around to hear the fans at Comiskey Park call her son "lazy" during his unhappy 1952 season, she probably would have told them a thing or two. When the senior Lollar died, Sherman was the oldest of three children. There were two girls—Bonnie, four, and Pat, two. A fourth baby, Jerry, was born three months after the father's death.

Mrs. Lollar sold the store and retreated with her brood to her home town, Guin, Alabama, but returned to Fayetteville within a year. As the widow of a World War I veteran she qualified for a Veterans' Administration job, working in a nurses' home. And she learned to lean on the nine-year-old man of the family.

Looking back to those difficult days, Ruby Lollar says, "Little Sherman tried every way he could to help me. He took a large share of the responsibility of looking after the younger children. He was both big brother and father. Our being left alone so soon created a sense of oneness in all of us that remains even now."

Sherman's sisters, Mrs. Bonnie Hawkins and Mrs. Pat Selle, both reside in Fayetteville. His brother, Jerry, is an Army sergeant stationed at Fort Sill, Oklahoma.

Before he was twelve Sherman had made his first connection with a professional-baseball team. In 1936 he became bat boy for the Fayetteville Bears in the Class D Arkansas-Missouri League. Fred Hawn, the team's catcher and manager, who now operates out of Fayetteville as a scout for the St. Louis Cardinals, remembers, "Sherman would warm up the pitchers between innings and do a good job. The crowds would get a big kick out of seeing this frail, skinny kid catch and throw to second base."

Sherman spent three seasons as bat boy. Then there were three years of American Legion ball before he graduated from Fayetteville High School in 1941 at the age of sixteen. He was too light to play high-school football, but he made the basketball squad one year. The school had no baseball team.

Soon after his graduation Sherman left for Pittsburg, Kansas, about 130 miles away. There was a stock-boy job waiting for him in the J. C. Penney store, a job that paid twelve dollars a week. There also was a chance to catch for the Junior Chamber of Commerce-sponsored team in the Ban Johnson League. During his two years in Pittsburg, Sherm worked his way up to floor clerk at eighteen dollars a week, and found time to attend classes at the State Teachers' College. But when he learned that there was to be no Ban Johnson League in 1943, Lollar moved on to Baxter Springs, a mining town in the southeastern end of Kansas. He had been summoned by Barney Barnett, a foreman in an Eagle-Picher lead and zinc mine and the manager of the Baxter Springs Miners, a semipro team.

On Sundays, Sherm was the regular catcher for the Miners. During the week he worked below ground in the Crystal Central mine. "I wasn't a mule skinner exactly," he drawls. "I was sort of assistant to a mule skinner. When the cars reached the shaft where they were to be lifted out, we had to have one guy to unhook the power—the mule was the power—and another guy to brake the cars. I was the brakeman."

A few years later another future bigleaguer was to play with the Miners—a kid named Mickey Mantle. As for young Sherman Lollar, he vaulted directly into Triple A ball his first summer. Lollar got there on the recommendation of a Baxter Springs teammate, pitcher Stan West, who was under contract to Baltimore, of the International League, but unable to report because he had been deferred from service to work in the mine. West was so impressed with his eighteen-year-old battery mate that he telephoned the Baltimore manager, Alphonse (Tommy) Thomas. Desperate for players in that war year, Thomas signed Lollar in August of 1943. Sherman's salary was $200 a month. It was stipulated that he would receive 10 per cent of the purchase price if bought by a major-league team.

Draft exempt because of a cyst on his throat, Lollar remained with Baltimore throughout the war. In 1945 he tore the International League apart with his bat. He led in batting average with .364, drove in 111 runs and hit 34 homers. Thomas could have sold the kid for plenty of money in the open market, but under a working agreement with Cleveland, Tommy had to dispatch his prize catcher to the Indians for $10,000. Sherman received $1000 as his share, and was given an unspecified additional cash bonus by the club.

Men who have watched Lollar's rise consider him a "self-made" catcher. Tommy Thomas, who is scouting now for the Boston Red Sox, says candidly, "I had nothing to do with the development of Lollar. He had no coaching whatsoever, and I suppose he became a good catcher because he took part in so many games. He deserves all the success he has achieved, and it's all due to his own efforts."

With Cleveland in 1946 Lollar became third-string catcher behind Frank Hayes and Jim Hegan. After six weeks of inactivity he startled Manager Lou Boudreau by asking to be returned to Baltimore. Lollar explains that request this way: "I've seen some young guys who were satisfied to sit around with a major-league ball club, but not many of them ever became major-league ballplayers." Sherm eventually was sent back to Baltimore.

The following winter he was traded to the Yankees. When Lollar arrived in the Yankee camp in the spring of 1947 he must have wondered why they had bothered to deal for him. Catchers on the premises included the incumbent regular, Aaron Robinson, who had hit .297 the previous season, and Gus Niarhos, Charlie Silvera, Ken Silvestri and Ralph Houk. There was also a twenty-one-year-old long-ball hitter who was being tried both as a catcher and as an outfielder, but didn't seem very adept at either. His name was Berra.

It was then that Yogi shouldered Lollar into the background for the first time. Berra and Houk remained with the Yankees as Robinson's understudies. Sherman was sent down to Newark, being brought back near the end of the season when the Yankees thought his bat might be needed in the World Series.

In 1948 Sherman remained with New York, but played in only twenty-two games. His right hand got ripped open before the season started by a foul tip off the bat of the Braves' Bob Elliott in an exhibition game. Berra, still a convertible catcher-outfielder, played in 125 games. Yogi's .305 batting average that year didn't merely submerge Lollar; it washed him right out of the Yankee organization. Sherm was one of the incidentals that the Yanks sent along in an ill-starred deal for pitcher Fred Sanford, of the St. Louis Browns. Lollar spent three years with the Browns before he was traded to the White Sox.

Today Sherman credits two former White Sox managers, Paul Richards and Marty Marion, with helping him rise from mediocrity. Richards made him a better receiver and a better ballplayer, he explains, while Marion bolstered his confidence.

"When I was having that terrible year in 1952," Lollar says, "Richards called me into his office late in the season. He told me that my natural style of catching lacked appeal, that I would have to be more of a holler guy. Paul said he understood my problem because he had been the same kind of catcher that I was. I feel that I've always hustled in baseball, but until Paul talked to me I probably had a misconception of what 'hustle' meant. I hustled to first base on a batted ball, and I hustled when the ball was around me. Richards made me see that something more was expected.

"Paul told me to show a little more animation. He wanted me to be a little more agile in receiving, and to show more zip in returning the ball to the pitcher. He recommended that I run to and from the catcher's box between innings, instead of just strolling out there."

Lollar's peculiar catching style—he works with his left knee on the ground—was suggested by Richards, one of baseball's most original thinkers. Richards explained recently, "This moved him up—closer to the plate—and down—closer to the ground."

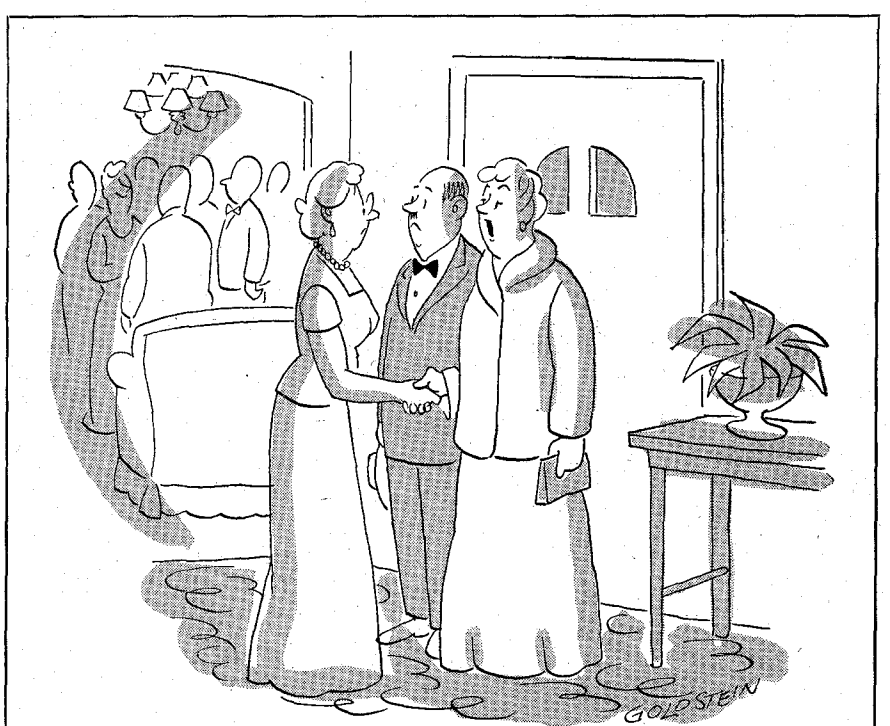
Asked if he considered Lollar superior to Berra in any department of play, the Baltimore manager replied, "As a handler of pitchers, I'd say yes. And that's no reflection on Berra. In the last year and a half I was with the White Sox, I'd sit in the dugout hoping a pitcher would throw a certain pitch, and ninety-nine times out of a hundred, Lollar would call the pitch I had in mind. Lessons in baseball are bred from necessity, and I think Lollar, through necessity, has learned more about helping pitchers, because his pitchers have needed more help than Berra's have."

Of Marty Marion, Lollar says, "I got a real good break when Marty took over the club late in '54 after Richards decided to take the Baltimore job. Paul had been platooning three of us that season—Matt Batts, Carl Sawatski and me. But when Marty became manager he told me that I would catch the rest of the ball games that season and all the ball games the next year. That winter we got Clint Courtney in a trade, and I figured Marty might change his plans for '55. But he stayed right with me, and I ended up having a good year."

Veteran Sox pitcher Bob Keegan agrees that Marion did a lot to build up Lollar's self-confidence, especially by the practice of describing Sherm as "a manager on the field." Today there can be no question about Sherman's belief in himself, and he has become the acknowledged leader of the team.

His pitchers believe in him. Southpaw Jack Harshman, who is Lollar's roommate on the road, says, "Sherm is a very intelligent catcher. I very rarely shake him off. It's very important to have a catcher who understands what you are trying to do out there on the mound." Dick Donovan, another of the Sox hurling stars, says, "I'd call Sherm the best catcher I've ever pitched to."

Whether or not his club ever succeeds in beating out the Yankees for the pennant, Sherman Lollar never will make American League followers forget Yogi Berra. But it's time that he emerged from Berra's shadow. There's room in the spotlight for them both. THE END



"I can't remember when I've had a better time, which gives you an idea of how seldom I get out."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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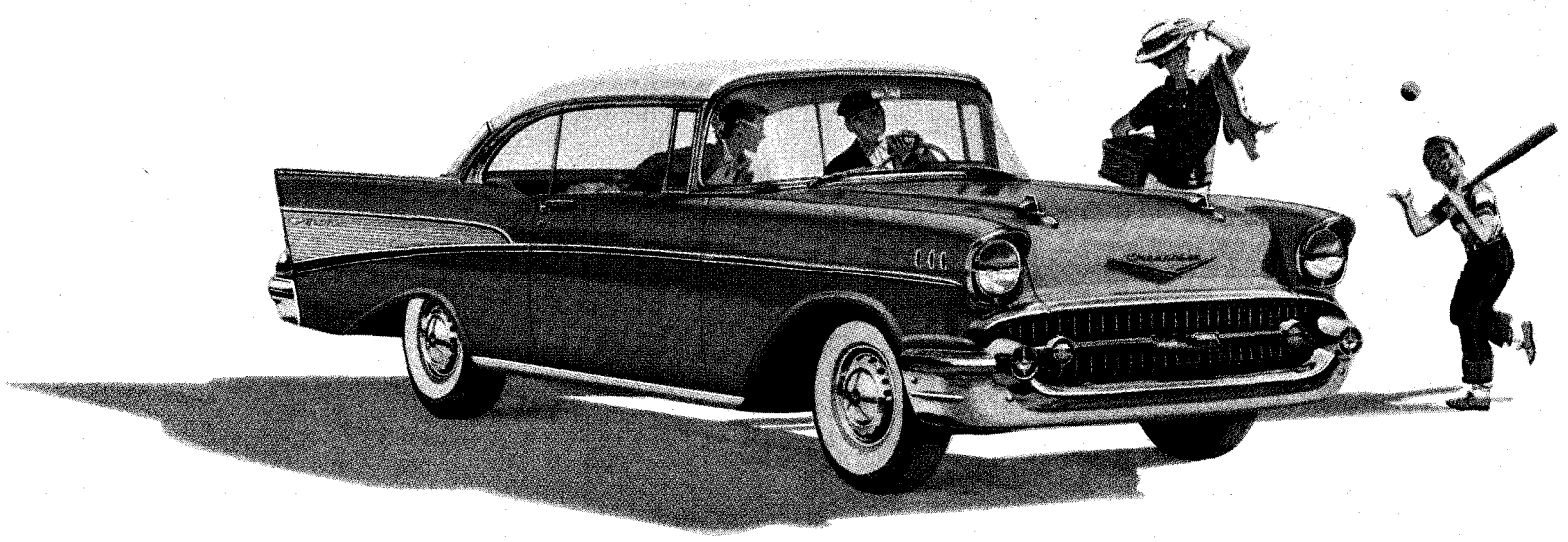

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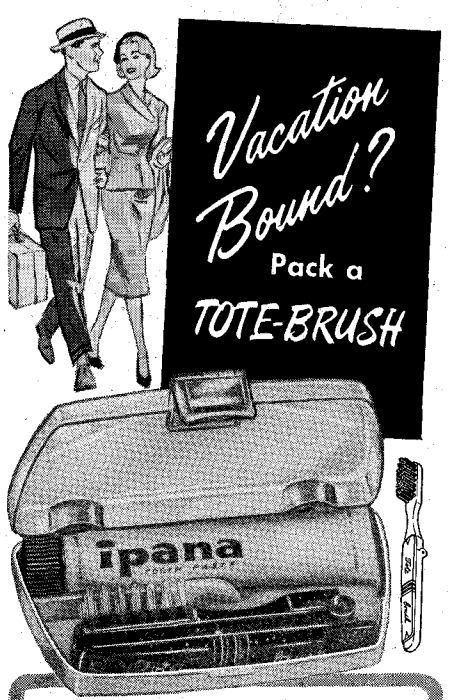

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The Artless Heiress

(Continued from Page 49)

This slender, chic, beautiful girl who stared back at her from the glass was not so much a delight as a problem. The habits of twenty-one years which had formed her were not to be erased by a dress in the mode, a dab of lipstick and a new coiffure.

She spent the evening alone in her apartment, putting on and taking off dresses and studying herself in the full-length mirror in the bathroom door. It was not vanity newly awakened. It was a sincere effort to get used to herself, to adjust herself. She studied herself and compared what she saw with those lovely models who had pirouetted about the patio, and she reached the conclusion that she was equipped to earn her living in the same way.

At last she compelled herself to get into bed and turn off the lights. Lying there in the darkness, she returned to the troublesome business of contemplating her identity. It was queer, but in that blackness she felt exactly like her old self. She remembered a saying of Miss Cordwainer's: "In the dark all cats are gray." The night concealed any alteration in herself; there was no newly wrought magic to affect her judgment, and she knew that, in spite of everything, she was still herself. *I'm Columbine,* she asserted. *I'm me. The real, essential me is myself—is what exists inside, not outside.*

She awakened early next morning, bathed, experimented with lipstick not too successfully, and went into her closet for a little gown which she had been told was suitable for morning wear. As she took it from its hanger she stumbled over the suitcase she had hidden there, and suddenly knew she should do something about it. She had felt safe in the knowledge that the porter on the car had gone on to Los Angeles and would be able to answer no questions, but there came to her a disturbing thought: The strange person who owned the contents of this bag would have her own case and contents. The question then was: would he find anything there that would identify her? She took mental inventory of the articles in the piece of aeroplane luggage. She could remember nothing that bore her name. But the articles, especially the dresses, would certainly betray their owner as the dowdy young woman who had been a passenger on the Century and had changed to The Golden State in Chicago. It would take no superior detective skill to trace so conspicuous a young lady to The Grove of Daphne. Whereupon, Columbine said to herself, quoting Kathy Nettleton, aged ten years, somebody had better take to the tall timber. And that somebody was herself.

She descended to the lobby and said good morning to Mr. Simpkins behind the desk. That young man goggled, snatched for his dignity and spoke severely.

"Madame," he said, "I must ask you whom you are and how you gained admission to this hotel!"

"And I," replied Columbine, "must require of you—if you are to meet and greet the arriving guests—to refrain from the disgusting use of the pronoun 'whom' as the subject of a sentence."

"Did you," he demanded, "sleep in this hotel last night?"

"Naturally," she replied, not comprehending that he failed to recognize her since her emergence from her chrysalis.

"The law," he said firmly, "requires that every guest shall register. Such unspeakable effrontery I never have encountered before. To sneak past me when my back was turned! I shall — I shall——" He bogged down because, having never confronted such a situation, he did not know what he would do about it.

"Am I to understand," Columbine asked, "that you do not recognize me?"

"I most certainly do not. I never rested eyes on you before."

Barbara Green came in from the patio and crossed the lounge. "Wake up, George," she said briskly. "Go wash your eyes with cold water. It would be a social error to toss Miss Drugget out."

"That," Columbine said, "I would not resent. There have been some alterations in my appearance, which excuses Mr. Simpkins' conduct. But there can be no excuse for being a wet smack of a nice Nelly. I quote Miss Evelyn Brewster, age ten. Only a person of a certain regrettable character would say, 'Whom are you?'"

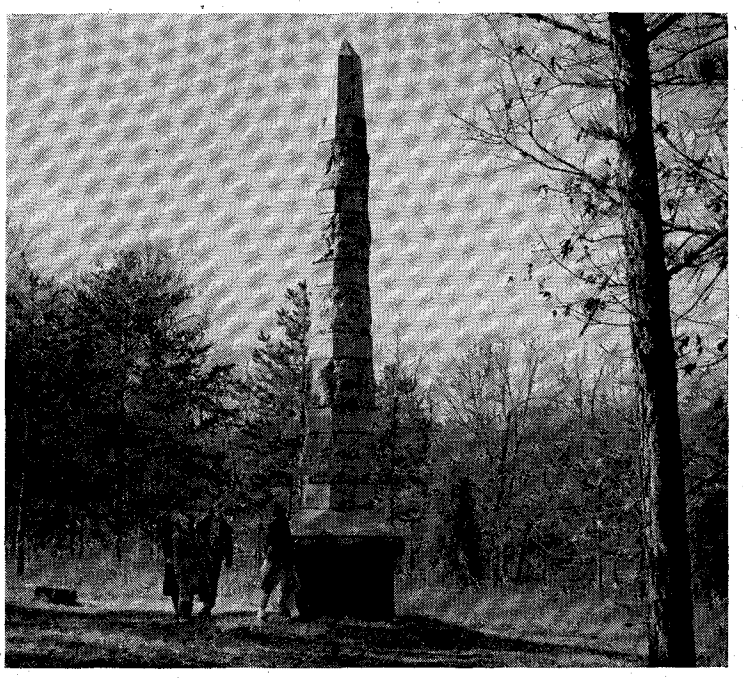
"George Simpkins," exclaimed Miss Green in a horrified voice, "did you do that?" She shook her head as if such a thing were unbelievable. "Let's go get some breakfast."

"Let us do so," Columbine agreed. "I wish to interview the chef."

"You'll find," Barbara Green said, "that his parts of speech are in disorder. As a matter of fact, as you get to meet the common people face to face, you'll be affronted by a great deal of meek and original syntax. You will encounter darn few pedantic pastry cooks or grammatical bus boys. Even among your guests there will be occasional lapses."

"So what?" demanded Columbine somewhat (*Continued on Page 106*)

So We Commemorate



THE GIANT WITH A SWORD

When Judge Anthony Winston, of Williamsburg, Virginia, adopted young Peter Francisco some two centuries ago, Peter was an overtall but scrawny orphan who could scarcely speak English. Little was known of his parentage, except that he was Portuguese. Peter thrived in the busy colonial center. His appetite was enormous. So, soon, was his size. At full manhood, he stood nearly seven feet tall and weighed 280 pounds.

During the Revolutionary War, when the Americans were looking for men, Peter was easily the biggest in sight. He enlisted in a Virginia regiment. Then came the question of arming him. A blacksmith answered it by forging the most awesome weapon in the army, a double-edged broadsword fully five feet long. With it, Peter, a man as quick as he was big, soon terrorized the redcoats.

Peter's greatest moment came when Cornwallis with his British regulars had virtually driven Greene's American Army out of the Carolinas. Rallying, Greene made a stand at Guilford Courthouse, in North Carolina near the Virginia line, in March of 1781. The 2200 redcoat veterans overwhelmed the first line of American militia and smashed into the second. Suddenly the second line stiffened. There stood Peter, swinging his broadsword with a vengeance.

When the fighting ceased, Cornwallis held the field and the Americans were partly dispersed. But the "victory" cost Cornwallis so dearly in casualties that a member of Parliament commented, "Another such victory would destroy the British Army." A quarter of the redcoats were down. Of ninety-three killed outright, Peter accounted for eleven with his broadsword before British bayonets badly wounded him.

Cornwallis withdrew his crippled army and virtually evacuated the Carolinas. His move ultimately left him trapped in Yorktown and ended the war.

A swordlike spire of granite at Guilford Courthouse now commemorates Peter, the former orphan waif, as "a giant in stature, might and courage . . . perhaps the most famous private soldier of the Revolutionary War."

R. Lansing Ferrell

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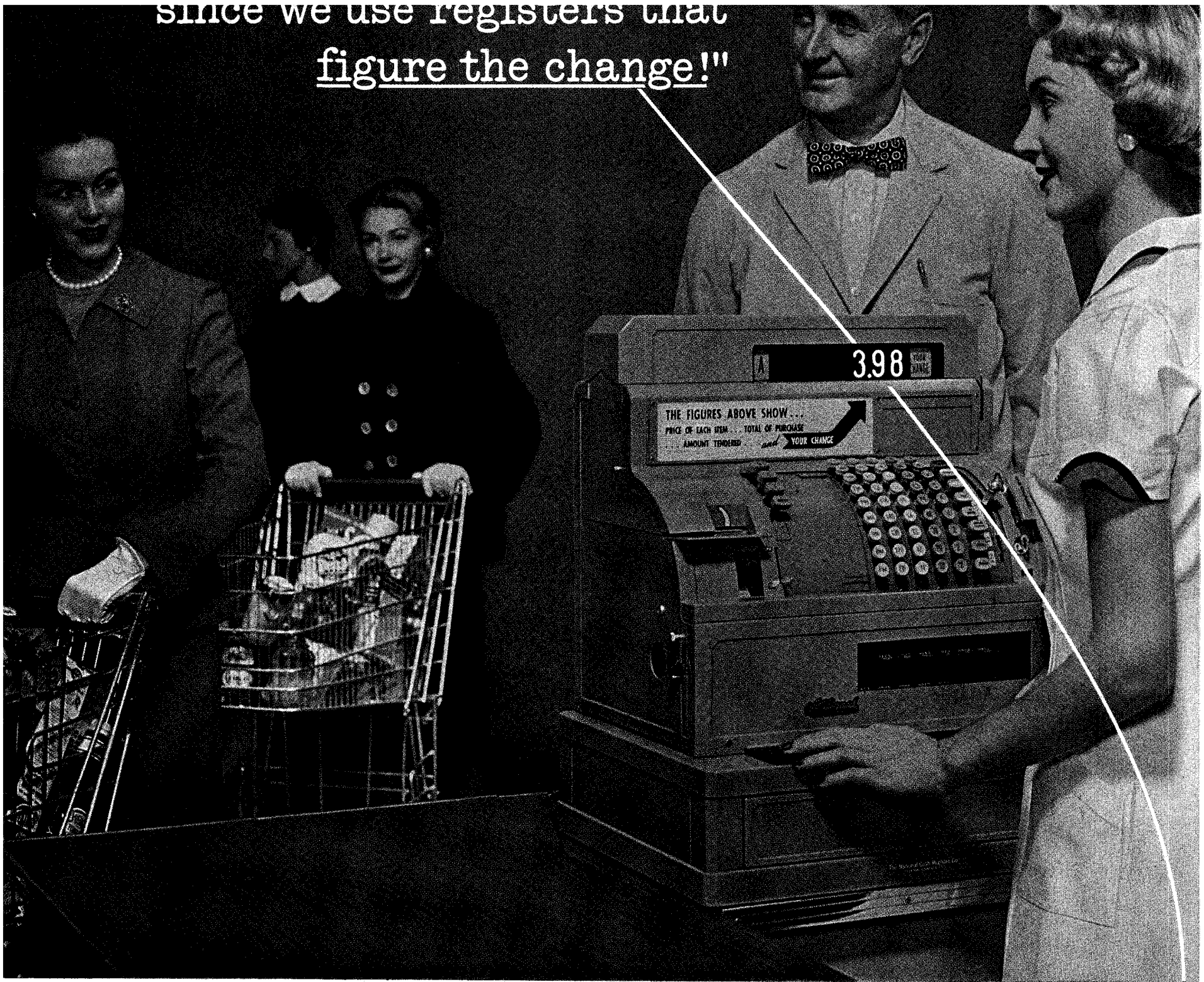
since we use registers that figure the change!"



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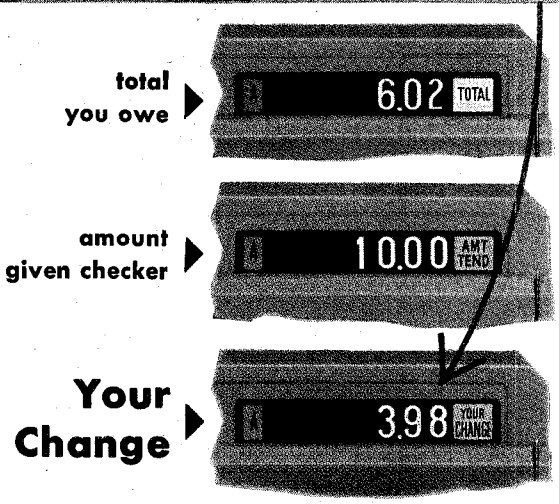

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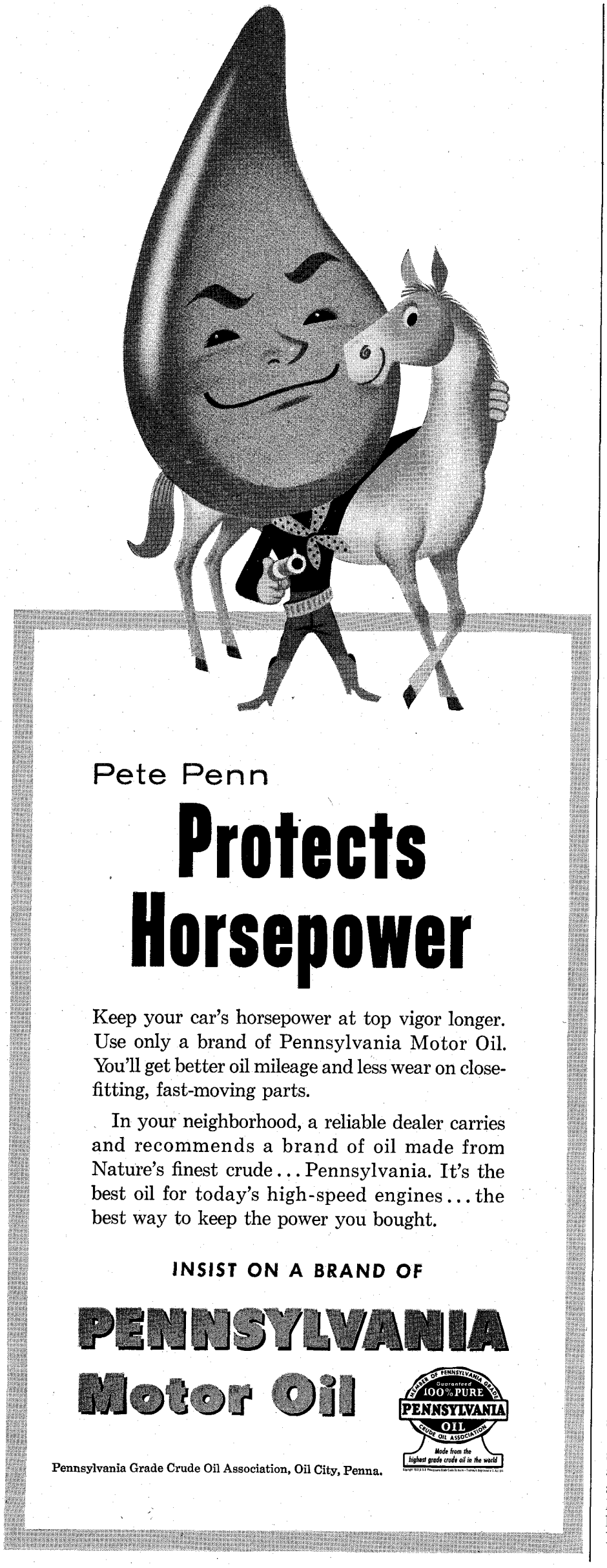
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(*Continued from Page 104*) to Barbara's discomfiture.

"So," snapped Barbara, "a new hairdo and a dress that fits aren't all the alterations you stand in need of."

"Perhaps," Columbine said stiffly, "you had best enlarge upon that."

"For example," Barbara said, "you don't make firm friends going around beefing about people's grammar. Lend a deaf ear to solecisms. Bear in mind that a man who says 'them there' may have a tenor voice that will admit him to the heavenly chorus. In short, the use of scholastic standards is a darn poor way to judge the human animal."

Columbine was not, to Barbara's surprise, resentful, but thoughtful. "You were right about my personal appearance," Columbine said. "Possibly you are equally correct about my standard of values. I acquired them in what I now perceive to have been an abnormal environment. . . . I wish to interview the chef."

They occupied the same table at which they had breakfasted yesterday. The chef came in in response to summons—a tall, cadaverous man with Don Quixote mustache and beard.

"Miss Drugget," said Barbara, "this is Lester Duchesne, our chef."

"Please be seated, Mr. Duchesne," Columbine invited, and he did so stiffly, his freshly laundered chef's miter adding to the dignity he labored to assume.

"I saw mademoiselle at breakfast yesterday," he said. "She did not request to meet me."

"It was," she said, "neither an oversight nor a slight. I was not then ready to meet so important a member of this organization."

His long nose with a tiny bulb at the end twitched and he twirled his mustache. "Mademoiselle," he said fatuously, "is *très charmante*."

Columbine did not remove her eyes from his cadaverous face. "I am fond of salads," she said. "The dressing last night was excellent. Is the recipe a secret?"

"*Non*, mademoiselle; not from you. Nevair! The basis is superb imported olive erl."

"So I suspected," Columbine said, and showed slight interest as he recited the other components.

"Since my father's death," she said, "you have had imposed upon you additional duties?"

"Ah, so sad, mademoiselle. So *gentil*. I regret. . . . Yes, many additional duties."

"Such as purchasing? I understand that father always did the purchasing himself."

"After the consultation wiz myself," said Mr. Duchesne.

"Naturally. You will continue as you have been doing." She held out a slender hand. "It was most interesting to meet you."

When he had returned to his kitchen, Barbara eyed Columbine with a glint of humor. "And that," she said, "was an enlightening interview. All in aid of what?"

"His nose twitched," Columbine said gravely.

"Evidence of what?"

"Just evidence," Columbine said. "When does a rabbit's nose twitch?"

"Why," answered Barbara, "when it smells something enticing."

"So I have been informed. Our chef sniffed good nibbling," Columbine said, and her violet eyes, not hidden now by steel-rimmed spectacles, twinkled with a humor Barbara had not suspected. "Also, he is not a native of the boulevards of Paris, but of the borough of Brooklyn."

"How could you tell that?"

"I induced him to pronounce the word 'oil.'"

Barbara shrugged. "I noticed that," she said.

"He pronounced it 'erl,'" Columbine answered. "It is the shibboleth by which you may recognize a Brooklynite."

"Now what, my educated boss, is a shibboleth?"

"It was the method by which ancient Hebrews detected spies. A suspect was required to speak the word. Aliens were unable to do so and pronounced it 'sibboleth.' Whereupon the Hebrew warriors scragged them."

"Meaning," asked Barbara, "that you are going to scrag our Monsieur Duchesne?"

"Meaning," said Columbine, "that I have dealt with chefs before. Who cheffed for a hundred-odd misses in a girls' school. Who also purchased the food they cooked. Hence I am not wholly unacquainted with the—ah—skulduggeries of the species."

"You've been here less than two full days. And you suspect chicanery."

"By long experience a glance will tell me when a ten-year-old girl is up to mischief."

"But the chef is not a teen-age miss."

"He would," said Columbine, "be a heap sight more adroit if he were."

"Erl!" exclaimed Barbara. "Are you, by any chance, smarter than I think?"

"In a weird, circumscribed and specialized manner I undoubtedly am. I have studied a financial statement brought me by a Mr. Sam Jones. I notice that by an odd coincidence the food costs in our kitchen have increased since father's death by the amount of ten per cent."

"From which you deduce?"

"A year ago," Columbine said, "we engaged a new chef for Miss Cordwainer's Select School for Misses. Immediately our food costs were inflated by almost exactly ten per cent. As an experiment, I sent checks for about ten per cent less than the face of their statements to certain butchers, bakers and grocers. There was no protest. Whereupon I—er—scragged the chef."

"So what do you propose to do here?"

"To send checks for ten per cent less than the face of the statements. And see what results."

Barbara Green wrinkled her nose and made a rather attractive grimace.

"Much to my delighted surprise," she said, "I look forward to a widened horizon in these parts. I fancy life is about to assume color and entertaining movement which in my most optimistic dreams I never hoped for. Miss Drugget, please don't get mad at me and tie a can to me."

"Miss Green," Columbine replied, "already I have found you invaluable. I may say that you have aroused a feeling almost of friendship."

"That," Barbara said dryly, "is what I call an outpouring of almost volcanic warmth. So where do we go from here?"

"Speaking of motion, did not my father own a motorcar?"

"He did."

"Are you able to drive it?"

"I've a license to prove it."

"If you had in your possession, through inadvertence, an article of some bulk of which you desired to rid yourself surreptitiously, how would you proceed?"

"Why," Barbara said, "I would smuggle it into the baggage compartment of my car and drive it to a trash dump in the desert and make a bonfire of it."

"An excellent expedient," Columbine said. "Will you be so good as to drive the car to the service entrance? I will join you there with the embarrassing article of which I wish to rid myself."

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"Right," Barbara agreed, meaning to ask further questions about so interesting a mystery.

Columbine entered the lounge on her way to her apartment. As she crossed the room she became aware that a man stood at the desk making inquiries of George Simpkins. He turned his head as she crossed the room, and she saw that it was Prof. Artemus Thumb, who was utilizing his sabbatical year by making a study of the mystic and magic rites of the Indians of Arizona. He looked at her and turned back to the desk. He had not recognized her.

Instead of going to her apartment, Columbine went into her office. Through the door she could hear the murmur of voices at the desk and she waited until there was silence. Then she lifted her telephone and asked Simpkins to come in. He stood in the door and stared at her. Clearly the metamorphosis had been too much for him.

"George," she said, "you were just talking with a man."

"Yes, yes, Miss—er—Miss Drugget."

"What was his name?"

"He didn't mention."

"What did he want?"

"He was a very talkative man," Simpkins said. "He wanted accommodations. When I told him we were full up, he just stood and stood and asked questions."

"What questions?"

"Well, Miss Drugget, like how many guests we had, and were there any single women and when did they arrive. And he wanted to look at our register, and I told him we used the card system, and anyhow it was against our rules to permit just anyone who came along to look at them, and he was just altogether too-too nosy."

"I hope you made it clear to him that you gave no information about guests or employees."

"I did so, Miss Drugget. I was quite sharp with him, especially when he showed me a piece of aeroplane baggage and wanted to know if any guest had a bag like it. I told him my business was not with the guests' luggage."

"You seem," Columbine said in her schoolma'am voice, "to be proud of your discourtesy." And then: "It would appear to me, Mr. Simpkins, that no conduct on the part of a possible patron excuses impoliteness on the part of one in your position."

The young man did not seem to realize that he had been rebuked. "There was," he said tremulously, "something uncanny about the fellow. He gave me cold chills. While he was talking to me, he was drawing on the back of a registration card." His hand was unsteady as he handed the card to Columbine. It was a not unskilled drawing of an elephant standing on its hind legs, with grotesquely distended stomach and human hands and saturnine expression. "He flicked this picture to me, and I never saw such mean eyes, and he said, 'My courtly friend, how would you like to wake up some night with the demon behemoth squatting on your belly?'"

"And that was all?"

"He went away then, and I was glad to see the last of him."

"Thank you, Mr. Simpkins. That will be all," Columbine said, and when he had gone back to his place, she went up to her apartment, removed the troublesome suitcase from its concealment and emptied it on her bed. She put its strange contents in a drawer of her highboy, wrapped the case itself in a sheet to conceal its color and striping, and went downstairs with it in her arms. She made her way out of the service entrance, where Barbara Green awaited her in her father's car, with the cover of the baggage compartment raised. Columbine thrust in her burden, slammed down the cover and climbed into the car beside Barbara.

They drove in silence for a time, and then Barbara, without turning her head, said dryly, "It must be a small body."

"It is an empty suitcase," Columbine said.

"Am I," Barbara asked, "being an accessory after the fact? Not that I mind, understand. I just want to know when to duck."

"Ask me no questions and I'll tell you no lies," Columbine said.

"I take it that is a quotation," said Barbara.

"It is, indeed," Columbine said.

"From one of your ten-year-olds?"

"It is," Barbara said again.

"Most of your worldly wisdom," Barbara said, "seems to have been absorbed from girls not yet in their teens."

"Miss Green," Columbine said gravely, "you would bust a gusset if you realized the depth of sagacity and penetration concealed under the apparent naïveté of a girl of ten. It is a species of instinct which, I fear, disappears with their milk teeth."

They drove out a main road toward the desert and the mountains. Human habitations became scarcer and at last there was nothing but unfenced sand and greasewood and chollas with an occasional majestic saguaro or hardy mesquite tree. Tiny gophers scurried, and now and again wee burrowing owls took flight. The (*Continued on Page 109*)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Back to reading of the will in just a minute, friends, but first, a word about our law firm, Linder, Hall, Smoot and Carver. . . ."

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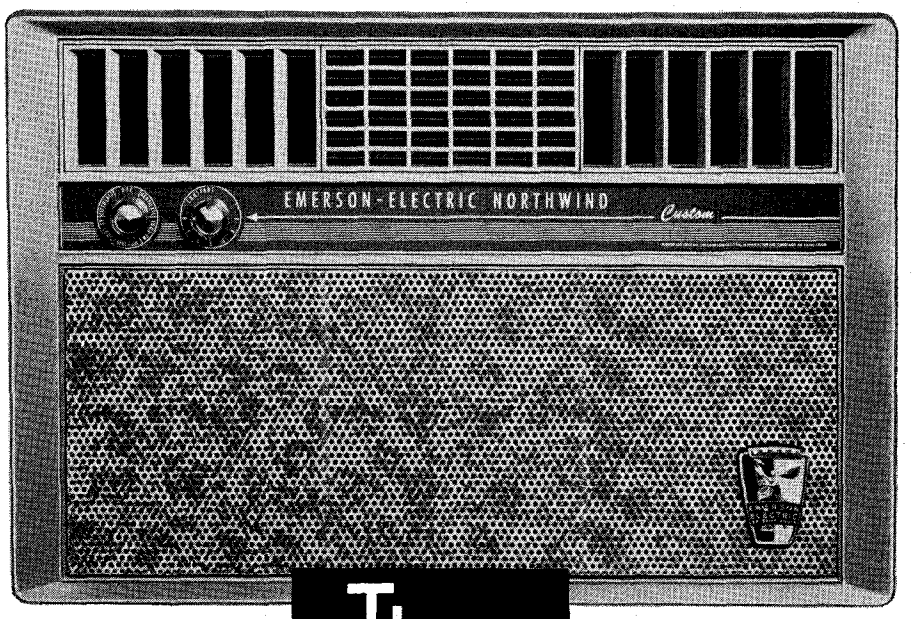

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room air conditioner

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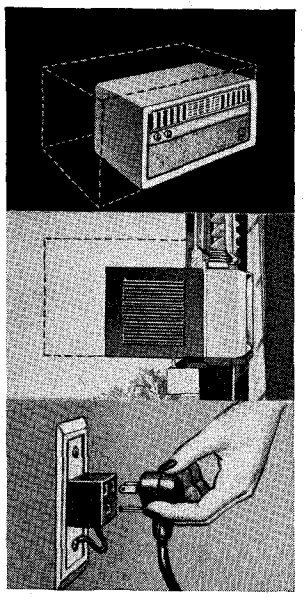

Tiny Tim fits small windows

This handsome unit is only 22½" wide . . . narrower by 4" than the next smallest unit available.

Tiny Tim has minimum depth

Mounts flush inside . . . has short depth . . . less than 25 inches. This feature makes the unit less conspicuous from the outside.

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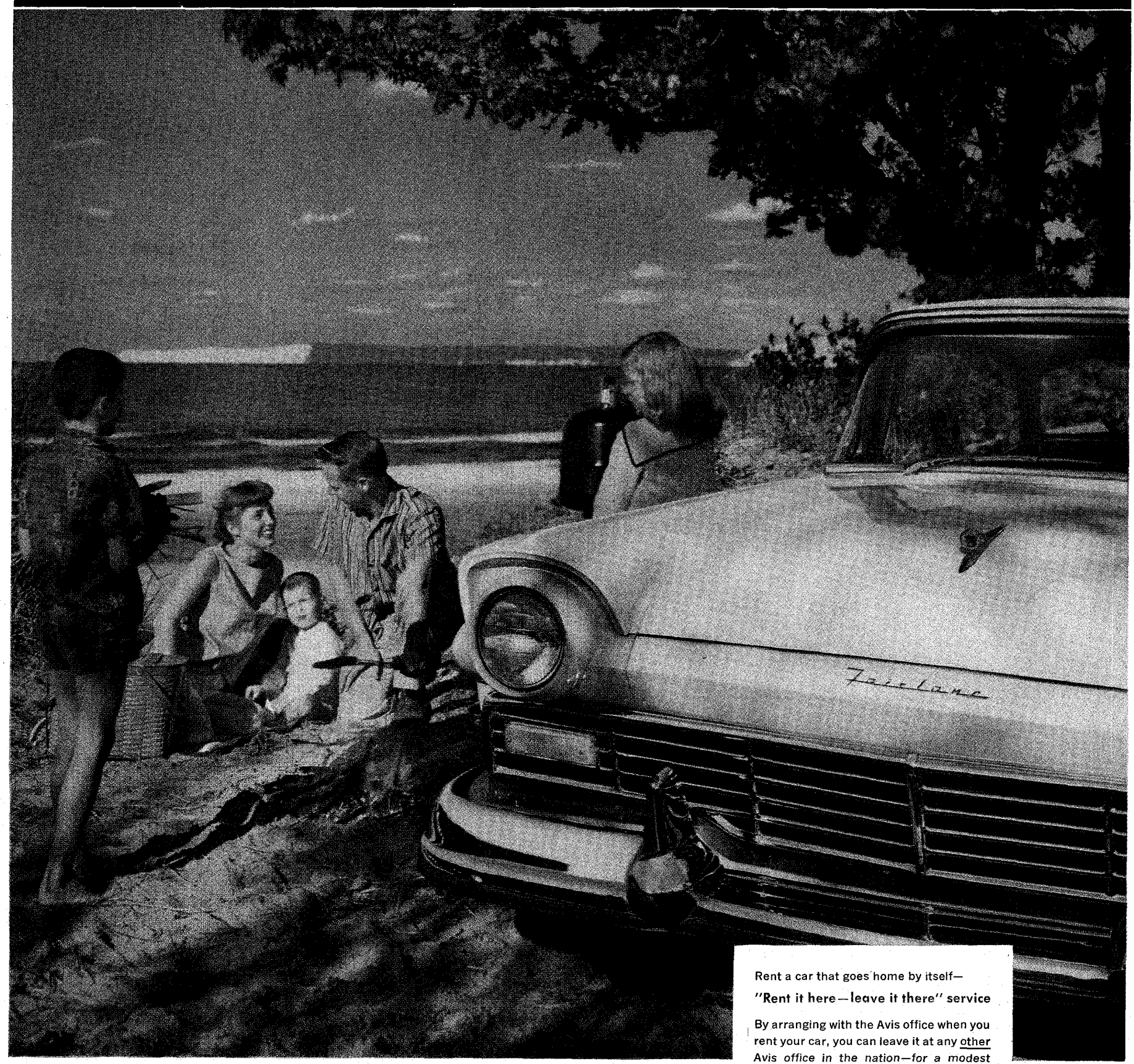

Photographed at Benzie State Park, Michigan

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(*Continued from Page 107*) mountains seemed to change color with each passing minute, and the sky was so blue that it gave one a sense of infinity. Such scenery Columbine never before had seen or even imagined.

"Lovely," she said softly, "but frightening."

"You should," said Barbara, "see it under the full moon. It'll scare the pants off you." She turned off the road. "You can imagine witches' Sabbaths."

She drove across the hard surface of the desert for half a mile until they came to a spot where the primitive had been sullied by impious men. There, marring the day, was a dump of tin cans, a couple of automobile wrecks, unsightly rubbish.

"Here we are," Barbara announced in her monotonous voice, "with no eye to see but that buzzard's. And he makes no report in writing."

They removed the piece of baggage from the compartment and carried it yards into the dump. Columbine gravely pounded it into an unrecognizable mass and then, seeking kindling and heaping it in a pyre, lighted it with Barbara's lighter.

"Should we perform a ritual dance?"

"Ashes to ashes and dust to dust," Columbine said, to Barbara's gaping amazement; "if the fractions don't get you, then the algebra must."

The bonfire burned out and the girls saw to it that no embers remained. Then they drove back to the road and turned southward.

"Where," Columbine asked, "can I buy luggage?"

"Scottsdale."

"I must be able to produce a suitcase."

So they drove into town, bought a suitable piece of baggage, and returned to The Grove of Daphne.

"Will you," Columbine asked, "smuggle it up to my apartment?"

"Oh, naturally," Barbara answered. "And if you have a pistol, I'll carry it in my handbag. I've always honed to be a gun moll."

Columbine went to her office, and there Simpkins came to her, wringing his hands. "Miss Drugget," he moaned, wriggling shoulders and hips in a minor frenzy, "the place has simply disintegrated. You can't imagine. Utter confusion. Two soft-boiled eggs and ham to Mrs. Cartwright, who never has anything but buttered toast and tea for breakfast! And an hour early! She is furious! And Mr. Eggleston's breakfast was an hour late. And the Hartmans' breakfast was served to the Kellermans. Never in my life!"

"Compose yourself, Mr. Simpkins. Has such a thing ever happened before?"

"There have been mistakes. One cannot avoid an occasional mistake. But to have nothing but mistakes!"

"Then this is something new?"

"And dreadful," Simpkins mourned.

"One error one can understand," Columbine said. "Two errors are not impossible. But a dozen errors! Quite incredible! I distrust such epidemics. Um. . . . In my experience, if a single bottle of ink were overturned, that might be carelessness. But if a dozen bottles were spilled, it indicated either a poltergeist or a juvenile mastermind. For what reason, Mr. Simpkins, would anyone sabotage our room service?"

Before he could answer, a tall and very thin woman with practically no lips and a long thin nose, ending in a little bulb, burst into the office without knocking.

"You," she said in a raspingly accusing voice, "are the new owner?"

"I am," said Columbine. "May I ask your name?"

"Miss Susan Flint," snapped the intruder, "in Fifteen-A. Unspeakable coffee for breakfast. A vacuum cleaner left in the middle of my room. My telephone out of order. Such things never happened until you arrived. Never! What kind of management is this?"

"Miss Flint," Columbine said reasonably, "I can't tell you how I regret that you should have been vexed. I assure you such things never will occur again."

"You'd better pay attention to running this hotel, instead of wasting the whole morning on your personal appearance."

Columbine counted to ten. "Miss Flint," she said crisply, "any complaints you have, reasonable or unreasonable, of this hotel or the service it renders will be listened to carefully and courteously, and investigated. May I ask how long you have been our guest."

"Six weeks. And ——"

• •

Rooftrees

By Frances Colvin

New wood of a new house
Holds sunlight and forest
smells;
Branches from brown earth
upwards,
A framework where hope
dwells.
And leaves still drift through
the ceiling
And winds blow through
the walls,
And a man and his wife
stand waiting,
Hearing the soft footfalls
Of children to come, bright
as sunlight,
With green leaf-dappled
eyes,
Mouths as sweet as apples,
Bustling jay-like cries.
New wood of a new house—
Saw whir and hammer ring;
A man and his wife wait
hand in hand,
Hearing the future sing.

• •

"Have you had serious complaints before this morning?"

"This is the first. The hotel was run very well until you came." Her small, hard, gray eyes narrowed. "With your smart gowns and lipstick, and ——"

"It is permissible," interrupted Columbine, "to criticize this hotel and its management. To criticize my personal appearance or private conduct is impertinent. If it is repeated I shall require you to vacate your room."

Miss Flint choked and bugged her eyes. "You—you would kick me out of this—this greasy spoon ——"

"So hard, as Mildred Blodgett says, that you would bounce," answered Columbine.

Miss Flint stared openmouthed, first at Columbine, then at Simpkins, who stood fluttering.

"I believe you mean it," she said at last.

"A dollar will get you ten that I do," Columbine said.

There was a pregnant silence as the two women locked eyes. Then the iron-bound spinster strode to the desk, held out a bony hand and said raspingly, "Young woman, you've got sand. I like sand. From now on, you can paint your face blue and I'll take it and like it. . . . What are you gawping at, you ape?" she demanded of Simpkins. "Didn't you ever see a girl that'll do to ride the river with before?"

Columbine grinned. It was not a smile; it was a grin. She took Miss Flint's hand and gripped it.

"My grandpaw," said Miss Flint sharply, "ran a ranch south of Tucson in the days when you didn't dast turn your back without getting it so full of arrows you looked like a danged pincushion."

With that, she turned, stiff-backed and implacable, and strode out into the patio.

"Goodness gracious me!" exclaimed Mr. Simpkins.

The telephone rang and Columbine lifted the instrument.

"Mr. Sam Jones on the wire," said the operator.

"I'll speak with him," Columbine said.

"Miss Drugget?" asked Jones' voice.

"It is," she replied primly.

"A matter of some importance has arisen," Sam Jones said. "May I come out to discuss it with you?"

Columbine looked at her watch. "Perhaps," she said, "you would like to discuss it at luncheon."

"Why," asked Sam, "the sudden graciousness?"

"Because," she said, "I was just reminded of a precept."

"Of some ten-year-old kid?"

"Of my grandmother's. She was wont to say, 'You can catch more flies with honey than you can with vinegar.'"

"In half an hour," Sam said, and rang off.

Columbine ordered luncheon served in her apartment. So busy had she been since arising, so many things had occurred, that she quite forgot the alteration in her appearance, and that Mr. Jones was quite unaware of any change. If she had remembered it she would probably have done nothing to lighten the shock.

She went upstairs, freshened herself and awaited his arrival. His rap sounded on the door and she called to enter. He opened the door and stood just inside, staring at the stranger who sat across the living room on the davenport.

"I am Mr. Jones," he said. "I was told I would find Miss Drugget here."

"That," she said in her pedantic way, "is not a statement contrary to fact."

Sam Jones blinked and squinted. The voice was familiar, but the lips from which it issued were strange. He said nothing, waiting.

"Will you not be seated?" she invited. "Luncheon is on its way up."

"But Miss Drugget?"

She stood up and he saw a girl, slender, modishly and tastefully dressed, with admirable ankles, violet eyes in a lovely face, and a nimbus of skillfully dressed hair.

"Perhaps," she said caustically, "you need spectacles."

He was incredulous. He stammered. "It—it's not ——"

"Do not be ridiculous!" she said sharply.

"But—but how did you do it? It's magic! It's witchcraft!"

"It is," she said tartly, "a hundred-dollar dress, twenty-dollar shoes, five-dollar stockings, a one-dollar lipstick and ten dollars' worth of beauty parlor. Apparently you are so shallow that to you a woman is only what she wears."

Before he could strive to make his peace, the waiter arrived with luncheon and placed food on the table. Columbine indicated a chair and seated herself opposite him.

"I believe," she said, "you had business with me."

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"Let it wait," he said, "until I get over the shock. Miss Drugget, you—you are beautiful!"

"I possessed," she said, "certain admirable qualities before this surface alteration. You failed to perceive them."

"I never ran screaming after a piece of cake until it was frosted," he said.

"Suppose we eat," she said coldly. "And then to business."

He ate without appetite, stealing incredulous glances across the table. Columbine had been studying his face when she could do so unobserved. He was not handsome. No movie lot would crave him. His appearance, she thought, was substantial rather than ornamental. It was a face that, with the coming of a few more years and a grist of experiences, might become distinguished. At the moment, it was a young and baffled face.

They finished the meal and Columbine indicated more comfortable chairs. "Now," she said when they were seated, "what was so pressing?"

"Miss Drugget," he began, "would you care to consider selling your existing interest in the Daphne?"

"Aha!" she exclaimed.

"Aha, what?" he asked.

"Sabotage and ten per centum," she replied.

"Is it a guessing game?"

"On the contrary, it is a logical conclusion."

"Conclusions derive from data," he told her.

"Mr. Jones," she said, "and I quote Millicent Peters, age nine, of data I have nothing else but."

"Shower down," he commanded.

"Item One: unwarranted increase in costs. Item Two: sabotage of breakfasts. Item Three: a call from the handsome but oleaginous Mr. Quentin—first name Lucius. Conclusions: first, a disgusting effort to discourage me with this business. And, second, a desire to buy it as a bargain by Mr. Quentin. May I ask if you are allied with him or are on my side of the fence?"

"Ethics require that I be on your side of the fence," he answered. "I may not be the smartest lawyer in the profession, but my ethics are A-One. Are you, Miss Drugget, as smart as what you just said would indicate? Or was it inspiration or occult communication?"

"For years," she said placidly, "I've specialized in juvenile scalawags. I but apply my experience to the adult. I know you are a very busy man, Mr. Jones, so I will not detain you. Your reply to Mr. Quentin on my behalf is as follows: 'Mr. Quentin, you have a neck. Go fall in the river up to it.'"

"He will not be pleased," said Sam Jones.

"If," answered Columbine, "he continues to toss monkey wrenches, he'll discover what it really is to be distressed. Good afternoon, Mr. Jones. When you have business of real importance call again."

"But not socially?" he asked.

"That," she said, "is not yet on the agenda."

"At a certain time in each school year," Columbine said to Barbara Green, "it was the custom for Miss Cordwainer to entertain the parents of pupils at a formal reception. She used that occasion to impress the guests with her personality. Of which," Columbine said reminiscently, "she had an abundance."

"And so?" asked Barbara.

"I have not met our guests en masse or, for the matter of that, in singles or pairs. It might serve an excellent purpose if I followed Miss Cordwainer's example."

"And," said Barbara in her expressionless voice, "trotted out your personality. Invitations could read: Special preview of the personality of Miss Columbine Pepper Drugget."

"If," said Columbine tartly, "I have one that is impressive, it will show without calling written attention to it. We will serve tea, dainty sandwiches and *petits fours*."

"Oh, my aunt's tortoise-shell tomcat!" Barbara exclaimed. "This is—or at least it used to be—a resort hotel, catering to a certain quantity of discreet mirth and gaiety, but frowning on witches' Sabbaths and Roman orgies. Not tea and little sandwiches! Not *petits fours!* The police! Think of the authorities!"

Columbine eyed Barbara briefly. "Do I detect a certain seasoning of irony? You do not approve of the refreshments I suggest?"

"If you don't want your reception to fall flat on its snub nose, you will change the name of it to 'cocktail party' and you will serve gin, whisky, rum, vodka. And the solid refreshments will be canapés which will give indigestion to all who happen to indulge. This, I reiterate, is not a school for little girls."

"I thank you for another lesson," Columbine said. "I'm hep. I progress. Tea and cookies are not hep. I had an alcoholic drink on the train. It all but strangled me."

"Never," said Barbara, "astonish your tonsils."

"Will you, therefore, arrange for such a cocktail party and see to the invitations, for the day after tomorrow?"

Barbara salaamed. "To hear is to obey," she said.

"By the way," Columbine said casually, "I have made a bundle of certain articles which I do not wish to keep in my room. Will you be so good as to place them on your closet shelf?"

"More finagles!" exclaimed Barbara. "I'll put chintz curtains on my cell window." Then her face turned grave. "Listen, employer, would you care to lay all before me? Somehow I doubt if you are presently equipped to cope with wiles and stratagems. Hadn't you better call in an expert?"

"I am not prepared to take a confidante. Also, as my grandmother used to say, 'I ain't got much education, but I got mother wit.'"

"There's many a slip 'twixt the hep and the wit," Barbara said. "Gimme the incriminating evidence." She turned at the door. "'Theirs not to reason why; theirs but to do and die,'" she quoted, and descended the stairs to her own office.

Columbine read for a while in her book on hotel management, but tired of it and went to her closet, where, with pleasure, she examined the new gowns she had purchased. She removed each from its hanger and carried it to the light, delighting in its texture and in its color and in its richness. As she replaced the last garment she saw a small, folded piece of paper on the floor, and picked it up to throw it in the wastebasket. It was a clipping from a newspaper, and curiosity caused her to unfold it. It was an account of a robbery in New York City which had been perpetrated in a Park Avenue apartment house. The estimated value of the jewels taken was forty thousand dollars. It was, the police declared, a bit of high-class professional work. The thief had left no clues by which he could be identified. Usually, it was stated, the method of a skilled cracksman was characteristic, but not so in this case. Columbine reread the clipping to be certain her retentive memory missed no item of it, and then tore it into bits and flushed it down the toilet.

She had heard about people of the stage hoarding their newspaper notices. Could it be that the same kind of vanity was present in criminals—that they, too, preserved clippings of their achievements?

She went down to her desk and spent the afternoon informing herself about various details of the operation of the Daphne. She studied the inventories and was appalled at the number of sheets and blankets and towels required, and the number of replacements of these things, and of ash trays and other portable objects. She called to Simpkins to come in, and demanded an explanation.

"Guests carry them off," he said, surprised that she was not acquainted with this peccadillo of the traveling public.

"But that," Columbine exclaimed, "is stealing!"

He giggled. "You'd be simply terrifically astonished," he told her. "Anything that's loose. I've known them to take woolen blankets, and rugs off the floor. Even lamps. Pictures off the walls. You expect ash trays and things like that to disappear, and silver."

"Their baggage," Columbine said severely, "should be searched."

"No, Miss Drugget. At the first of the year you (*Continued on Page 112*)

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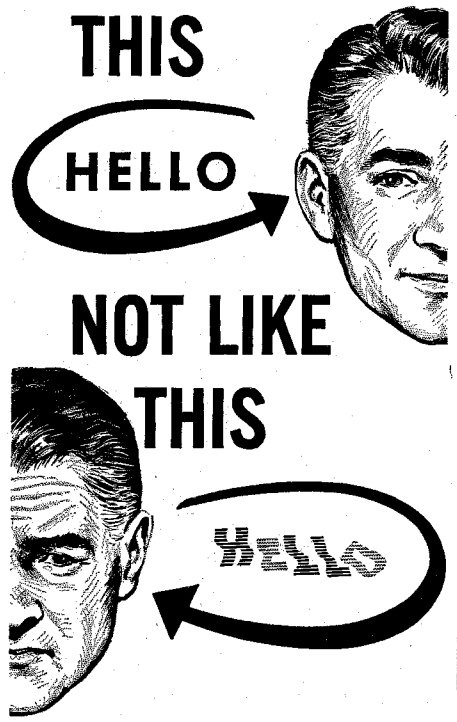
THIS



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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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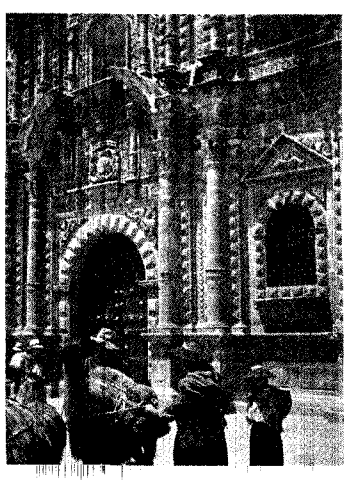
YALE & TOWNE

SCIENCE PIONEERS ATOMIC FUTURE IN DESERT

In the State of Washington, just a few miles from the historic route blazed by early pioneers across the American Northwest, modern pioneers—scientists and technicians—daily employ man's ingenuity to carve out new frontiers in atomic progress. For instance, as vital atomic materials are produced at the Hanford Atomic Plant, operated for the Government by the General Electric Company, a task force undertakes the disposition of radioactive wastes. Technicians, looking like other-planet beings in their protective clothing and masks, are well-seconded by an untiring Yale* hoist mounted on a gantry crane. This reliable hoist's powerful hook lifts the heavy covers of underground vaults so wastes can be channeled to safe storage tanks. And finally, the desert itself—layers of clay, sand and gravel lying in a saucer of volcanic rock—makes an ideal absorbent for other radioactive elements. Yale's Cable King Hoist, other Yale hoists, lift trucks, locks and hardware are working for science and industry toward global security and prosperity.



LLAMAS AND LOCKS IN THE HEART OF OLD PERU

Ancient capital of the once-fabulous Inca civilization of Peru, the city of Cuzco is today a fascinating mixture of old and new. Ruins abound, llamas may be seen in the streets and The University of Cuzco, dating from 1598, recalls the Spanish conquest. Inside the University are rare documents, protected by modern Yale locks—first choice for nearly a century among people the world over who place a premium on both style and security in locks and hardware.

TRUCK SOUNDS NEW NOTE IN YODEL LAND

In Switzerland—where song and industry keep hearts light and hands busy—new ways to get more done include this Yale industrial lift truck handling huge cakes of famed emmenthaler cheese in the town of Thun. Several of these 220-pound cakes are easy going for Yale trucks, whose jobs around the world run the gamut from fragile art treasures in France's Louvre museum to 40-ton dies in a Detroit automobile plant.

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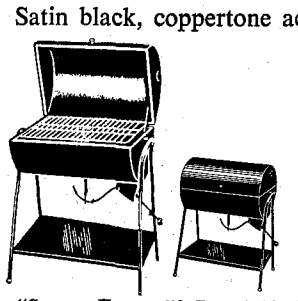
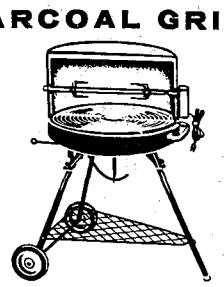
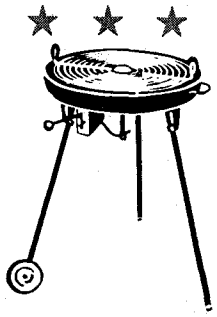


LOVE "SMOKE-FLAVOR"? Royal Chef smoker-brazier's Great Smoky hood captures all the smoke—or lifts for broiling. 4 dampers. KWIK-FLICK grid control. **$19.95**



WEDDING GIFT? Or present to Dad—or yourself. Deluxe round grill with hood and electrically-driven spit. KWIK-FLICK grid control. **$59.95**



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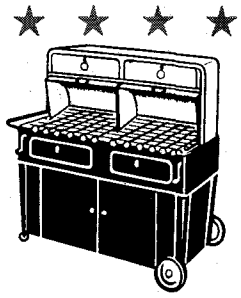

WOW! 12 SHISHKABAB SPITS! America's most luxurious barbecue. 12 motorized shishkabab and 2 roasting spits. 2 warming ovens, 2 fireboxes, cutting board, storage shelf, accessory kit. **$299.95**

(*Continued from Page 110*) can estimate about how much the guests will get away with and figure it in your overhead. It's one of the regular items you take into consideration when you set your prices. I'd simply detest to know how many thousands of dollars a year it costs a huge city hotel."

Simpkins went back to his desk and Columbine brooded over this disclosure of the shortcomings of people who, doubtless, when in their own homes were of unimpeachable honesty.

For the first time since her arrival she went down to the dining room for her evening meal. The large, pleasant room was half full when she arrived and was shown to her table by the headwaiter. She sat diffidently aware that curious eyes were availing themselves of this first opportunity to study the new owner of the hotel, about whom, naturally, there had been speculation and gossip. She concealed her embarrassment under an armor of austerity, fastening her attention upon her plate and refusing to look about the room, for fear of meeting strange eyes. She had almost reached her dessert when she was aware that someone had approached her table. She looked up into the mild, onion-eyed face of the chubby cleric who had dined at the same table on the Century on her journey westward.

He smiled cherubically. "It is Miss Drugget, of course," he said beamingly. "We were table companions on the train. Which entitles a man of the cloth to claim your acquaintance."

"You recognize me?" she asked, surprised.

"But yes. But yes, indeed. Though altered in outward semblance. Man looketh upon the outward appearance, but God looketh upon the heart."

"Is my heart showing?" she asked.

"My eyes are keen," he said, and without seeking an invitation, he seated himself in the chair opposite her. "Little did I expect to see you again, my sister, in Arizona, where my mission lies. Or emerged from your drab wrappings to dazzle the eyes of all beholders."

She eyed the round man inclemently. She did not like him. His childlike blandness did not ring true.

"Why," she demanded, "did you and Professor Thumb pretend to be strangers on the train?"

"For East is East and West is West," he replied, without being the least disconcerted, "and never we twain did meet."

"You two," she persisted, "not only were acquainted but there was some stealthy privity between you. You were up to something. What sort of minister are you and where do you preach?"

"'The groves,'" he quoted, "'were God's first temples.' I am a wanderer over the face of the earth, bearing the message; I am an itinerant missionary to the ungodly."

"Girl children," she said crisply, "make use of many quaint but telling phrases. Here is one I recall which applies to you, Mr. Martinus: You are as phony as a counterfeit buck."

"Such expressions," he said, his big, pale eyes showing nothing but hurt and patient endurance, "form no firm foundation for a lasting friendship."

"Why," she asked, "did you come here tonight?"

"To eat of your excellent food," he replied promptly.

"Your friend, Professor Thumb, tried to find accommodations here."

"Exhibiting," said Martinus, "excellent judgment." He shook his head chidingly. "Why, my sister, do you display this attitude of unfriendliness toward me? I might almost say of suspicion."

"Call it instinctive," she said.

He shook his round head. "No, no," he replied. "Not instinct, but an animus. As if based upon evidence. Now what possible evidence can exist that would cause your present attitude? I would be your friend. I would be a brother to you in Christian charity. But you repulse me. No, sister. What alliance could exist between me and this sorcerer, Thumb? Between me, a man of simple faith, and him, a creature learned in black magic and necromancy, who openly boasts that he is a frequenter of witches' Sabbaths?"

"If you were complete strangers," she asked, "how would you know these silly things?"

"Because he is a boaster," Pastor Martinus answered, "and I prayed over him *in vain*." He smiled sweetly, gently. "Why, the man carried with him a Hand of Glory and showed it to me without shame."

"A Hand of Glory! What do you mean?"

"A withered hand. An occult thing. Endowed by Satan with strange qualities. Its magic is that in the hand of a thief it unlocks all locks and opens all doors."

"Nonsense," Columbine said.

"You never have seen such a hand?"

"Is it likely?" she answered, but recognized his purpose. He had hoped to startle an admission from her.

He bent toward her, and it seemed as if a film passed over and obscured his bulging pale eyes. "You look upon me, sister, and deem that I belong not to the church militant. You see in me a rotund little man with soft muscles and the eyes of a timid owl. But sometimes even such as I can be endowed with power of speech, power of understanding, power to lift and power to rend. It is not well to belittle even such as I, for we may be inspired."

"Inspired to what?" she demanded in her scornful schoolma'am voice.

"Why," he said, "to exhibit the strength of ten, and to slay, like Samson, with the jawbone of an ass." He arose suddenly, and with bulging eyes steadily upon her face, he gripped the edge of the table with his right hand. It was a solid, heavy oaken table and weighted with dishes. He bent his knees a little and hunched his shoulders. Beads of moisture appeared upon his forehead and the cords of his neck stood out with the enormous effort he was putting forth. And then, gripped only with the fingers of his one hand, the table and its contents left the floor and moved slowly upward until he was holding its weight at arm's length. And there, back and legs braced and arm like a bar of iron, he held it motionless for a full half minute before he lowered it gently to the floor. He stood panting for a moment and then spoke hoarsely.

"My sister," he said, "consider, if I were not a gentle and meek creature, what destructive strength resides in me."

Columbine had not risen. She looked up now at Pastor Martinus with lifted eyebrows.

"'He,'" she quoted, "'put in his thumb, and pulled out a plum, and said, What a good boy am I!'"

Martinus glanced at his wristwatch, bowed awkwardly from the waist and walked out of the dining room.

Columbine finished her undisturbed dessert and walked with clicking heels to the stairway and up to her apartment. One glance showed her that it had been searched in her absence, with no attempt made to conceal the searching. She fancied she was able to guess the purpose of Pastor Martinus' conversation with her. It had been to make certain that she did not untimely go up to her rooms and interrupt the intruder. But his exhibition of strength had another purpose. It must have been to intimidate.

TO BE CONTINUED

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Marriage is Not for Me!

(Continued from Page 41)

fifty dollars and got herself a stunning pair of glasses. But when she was painting, she wore the old ones with the hooks over her ears because they stayed on better. Whenever her mother came in, whenever the door chimes sounded, sometimes when the telephone rang, she would hastily slip them off and into her pocket.

As she turned again to her easel, she was thinking about John Milpagas. She wondered what ever made her mother think that if she married John she would be living her own life. John was just like Julie—efficient, restless, fond and domineering, always wanting to go someplace, always telling her she ought to get out—out of the house, out of herself. She would be exchanging Julie for John, that's all. No, to be quite honest, that wasn't all of the matter. When he ranted and raved and shouted at her, he was like her mother, and Maxine could smile. But when he stood close above her in a sudden onslaught of tenderness and put his arms around her, gently, fervently, she

... ...

Recipe for Mystery Writing

By Dorothy Brown Thompson

Five suspects to have done
the trick;
A plot, whipped briskly till
quite thick;
Season to taste with dialogue
Sharp on the tongue; stir in
a fog
Or something weatherish
and drear;
Chill with a sudden squeeze
of fear;
Bring to a boil of dread;
then stop—
And watch surprise rise to
the top.

... ...

lost the advantage her sense of humor gave her and became breathless, unsure, a little frightened. He had that power over her.

But at such moments, at those very moments, she often thought to herself, "*I should run now—to Paris to the Left Bank, to Greenwich Village, to Acapulco—with my own life and my painting.*"

At first she didn't run because her mother needed her so badly. When Joe Kramer died suddenly, and Julie, shocked, sat day after day with her grief bottled up inside her hard shell, she needed Maxine desperately. Maxine was soft and pliant where her mother was hard and brittle. Although she missed her father cruelly, she was able to absorb the blow, bend with it, diminish her grief by pouring out comfort—wordless, intangible, ever-present comfort, for her mother. And for three years John Milpagas waited with a patience that was astounding and meritorious.

Now Julie was her old self again. Now it could be the Left Bank at last. Maxine felt a surge of triumph at the thought, for she was a very good painter, with small recognition as yet, but nevertheless with a divine gift and a complete, calm confidence in her ability to use it.

The Left Bank, of course, was just a symbol. It might just as well be here, Hollywood. But freedom. Freedom to eat or not, as she chose. Freedom to emerge even on to the street with her spectacles hooked over her ears and paint on her face and hands. Freedom to hole up for days on end, to leave the phone on the hook while it rang and rang and she laughed at it. To wrestle with truth, and, sweating, demand of her soul the highest refinement. In a word, to live alone on the lofty rack of artistic endeavor. To die alone, striving!

She sat hunched over on the high stool, so lost in the intensity of her thought that the synthetic chimes of the front door broke in upon her as a shock. She forgot about her glasses and went to the door with them on. And through them she blinked in surprise at John Milpagas.

He stood tall in his immaculate, well-pressed suit against the high-glossed wall of the air-conditioned corridor. Twentieth century. He belonged here in these Towers with their seventy-degree, filtered air, their stainless-steel elevators, metal windows and doors, soundproof walls, built-in planters with great, dark, horrible, shining leaves. If she married him, this is where she would have to live, no doubt. He thought it was the last word. And so it was.

"Come on, kitten," he said. "Take off those terrible glasses, clean yourself up. We're going out to lunch."

"Oh, John!" she said crossly.

"I met your mother downstairs. She said you had a cup of coffee for breakfast, and that's all today. Come on. I can't kiss you till you get cleaned up."

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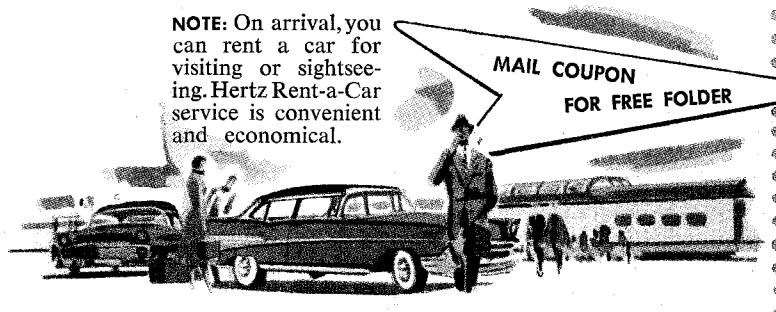

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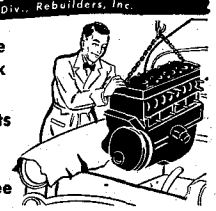

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"Oh, John!" she said despairingly, and went to change.

When she reappeared, he looked at her in approval.

"It's always astonishing to me," he said, "that from such a hopeless, paint-covered little grub can come such a pretty—such a very, very pretty girl."

"Thank you, I think." She laughed up at him.

"Oh, Maxine!" he said with sudden, yearning intensity.

"Farmers' Market?" she asked quickly, parrying that moment of intensity. She loved the press and color of the market place. She fed both her persons there, the animal and the artist.

"No."

She was surprised by the seriousness of his tone. "Aren't you going to kiss me, now that I won't get paint on your suit?"

"On second thought, no. Not yet." He shook his head slowly, his eyes brooding upon her.

Her smile faded and her heart gave a little jump of fear. Evidently this was not going to be a casual luncheon date. Maybe she wouldn't eat after all. Maybe he wouldn't eat either. And above all things in the world she hated to cause pain.

They sat in a private back booth of the Luncheon Club on Wilshire Boulevard. John ordered. He said not a word to disturb her, not a personal word at all, except "Eat your lunch." She was hungry and did eat. When she had finished, he said, "I have something to say."

"Yes."

"It's this: I'm not going to wait for you any longer, Maxine."

"What are you going to do?" she asked in a small voice.

"I want to get married. I'm going to find another girl."

Maxine stared at him. "But I thought —— You said you loved me."

"You said you loved me," he returned. "What does that have to do with it?"

"But when two people love ——"

"Exactly."

She opened her mouth and then closed it without saying a word.

"It's been three years and a half, Maxine!"

"Don't shout, John."

"I'm not shouting!" he shouted. Then he lowered his voice. His lips were twisted slightly with hurt. "I know how you feel about your great gift and all that, Max, but I wouldn't be a Victorian husband. Good Lord, I don't object to your painting."

"That's just it," said Maxine miserably. "You don't object—you don't object. That's a very peculiar attitude toward art."

John looked bewildered. "You don't want me to object, do you?" Then, as she did not answer, he rose abruptly, turning away to hide the pain in his eyes. "Come on, let's get out of here." Disappointment and frustration were choking him. "I'll take you home."

When they stepped out on the street, a fresh wind was blowing. There were billowy, peppermint-white clouds against the blue, blue sky. The sun sparkled on them, on everything. Three white gulls wheeled overhead with their small, wild, mewing cry. Maxine forgot John, forgot her misery, forgot the world, as her artist's heart lifted with joy on the white wings of those three gulls. The next minute she had overlooked the curb, missed her footing, and would have gone down hard if John's arm had not been there, reaching out quickly to save her.

She looked up, startled. He was looking down at her, holding her firmly, smiling with tight lips. There was significance for him in that incident, she could see. She felt it too. And suddenly, by magic, there was no barrier between them at all. They were soul to open soul for an instant. No words. No silly words. Then it was over. But Maxine was shaken. She had no idea that John could look into her like that, so deeply.

Then he was holding the car door for her. Then they were back at the Towers. He put her in the elevator.

"You have your key? You don't need me to go up?"

"No. Thanks."

"Then, good-by." As the elevator door closed, he was looking at her with a steady, calm air of finality.

After all, she had forgotten her key. But she knew her mother would be home shortly.

When Julie got out of the elevator some twenty minutes later, she found Maxine sitting on the highly polished floor of the corridor, her back against the wall, waiting.

Julie laughed. "You forgot your key again?"

"I forgot my key," said Maxine, and burst into tears.

"Maxine!" shouted her mother, dismayed.

"It's all right, mother," said Maxine quickly. She laughed a little and wiped her eyes.

"But just forgetting your key is no reason to ——" Julie fussed, slightly frantic. "Why didn't you go to the superintendent's office?"

"It's all right, mother. Truly."

"I can't make you out at all. Did something happen between you and John? I wish your father were alive. He used to be able to talk to you."

"I'm all right, mother. It's nothing," said Maxine with patient insistence.

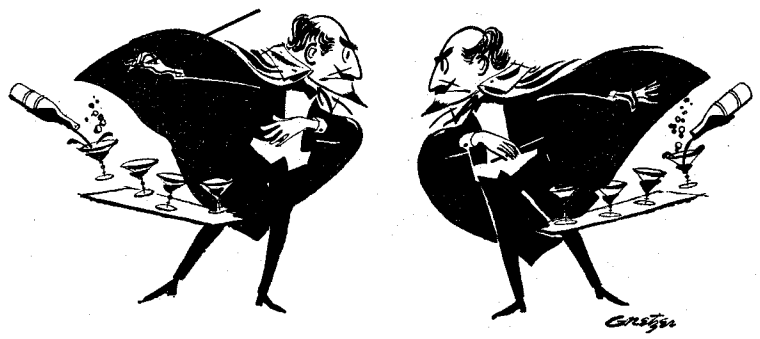
"Nobody can be all right who cries about nothing," said Julie, and gave up.

Maxine laughed. But when she went into her own room, the slow tears began to run down her cheeks again, and she looked at herself in the mirror with exasperation. For she knew from the beginning that the Left Bank was going to be a lonesome place. Why should she cry? Was it because, with all the calm and finality in John's last look, there was also pain and bewilderment? Was it her loneliness or his that made her cry?

After that, for a couple of weeks, she seemed to be living a life in limbo, suspended between realities. She wore her spectacles all the time. Her mother did not shout at her. When Julie was out, she could leave the ringing phone endlessly on its hook and laugh at it. That was one reality. But the other reality was that the phone did not ring. She was free to starve herself if she wished. Actually, she nibbled all day—crackers and cheese, cookies, fruit, and cup after cup of coffee.

One morning, as a gesture of freedom, she went up to Hollywood Boulevard in her smock, gold-rimmed spectacles and all. She was coming, more or less happy and relaxed, out of an art-supply store when she saw John's tall, man-of-distinction figure striding along toward her. He did not see her. Quickly she scurried back into the shop. And through the window, with reluctant eyes, she watched him go by. His face looked drawn, unhappy, not well. The tug on her heart and the pity in her breast were uncomplicated, unreasoning pain. *What am I?* she asked herself. *A monster?*

She went home, sat down with determination in front of her easel and pretended to be an artist. But all the time she knew in her (*Continued on Page 116*)



You be the Judge

By WILLIAM DONALDSON

Billing himself as Merlin, the Mystic Drink Mixer, a magician named Joe built up a pop-eyed following by producing assorted cocktails out of the thin air. Along came a rival who called himself Zeno, the Mystic Drink Mixer, and performed the identical act, even to the olive in the martini. Merlin sued to make Zeno stop his show.

"He not only stole my act but swiped the name I gave it," Merlin protested in court. "As a result, many people go to see Zeno's show, thinking that it is mine. It hurts my business and should be stopped."

"What Merlin and I do can be done by any skilled magician," Zeno retorted. "It's all sleight of hand, like pulling rabbits from a hat. Merlin has no monopoly of the stunt or the billing."

If you were the judge, would you halt Zeno's act?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

The court let Zeno go ahead with the act—under another name. It agreed that the act was "the common property of all magicians," but said Merlin was exclusively entitled to the name he built up.

Based upon a 1943 Florida decision.

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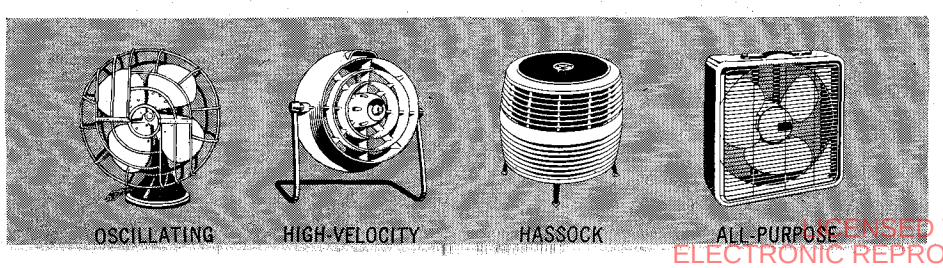

(*Continued from Page 114*) terribly honest heart that it was not artistic truth she was wrestling with now, but doubt, self-reproach and longing. She sat hunched over her problem on the high stool, a small, nearsighted, unhappy monster.

As once before, into her intense thought broke the musical chimes of the front door. Surely not John! And her mother never forgot her key. On the way to answer, she removed her spectacles and dropped them into the pocket of her smock.

The strange man who stood in blurred outline before her seemed completely sure of his right to be there, and his welcome. Yet he certainly did not belong there in that shining, sterile, aseptic corridor. He was even eager to get in out of it.

"You're Maxine. I'm the man who's going to marry your mother. May I come in?" His voice was crisp, staccato.

Maxine grabbed a breath of surprise. "Come in. Of course." She was flustered. "Come in. Sit down, please. Does she know you're going to marry her? She hasn't said——"

"She knew it before I did." He followed her into the living room, but did not sit down.

"Yes." Maxine laughed. "Yes, I suppose she did." She sat uneasily on the end of the couch. "But she won't like your coming here like this, unannounced. She likes everything to be planned and the stage set."

"I know. I came unannounced because I thought it was the better way, and because, as yet, I haven't promised to love, honor and obey her."

Maxine was seized by a momentary annoyance. She took her spectacles out of her pocket and hooked them over her ears. His face came into focus. He was standing, smiling down at her, scrutinizing her. He had a rounded face, high forehead, vigorous hair, and keen, burning black eyes. His fine smile took all the sting out of his last words. She was reassured.

"Who are you?" she asked.

"My name is Maurice Fowler." He nodded quickly at the question in her wide, surprised eyes. "Yes."

"How strange," she whispered slowly, unable to take her eyes from his face. "How absolutely astonishing. And you're going to be my stepfather. You, of all people. She has never once mentioned you."

"I'm sorry," he said in a gentler voice. "I have the advantage over you, Maxine. I know all about you."

"I know all about you," she returned quickly, with a smile. "Everything that's essential."

She struck a sudden spark in his eyes with that remark. "Thanks." He gave her a wide smile.

And she did too. Through his work. Probably every painting that he had ever released, she had seen and studied. Among all the present-day American painters, he was the one for whom she had an absolutely unreserved admiration. Maurice Fowler! This was an astonishment that would take time to digest.

"Look, Maxine," he was continuing, "do you know why I have come here? I'm not going to pretend it isn't self-interest. It is. I love your mother. I can't bear to see her anxious and worried. Besides, I want to marry her. And she will never marry while you are in this—er—crisis. And you're right; she wouldn't like it if she knew I was here. She is afraid of forcing your hand."

"Forcing my hand?" repeated Maxine faintly.

"But I'm not afraid. Because I have a hunch that you and I speak the same language." He stood above her now. His voice was quiet; his words came out concise, relentless. "Now forgive me. It is a man. It is marriage or art. You have chosen art. You loved him, but that's all over now. Is it?"

Maxine looked down without answering. Instead, she said, "Would you—would you look at my work? I have a few that——"

He put his hand under her chin and lifted her delicate, reserved little face so that he could look into it. And after looking, "It's too late," he said, and laughed. "My dear girl, the question of marriage is inconsequential now. It became too late the minute you fell in love. He isn't one of us, eh? Well, sometimes it works out better that way. Leaves you freer, really."

He released her chin and turned away to take several vigorous strides around the room. He noticed his surroundings for the first time.

"My heaven!" he said. "What a horribly tasteful room! Now I'll make a pact with you. If there is such a thing as reincarnation and you and I do meet in another life, I'll remind you and you remind me, don't fall in love! Agreed?" She was smiling again. "All right! Let's see your work."

She led him into the north room. He glanced at the painting on the easel; then threw her a quick, surprised, appraising look from his black eyes. Respectful too. Maxine felt her heart beat hard in tremendous elation. She stood still while he stepped around the room quickly, turning over canvases that were leaning against the wall.

"Yes, yes, yes!" he said. "You're on your way surely. Firm, fine draftsmanship. I never hoped——You fooled me with your little myopic, indecisive manner. And they have an alluring air of health and youth! They certainly have! Oh, Maxine!" He threw his arm for a moment across her shoulder and held her tight. "What else? Crayon? Good! Let's see."

She opened a portfolio. He fell silent. They were all portraits of her mother.

"I'm a little—overwhelmed," he said finally. "You know her very well—much better than she knows you. Her chin, though. She holds it higher. Look." He took a crayon and made a few explicit, telling lines. "She leads with her chin all the time. It makes her very vulnerable." He became still, gazing down.

"Yes," agreed Maxine, with unexplained tears in her eyes. Yet she felt compelled to ask, "Why are you marrying my mother?"

"Because she needs me," he answered promptly. "Don't mistake me. If I didn't love her, her needing me wouldn't matter to me—so excruciatingly. Undoubtedly your young man needs you, and if you love him—which I more than suspect you do—it is of excruciating importance to you. That's probably what's the matter with you now. But what you really mean to ask me is why I marry at all, isn't it?"

"Yes. That's it."

"Yes, well, let's face it—because I made the big mistake of falling in love, and because, in the tradition of my family and my society, falling in love means marriage. Now that I've seen your work, I see that for you it's a big mistake too. From an absolute viewpoint, that is. Probably a worse mistake, because women get so—tied up, emotionally and physiologically."

She nodded. "That's what I've been afraid of."

"Of course. And that's what I'm here for, really. And now we come to the mystery of mysteries, the inner shrine, the paradoxical secret of the brotherhood."

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He smiled with his lips alone. Maxine was so intent on his words that it seemed there was nothing in the world now but that man of controlled energy, half sitting on the stool with one foot on the rung, and she, leaning against the door jamb with her hands behind her back, waiting to hear the words that would mean her whole life.

"It's this: you and I are strong, Maxine, with a strength that people more active, yet more dependent, can never understand. We don't have the same needs at all. Your mother would be shocked to know how little it would matter to you if she got married and took herself off. No, rather, how very happy you would be, deep down under the surface agitation of your emotions."

Maxine felt her face flush guiltily under the honest, wise look he was giving her. He noticed and smiled.

"We are strong because we have a central drive, primal, unremitting, indomitable. When it takes over, you are tireless. You can paint all day without food, all night without sleep. You have tapped the source of all power. But you can't hug it to yourself, Maxine; it will tear you to pieces if you don't share it. Nor am I sure that one outlet, art alone, is enough to keep the tremendous pressure down. For Van Gogh it wasn't.

"Now, if you're not interested in keeping the pressure down, then go ahead, use just one channel, force the stream upwards and the result may be something sublime. A few have done it—Michelangelo, Beethoven." He paused. "I admit to you, Maxine, I am not that great an instrument. I need other outlets."

Her eyes were far away. When he spoke again, she knew that his mood had changed. She felt in him a kind of secret laughter. At her? At himself? At life?

"I forgot," he said, "the comfort of the memory of Johann Sebastian Bach, that superbly adjusted genius, who managed to be earthy and sublime at the same time, and to produce prodigiously at both levels. Maxine ——"

He called her back gently from her other world. It was significant that he did not have to shout.

"—— I give you my word, there is no limit to the kind of energy we artists have access to. It is possible for you to raise twenty kids and to be painting even better when you're a grandmother."

She took a deep breath and opened her heart to him in a wide, beautiful smile. "I love you!" she burst forth intensely.

He nodded vigorously. "I love you too. It's going to be a great life!"

A little later she called up John and invited herself to have luncheon with him.

"Oh, Max!" he said, and she felt shamed by the joy in his voice. Then he added, unfortunately, "I knew you'd see the light."

"Yes," she said resignedly.

"Can you meet me? In the Roosevelt lobby? At one?"

"All right, John."

She had been waiting for him about ten minutes when she heard her name called over the public-address system: "Miss Maxine Kramer. At the information desk, please."

Surprised and puzzled, she crossed the lobby.

"It's a telephone call. Will you take it in Booth Two, please?" The clerk indicated the phones.

It was John. He said, "Hi." His voice had a hint of suppressed laughter.

"Where are you, John?"

"In the next booth."

"Where?"

"In the next booth. Number Three."

She laughed.

"I like to hear you laugh," he said, his voice deep with feeling. "I like to see you coming across the lobby looking surprised and puzzled."

"I hate you," she said good-naturedly.

"You also love me, Maxine?"

"Yes, I do. Yes, I do."

She heard the receiver go down and turned to see his bulk in the doorway of her booth, blocking it. She had just a brief moment of feeling trapped. He saw it in her face and hesitated. Then, swept with compassion, she reached out quickly, drew him in to her and raised her face to be kissed. THE END

"The glasses are straight, all right—it's your head that's crooked!"

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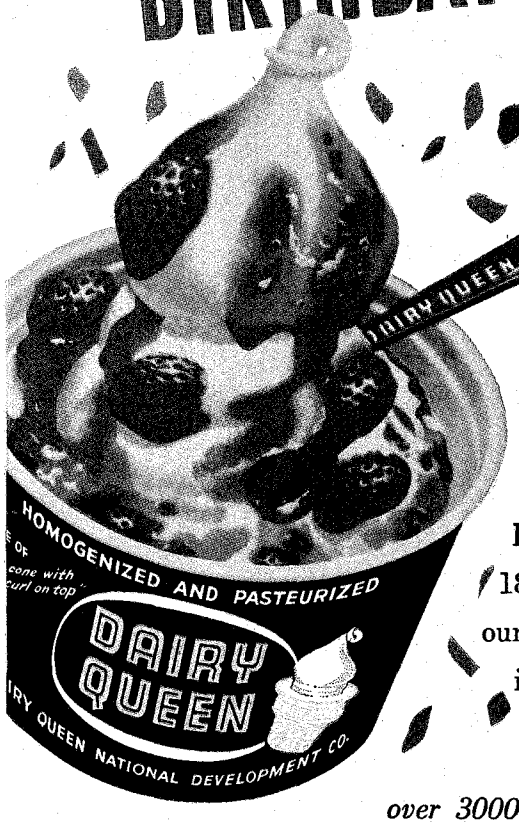

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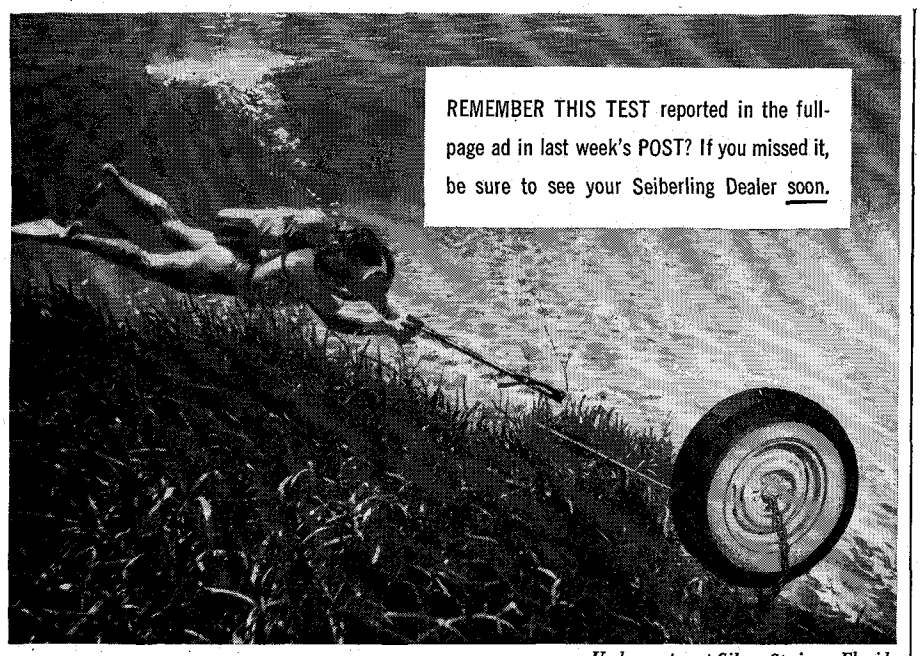
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Boom in Part-Time Jobs

(Continued from Page 39)

rarely," points out Aaron Scheinfeld, chairman of the board of Manpower. "So he rents them from us on the nights that he needs them."

Unlike standard employment agencies, the temporary-help firms do not charge the employee for finding him work. Instead they charge the employer for finding a worker. They keep all part-time help on their own payrolls, paying all wages, unemployment compensation and social security themselves. When a businessman needs part-time or temporary help, he pays rent to the agency; he doesn't pay the help.

Let's say, for example, that a shopkeeper needs four extra salesgirls for a bargain sale. He calls a temporary-help agency, which agrees to provide the four girls from its own pool of part-timers for, say, $1.55 an hour each. The salesgirls will receive the going rate for the job—assume it's $1.20 an hour in this case—but they'll be paid by the temporary-help agency, not the shopkeeper. The temporary-help agency has only rented them to him, in this case for the thirty-five-cent-an-hour difference between what the shopkeeper paid and what the girls received. When the bargain sale is over, the salesgirls report back to the temporary-help agency for a new assignment. Or, if they prefer, they can take time off, as much as they please.

Renting part-time help actually saves the businessman a great deal of money in the long run. He doesn't pay fringe benefits, for instance; that saves him, on the average, 39.2 cents an hour. He doesn't have to advertise for help or train it when he finds it. His unemployment-compensation rate doesn't soar because of an artificially high turnover on his payroll; one steel-warehousing firm in Chicago estimates that it saves as much as $75,000 a year on this item alone.

But most of all, the businessman enjoys the economy and security of getting as much extra help as he needs at the moment he needs it. When Chicago was enveloped in a sudden heat wave last summer, a bottler of soft drinks called Manpower for "enough extra help to triple my production and delivery within a day." By that afternoon Manpower help was swarming all over his plant. By midnight they'd stepped up production to the level he wanted. By the middle of the next morning, he was cashing in on what he called "a bottler's bonanza."

To most businessmen, the temporary-help agencies thus offer a tailor-made labor force. "If one of our temporary employees can't do a job," says Aaron Scheinfeld, "he'll be replaced by a satisfactory employee the next day. Our idea is to give our clients exactly what they need and only as much as they need."

About eleven o'clock one morning last spring, for instance, a factory owner called Manpower with an acute problem. He had a rush order for 50,000 cases of his product, canned hair spray. "It has to be sent off in three days," he said, "but I don't have enough men to handle the job. How soon can you send me fifty or sixty men?"

By four o'clock that afternoon he had forty Manpower employees on his production line. By eight o'clock the next morning he had sixty. By that night the stepped-up production line was so far ahead of schedule that the owner cut his Manpower help back to ten employees, with no squawk from any quarter.

When he got the bill, the manufacturer discovered that it was less than if he'd hired the part-time help himself; he would have hired sixty men at the outset, and they would have expected at least three days' pay.

So far, the temporary-help agencies have had no complaints from the labor unions; in fact, a Midwest agency has more than once provided extra help for union offices during clerical emergencies. This may be the result of mutual tolerance, the unions recognizing our economy's need for part-time help and the temporary-help agencies respecting—as they do—union picket lines. An earthier view is that white-collar unions aren't strong enough at this time to offer practical objection; still another guess is that currently no unionized office worker is being displaced by temporary help, there being more jobs than workers in the office field. Another explanation offered is that most union contracts stipulate that a new employee must work for a certain length of time—usually for from thirty to ninety days—before he is eligible for union

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"You're just sitting there acting pleasant to infuriate me."

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membership. And the great bulk of temporary assignments don't last that long.

To small businessmen the temporary-help agencies offer the flexibility, but not the overhead, of a much larger concern. A plumber in New Jersey discovered belatedly that the Government was about to auction off a load of surplus plumbing supplies at the Rocky Mountain Arsenal. He telephoned Manpower's Denver office to ask for an inventory of the surplus supplies. Manpower sent two girls to the arsenal, where they quickly gathered enough information to help the plumber in New Jersey get in the successful bid.

"In effect," says Aaron Scheinfeld, "we provided the plumber with a branch office in Denver for no more than the cost of a long-distance phone call and the labor of two girls for a few hours."

To the average worker the fascination in these jobs lies in their variety. No longer is the enterprising part-timer confined to a pattern of working a few hours of every day of every week. Instead he can work full-time for a few days or few weeks or few months—in short, as long as he likes. He can, in effect, fit a job into his life instead of his life into a job.

In Detroit a young woman works as a social secretary through the Russell Kelly agency for nine months a year to save enough money to spend her winters in Florida. In Manhattan a young actor who had a bit part in the stage play Inherit the Wind arranged to augment his meager income by taking part-time jobs in nineteen cities when the show went on the road. A couple from South Africa, stranded in California when a thief stole their bankroll, earned their expenses back home by taking temporary jobs in one American city after another.

> When a habit begins to cost money it is called a hobby.
>
> CHARLES RUFFING

"And I couldn't begin to guess how many women we've had who worked only long enough to buy a new television set or a new car or to make a down payment on a house," says Robert Hood.

What kind of part-time job can you find?

"Almost anything you can think of," says Eileen Nock, manager of the Manpower office in Cincinnati. "We've had calls for everything from a potato-chip packer to a French interpreter."

Once Manpower assigned a girl to be a "corpse" for the unveiling of an electronic slab at a morticians' convention in Minneapolis. Another time it provided a healthy young man to do nothing more than carry the twenty-five-pound brief case of a Cincinnati businessman who was recovering from surgery. A few winters ago it sent eight girls to help Liberace address his 75,000 Christmas cards. And once it assigned a dozen part-timers to serve as paid guests at a party given by a Texas oilman who wanted to impress some Washington dignitaries.

Usually, though, the jobs are straightforward. When Hurricane Diane swept up the Atlantic Coast a few years ago, an insurance company was swamped by 5000 claims in twenty-four hours. It hired a full Manpower office crew to work from six P.M. to ten P.M. daily on the overload. One weekend every month an automobile manufacturer in Michigan rents 130 Kelly girls to map out its parts schedule. It believes that $75,000 a year is saved in the overtime it would have to pay regular employees for the same job. Louis Wolfson hired both Manpower and Kelly girls to help solicit stockholder proxies in his fight for control of Montgomery Ward. Even major-league baseball clubs get into the act: during those heady, hopeful days last September when the Milwaukee Braves were struggling for the National League pennant, the team received 30,000 orders for World Series tickets. Twenty-four Manpower girls were hired to help handle the mail.

Approximately two-thirds of all part-timers are women. And most of the women tend to be older and more mature than the average full-timer. "Our average girl is in her middle thirties, has two children, and hasn't held a regular job in almost ten years," says Russell Kelly. Their earnings are modest, usually around $1.25 to $1.50 an hour; more if they are skilled office-machine operators.

For many women part-time work offers emotional as well as financial satisfaction. "One of the irritants to the American housewife today is the lack of challenge in her life," says an executive of a large Midwestern department store. "With all those laborsaving devices available, she has more time on her hands than her mother did. But she's fretting about not being more useful, and being useful in our time means bringing money into the household. A part-time job gives her a chance to feel useful without sacrificing time she should be devoting to her family."

In Madison, Wisconsin, for instance, a young secretary-turned-housewife found that she was bored and lonely when her only child started to school. After the happy tumult of keeping up with her son,

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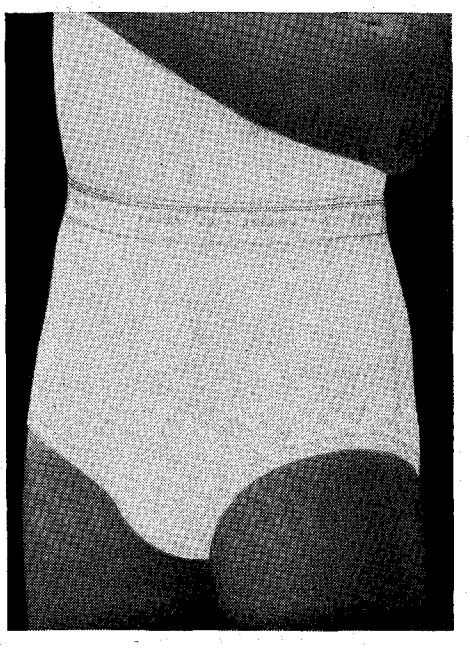

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the rest of it—housework, shopping, and bridge—seemed like nothing. By taking a part-time secretarial job for the hours when her son was in school, she found refuge from boredom and accumulated some savings too.

Or take the Detroit housewife whose ambition to become a mother was frustrated by five miscarriages before she bore a healthy baby son. When he was four, the boy fell ill of polio and quickly died. The doctor warned the distraught mother not to sit at home all day, brooding about her loss. At his insistence she got a part-time job through the Russell Kelly agency—"something that made us feel we were doing as much for her as for ourselves," says Russell Kelly.

For the middle-aged and elderly worker the boom in part-time jobs offers not only an income but also dignity and purpose. In May, 1956, for instance, a soft-spoken woman of sixty-seven walked into the Manhattan office of the New York State Employment Service, seeking help. Her husband had just died, leaving her very little money. She needed a job, but she found that nobody would hire a woman of sixty-seven, much less one who hadn't worked since 1911. Upon hearing this story, Mrs. Alice Perry, an NYSES counselor, began a telephone canvass of employers. After a dozen calls she found an opening that seemed ideal for the widow. The job—general office work for a real-estate firm for about twenty-five hours a week—demanded no special skills. Not only did the widow land the job but her employer reported after several months that despite her age her work was "extremely satisfactory."

Part of the prejudice against the over-forty worker is based on economics. An employer must pay a high premium on pension plans for newly hired older workers. "Most employers figure that it's cheaper to train a young man than to pay a pension premium for an older, experienced person," says N. W. Picker, head of Office Temporaries in New York City. As a result, some 800,000 men and women over forty years of age can't find permanent jobs—the "unemployed employables" as Aaron Scheinfeld calls them.

But the businessman renting part-time or temporary help doesn't have to pay pension premiums. Consequently he is often willing to accept men and women in their forties, fifties and sixties from temporary-help agencies. Picker says, "I have a sixty-eight-year-old office-machine operator who's been on hundreds of assignments for me in the last eleven years—and her daughter and granddaugher work for me too."

Once they're given the chance on temporary jobs, the over-forty workers are generally more satisfactory than the youngsters. "Most of our clients believe that the older workers are more reliable and conscientious than kids fresh out of school," says Picker. "At least they don't begrudge you an hour's work for an hour's pay. You've got to remember that they grew up in a grimmer era, when you didn't eat if you didn't work."

Both younger and older workers should examine all the possibilities of part-time work before plunging into it. They should ask themselves: Do I have any skills, particularly office skills that are in great demand? Do I know what hours or days I prefer to work? Will my income from a part-time job throw my family's joint-income-tax return into a higher bracket and, with other expenses, wipe out any profit from the job? How far will I travel for a part-time job?

"It usually doesn't pay to travel one or two hours in order to work only four hours a day," says Marjorie McNair, of the New York State Employment Service.

When all these doubts disappear, opportunity remains. The vigorous boom in part-time jobs is giving millions of persons the chance to satisfy a compelling itch to use their spare time profitably. And the boom will not soon lose its impetus. "Even after all that's happened in the last few years," says Russell Kelly, "we feel that we're just getting started."

THE END

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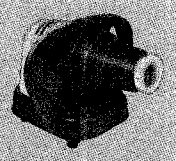

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"Look at it this way, Edith. If you marry me you'd still have most of your time to yourself. When I'm not working I'll be off playing golf, bowling, hunting, fishing, drinking beer with the boys, playing poker—stuff like that. . . . "

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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The Girl He Remembered (Continued from Page 27)

overstuffed couch and chairs, tasseled lamp and the inevitable mezzotint of Whistler's mother, experiencing a sudden, sharp and, in the light of his welcome, inexplicable regret that he had come.

"Welcome home! Welcome back!" they had said, though they were both too young to have known him. Would there be others still living who would remember? And what was he to do if they did?

Craig was recalling now, as though it had been but yesterday, the story of his life that had been serialized in Picture Stars, the first Hollywood fan magazine to celebrate his overnight smash success as the unregenerate beachcomber in High Adventure. He saw again the double-page spread: "John James Craig's Life of High Adventure—Iowa Farm Boy, Runaway Sailor, Circus Roustabout, Prize Fighter, Soldier of Fortune, Fighting American Marine. By Francine Desmond Harte," and the opening chapters devoted to his birth and early life in Huntsville.

The story had been in the barefoot-boy tradition so dearly loved by a large segment of the American public, and had included the humble farm, the old swimming hole, the spinster schoolteacher he had harassed with his high-spirited, boyish pranks, the village bully he had bested one day in epic combat, hayrides, husking bees and even a description of his brown-haired, brown-eyed sweetheart, Mary, from whom he had been inseparable until, when he was twelve, his family had moved away from Huntsville.

And he was remembering, too, the painful episode of the strange girl, Francine Harte, who had written the series, using material, he supposed, supplied to her by the press department of National Studios.

She had come to his apartment to interview him for the final chapters. She had been young, intense, avid, with slightly prominent hazel eyes, fox-colored hair and a supple figure. She had practically thrown herself at him. It had been his first experience with the fruits of success in Hollywood. He had rejected her, and in the end managed to get her out of the house.

It was not until years later, when she became a famous syndicated columnist, that Craig realized what a deadly enemy he had made, for she never once gave him a break or overlooked an opportunity to harm him. Yet the story went in Hollywood that she had never ceased to be in love with him.

The drab street of the dying town matched Craig's mood, for he was aware, for all his success, what a gigantic failure his life had been. He thought of his own two disastrous marriages in fifteen years; the first to Aline Sorrell, the heiress, and the second to Kyra Drail, then billed as "The Most Desirable Woman in Hollywood." Sorrell had tried to run him to a leash, like a tame poodle. The marriage to Kyra, the spoiled, greedy, ambitious actress, had been a hell of exploitation, clashing temperaments and professional jealousies. The divorce, only recently terminated, had not been pleasant.

He glanced at his still-untouched bag, wondering whether to see the adventure through or pay for a night's lodging and get out, when he was interrupted by a knock on the door.

Craig cried, "Come in." The man who entered bearing a package was taller than he and leaner, with a hawk's beak of a nose and semibald head fringed with reddish hair going gray. His eyes were shrewd, but the wide mouth was not unfriendly.

He said, "I'm Alf Zinneman, Gazette. This section votes dry, but drinks wet. I brought some of the drinking part."

Craig shook hands. "That's hospitable," he said. "Come in." But he was on his guard. There was something about the cut of Zinneman's jib that proclaimed him more than just a simple country editor.

The newspaperman was measuring Craig, for his head was already full of schemes and ideas. He said, "I thought I'd have recognized you anywhere off the screen, but I wouldn't. You're ——"

"I know," Craig concluded, "much smaller. Actually, I'm five ten and a half, and I strip good."

Zinneman nodded and then said, "So you've returned to your old home town at last. Welcome back."

Craig said, "Thanks," briefly and fussed with the uncapping of the bottle of Scotch. He poured two drinks, softening them with tap water.

They lifted their glasses, saying, "Well, cheers!"

Zinneman caught Craig watching him over the rim of his glass, and said with a smile, as though he had been mind-reading, "No, you wouldn't remember me. I'm a kind of a new boy around here. I moved from the East twenty years or so ago and bought the paper. That was quite a while after you'd left."

Craig felt easier.

Zinneman asked, "You've never been back here before, have you?"

"No," Craig replied. "You know how it is."

Zinneman nodded, "Uh-huh." Then, studying Craig with a curious expression

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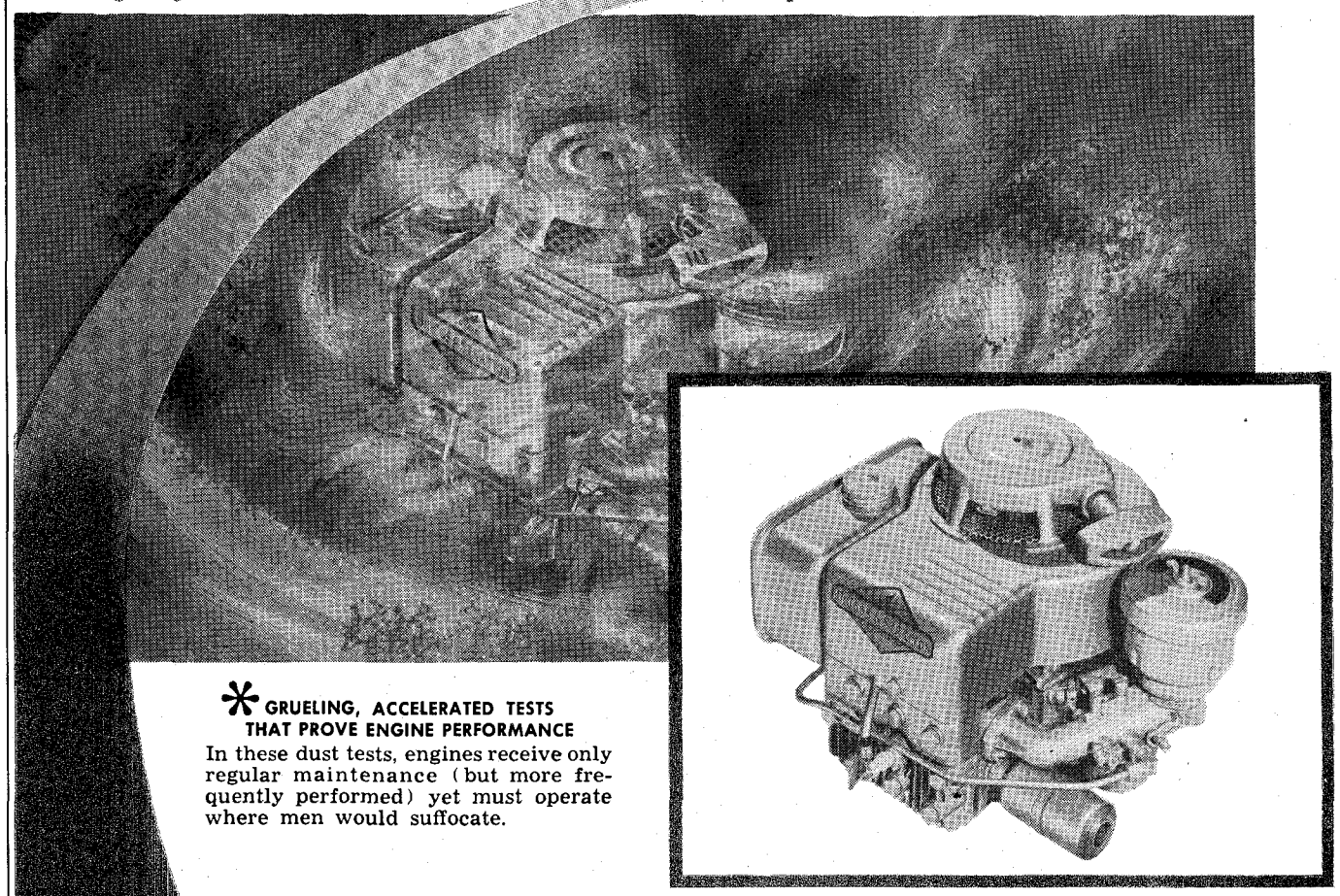

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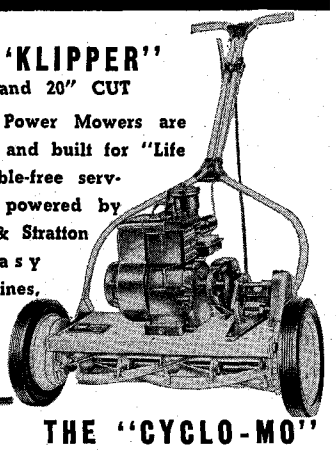
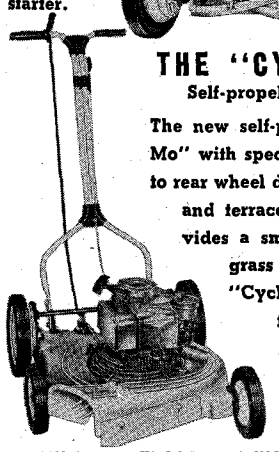


THE "CYCLO-MO"
Self-propelled - 21" cut
The new self-propelled "Cyclo-Mo" with special power take-off to rear wheel drive, handles hills and terraces with ease. Provides a smooth cut for fine grass or toughest weeds. "Cyclo-Mo" trimmer type available in 18" and 20" cuts. Write for attractive literature.



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COOPER MANUFACTURING CO.
996-998 So. 1st Ave. - Marshalltown, Iowa

What Do 3 Out of 4 Doctors Recommend to Relieve Pain?

A survey shows 3 out of 4 doctors recommend the famous ingredients of Anacin Tablets to relieve pain of headache, neuritis and neuralgia. Here's why Anacin® gives you better *total* effect in relieving pain than aspirin or any buffered aspirin:

- **ACTS INSTANTLY:** Anacin goes to work *instantly*. Brings fast relief to *source* of your pain.
- **MORE EFFECTIVE:** Anacin is like a doctor's prescription. That is, Anacin contains not one but a combination of effective, medically proven ingredients.
- **SAFER:** Anacin simply *can not* upset your stomach.
- **LESSENS TENSION:** Anacin also reduces nervous tension, leaves you relaxed, feeling fine after pain goes. Buy Anacin *today*.

Hot, Perspiring, Sore, Tired Feet?
You Need Dr. Scholl's Fast-Acting Relief!
Take a minute each day to sprinkle soothing, cooling Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder on your feet and into your shoes. You'll have another day of real foot contentment. Dr. Scholl's eases new or tight shoes . . . lessens perspiration . . . helps prevent Athlete's Foot. 15¢, 40¢. Large economy size 75¢. Try it!

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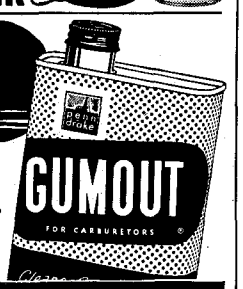
GO places
with more power
...less fuel
Clean your carburetor with GUMOUT now! Just add to the gas—cleans as you drive



GUMOUT • CLEVELAND 4, OHIO

in his clever eyes, he asked, "What made you come back now?"

Craig debated. There was something at once disturbing as well as likable about the man. He decided to tell the truth. "Impulse," he replied. "The crossing gates were down to let the Mainliner go by outside Parkersburg, on Route 20. While waiting I saw the sign 'Huntsville, twelve miles' and—well, here I am. I'm going on in the morning. On my way to New York. I've got a personal appearance there the end of the month."

Zinneman said, "Pity. We're having a big combined luncheon of the Rotary and Lions clubs here, day after tomorrow. There'd be quite a few old-timers there."

Craig asked evenly, "Gibson Packing people too?"

Zinneman threw back his head and laughed a noisy, appreciative laugh. "I guess everybody tries to use you for bait, eh? How did you know? Of course. You saw my notice on the board downstairs." He delved into a side pocket and produced a folded copy of the Gazette, creased and bearing the yellowed patina of old newsprint. He asked, "Did you ever see the special edition of the Gazette I got out after your life story appeared in Picture Stars? I'd had the Gazette about five years at that time. I mailed you a copy, on the chance ——"

Unease gripped Craig. It had been fifteen years since he had seen it, and a long time since he had looked upon a clipping that he had carried about with him in his wallet ever since. "No," he lied; "I don't see half the stuff sent to me."

Zinneman spread out the tabloid-sized newspaper. Staring out from the page was a photograph of Craig as he had looked fifteen years ago, surrounded by many other photographs—men, women, scenes, a stream, stores, a farmhouse. Zinneman, to augment Huntsville's claim to fame, upon the publication of the biography had canvassed the old-timers, going back more than forty years for memories and stories of its newly famous citizen.

"'Gave Him His First Job,'" says Sam Boal, Hardware Merchant." Beneath a picture of a general store, "Frank Blair & Son," was the caption: "'Used to wait on young John when he came on errands for his mother,' Frank Blair recalls."

Beneath a photograph of a sharp-faced old woman identified as "Zoe Peterkin, 65, first-grade teacher of Huntsville Grammar School, retiring this year," Craig's swift glance took in the caption: "Miss Zoe Peterkin remembers John James Craig well when he was a first-grade pupil at the school at Mill Crossing, where she has been a teacher for more than forty years. 'He was always up to some mischief,' she said. 'In and out of trouble, like all the boys.'"

Craig's thin lips curled over the text covering the picture of a heavy-jowled, surly-looking man. "'He didn't lick me fair and square; I could take that panty-waist any time,' Luke Whipple, now with Elphinstone's garage, says of his famous fight with Craig back of Harper's barn."

And then the picture of the clear-eyed, sweet-faced girl, gazing at him out of the old page, compelled him to look at her again. It was almost as though she had called to him. And, as before, it brought to him a sense of desolation, of worlds lost. And again, as he regarded her, the overpowering memory of a childhood dream returned with fearful, nostalgic clarity. He wondered what Zinneman would say if he knew that the clipping he, Craig, carried in his wallet was a duplicate of this picture.

Craig reread the identification now: "Mrs. Ralph Morgan" and the questioning subhead: "Craig's Boyhood Sweetheart?"; then the accompanying story: "Neighbors agree that the boyhood sweetheart of John James Craig referred to in Picture Stars could have been pretty Mary Ellis, who lived not far from the Wiswell place, which, according to old-timers, was farmed by the Craigs. Mrs. Bessie Craddock, of Stiles Lane, relates that she often saw John carrying Mary's books to school. Lynn Harnett, Prop. of Ryall's Drugstore at Main and South, says his father recalls they frequently came there for sodas. Fess Toland says the Craigs moved away from Huntsville when Mary was about nine. Mary, who went to Iowa State, married Ralph Morgan, of Turtle Falls, Nebraska. The couple are currently living in Sioux City, where Mr. Morgan is employed by the Wiltex Chemical Company."

Zinneman was saying, "Look here. How about letting me make a shot of you and old Miss Peterkin? She's nearly eighty now, but her mind is as clear as a bell. It would make a good story. She lives only a few minutes from here."

Craig had only half heard what Zinneman had said, but felt the necessity of being obliging.

"O.K.," he replied. "Whatever you say." . . .

Although Miss Zoe Peterkin had retired from teaching the first graders some fifteen years ago, she still carried her head, thin nose and gold-rimmed spectacles high, as though perpetually looking over the front rows to see what was afoot at the back of the class. The room which Zinneman and Craig entered was as plain and severe as she, in spite of cheerful chintz curtains.

Zinneman said, "Good afternoon, Miss Peterkin. I have brought someone to visit you. This is John James Craig, who was one of your pupils many years ago."

"Eh, who?" She peered over the lenses of her glasses. Her backbone was like a ramrod, her mouth thin, stern, uncompromising. "I remember a Johnny Craig. Always up to some kind of mischief."

Craig said, "How do you do, Miss Peterkin." He felt suddenly subdued, small, ridiculous, almost as though his trousers had shrunk to knickerbockers.

Miss Peterkin's old eyes rested upon him. She spoke in a sere voice, like the whispering of dried leaves on the pavement in autumn. "I am glad to see you, Johnny Craig. Have you done well in life? Have you remembered the precepts I taught you? 'Put truth and honor before all else' and 'To thine own self be true.' I have always tried to give my pupils precepts by which they might live as well as learn."

It had been so long since John James Craig had considered truth and honor that he could not even remember. But his thoughts turned to the hundreds of youngsters, always, in her eyes, up to some kind of mischief, who had passed through her hands and gone on to grow, bud, flower and bloom while she remained behind, dry and arid as a winter-scorched weed.

He suddenly felt indescribably moved and overwhelmed with a wave of affection for this stern, good, aged woman. Hardly aware that he was doing so, Craig crossed the room quickly, knelt at Miss Peterkin's side, put his arms about her and leaned his rough, leathery cheek against hers that felt like time-softened parchment.

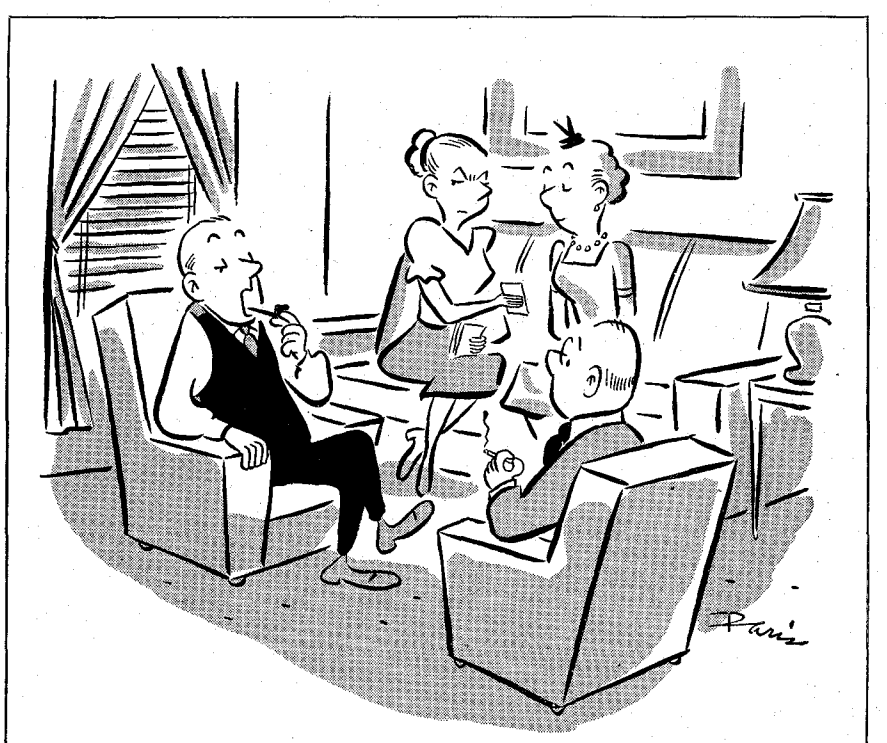
The cry torn from Miss Peterkin's throat was the ageless one of the lonely, neglected woman who has made her peace. "Ah, no, no! Not that! Kindness I cannot bear!"

Nevertheless she suffered her cheek to remain against his and almost imperceptibly yielded to the pressure of his arms, until a tear spilled from her eyes and the flashlight of Zinneman's automatic-print-making camera blinked, causing Craig to look up angrily and then rise shamefacedly to his feet. But he was thinking, *How alike is loneliness; one can out-tough anything but the warmth of the touch of a human and friendly hand.* And he thought again of the face of the girl in the newspaper cutting in his wallet. . . .

Back in the hotel room, Zinneman said, "Thanks. I'd better be getting back to the office." The editor's attention was taken by the copy of his special edition that still lay opened on the table. "Pity you aren't staying. There's another picture I should have liked to have made. You and Mrs. Morgan."

Craig's head came up and he looked sharply at Zinneman. "Mary Morgan? Mrs. Morgan? I thought it said she was married and living in Sioux City."

Zinneman's observant eye caught the odd flash of (*Continued on Page 125*)



"We went through St. Louis, Wichita, Denver, Santa Fe and our savings account."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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The Picture of Health for June

by MAXINE DAVIS

Why does one fatten now that it's warm and one's not so hungry? Easy! Strawberries and cream. Garden peas, new potatoes in butter. Well-camouflaged calories! The season's so short that . . . ***temptation seems irresistible.*** So—KESSAMIN is a *must.* The very best aid to weight-control I've ever found. I first used the NEW KESSAMIN PLAN to reduce my winter-grown bulge, after talking with a doctor. Now I take them to avoid meal-time seconds. They combine essential nutritional vitamins, iron, and a neutral, no-calorie food additive that helps make one portion all you really want. You feel better, too!

"***Anyone want to learn croquet?*** I'm giving up golf," glooms our club pro.

His new dentures won't stay firmly in place. That throws him off his own game and makes him irascible with learners—unfortunate, but luckily easy to overcome with ORA-FIX, a really dependable adherent for dentures.

With ORA-FIX he's again able to be patient with the most inept beginners, concentrate on his shots, and also to indulge a habit he has of munching the peanuts he always keeps in his pocket.

His druggist recommends ORA denture powder too. A half-teaspoonful of ORA in a glass of water cleans them in 20 minutes. So—no morsels of peanut, no denture breath!

After the 18th hole, a bath, a change, and a long cool drink are part of the pleasures of golf. You feel wonderful—relaxed, peaceful, almost a part of the golden June day. Except . . .

You perspire. You don't sweat as you do out on the fairway but you get damp, especially under your arms. You know perspiration is natural as summer rain. But showers are clean and sweet—and perspiration starts that way but definitely does not *stay* sweet. For bacteria grow in perspiration . . . they change it and make it—well, unfragrant!

Trying to cope more successfully with this problem I've discovered the NEW YODORA, a deodorant containing an antibiotic that simply stops those objectionable "germs."

YODORA is a light delicately-scented cream. It soothes and heals any irritated area. And it lasts. You apply it once and all day long—even up to two days—stay as truly fresh as your new linen frock.

When the committee debated building a footbath at the club swimming pool as a safeguard against athlete's foot we asked a doctor if that was a wise move.

We learned that athlete's foot comes from little plants—fungi—that lurk on many people's skin and, when given the slightest chance, may spread and cause trouble. But it's far more efficacious to take good care of the feet than try to sterilize the innumerable places where bits of the fungi might be.

So our family will use OCTOFEN LIQUID if we do get an infection. And OCTOFEN POWDER, sprinkled daily in hose and shoes, is a fine preventive. Hospital tests have clinically demonstrated the effectiveness of OCTOFEN to stop the attack or to prevent it. It's the only athlete's foot medication approved by the National Foot Health Council.

TARTAN

AVAILABLE IN CANADA

Pure sun-gold—Tartan's specific sun-screen action lets you stay in the sun 8 times longer without burning! Use Tartan as directed for richer, really flattering tan. No other lotion gives outdoor-loving Americans a better tan than Tartan. Get it in your favorite form. **Lotion—Foam—Cream.**

TARTAN LIP POMADE

Summer or winter —it relieves "weathered" lips —no chapping, drying, cracking; heals sore lips; does not show.

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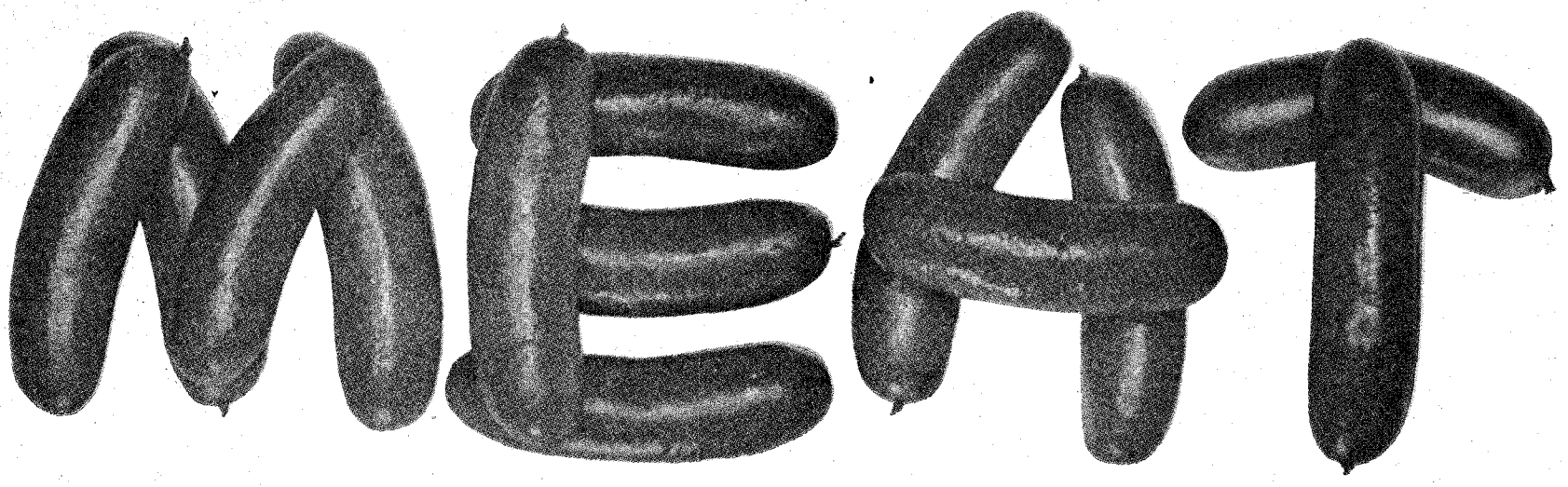
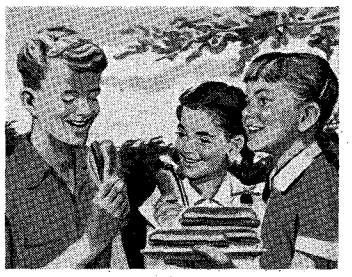
Why the

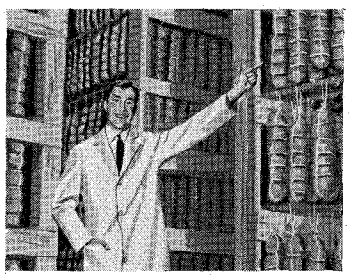


we like so well *does us so much good*

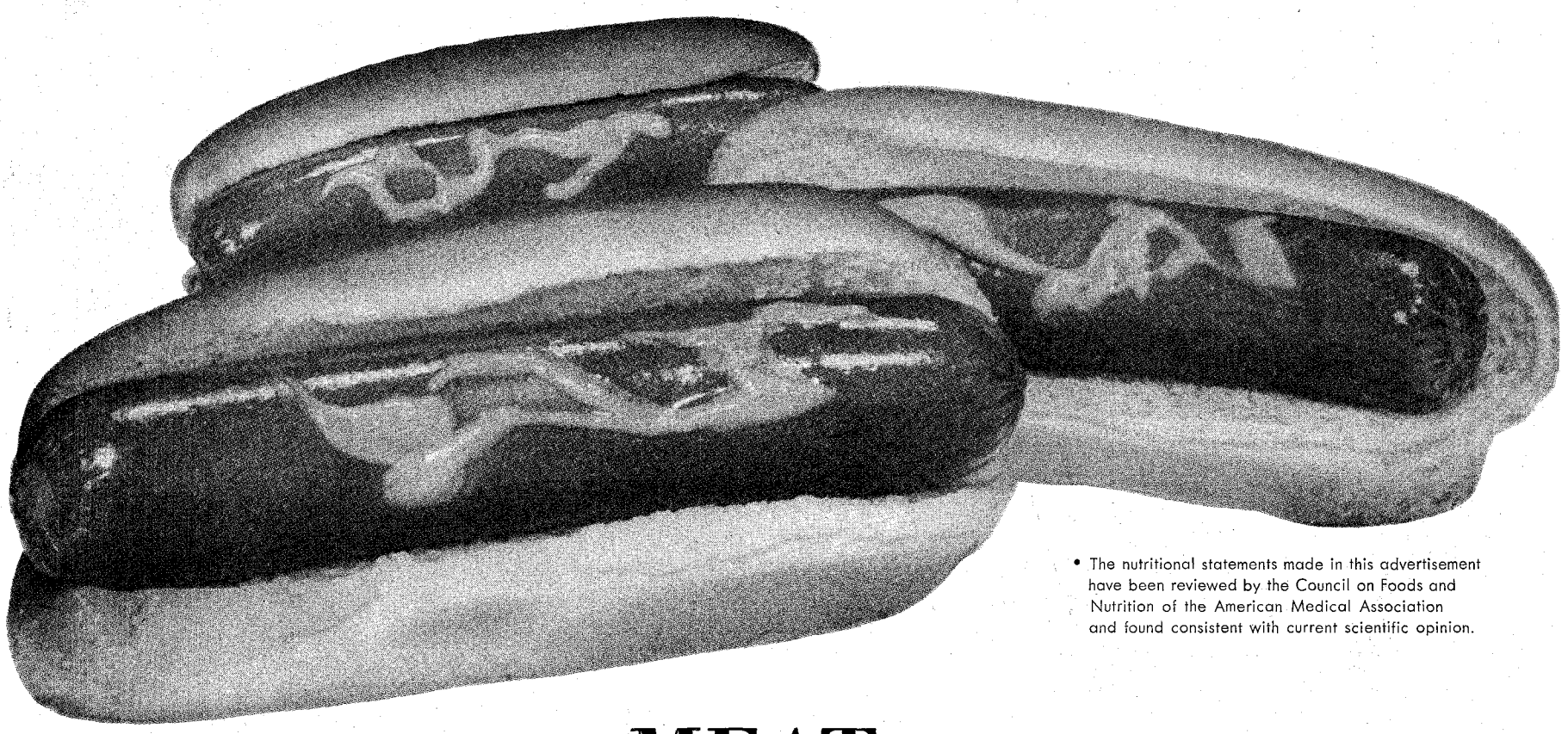
Like all meat, the great American "hot dog" is not merely packed with eating pleasure but with protein too . . . the same kind of complete, high-quality protein that you get in sirloin steak! It's this protein which helps repair muscles, nerves and tissues, helps build red blood and promote healthy growth in children. Meat is also a good source of Vitamin B_1. Isn't it lucky that something so *good-tasting* does us so much *good!*

YOU NEED BODY-BUILDING PROTEIN *DAILY.* The body does not store protein as it does fat. It is therefore vitally necessary to health that an adequate amount of protein be included in the *daily* diet. Plenty of protein is helpful at all ages, and particularly for growing children. Nutritionists agree that meat is one of the best ways—and one of the best-tasting ways—to get protein daily.





TAKE YOUR PICK. Scores of varieties of sausages and cold cuts are made to satisfy the tastes of modern Americans! They, and all other kinds and cuts of meat, are delivered *where* you want them, *when* you want them, by the progressive meat packers and sausage makers who constitute the American Meat Institute *. . . at the lowest cost from farm to table of almost any food.*



• The nutritional statements made in this advertisement have been reviewed by the Council on Foods and Nutrition of the American Medical Association and found consistent with current scientific opinion.

Headquarters, Chicago . . . **AMERICAN MEAT INSTITUTE** *. . . Members throughout the U.*

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(*Continued from Page 122*) emotion that Craig could not conceal, and his hopes rose.

He said, "That edition you are looking at is fifteen years old. Mary's husband died four years ago. They had no children. His widow returned here to live in the old Ellis house. You passed it on the way into town."

John James Craig said, "I see." But for the moment he did not, for his eyes were turned inward to a kaleidoscope of women—faces, scents, textures of hair and skin, eyes and voices filled with passion. And of them all, there seemed only one that mattered, and that was the likeness that gazed out from the brittle yellowing page before him.

He felt, suddenly, a powerful urge to climb into his car and drive, drive, drive, as though the devil were after him, to speed away until the long-tenacious memories of those who remembered his boyhood could no longer catch up with him.

But the woman in the picture with the clear brow and wonderfully calm eyes seemed to say, "Stay, my love. Do not go, now that you have come back to me."

Craig said, "I've changed my mind. I'll stay for your luncheon."

Back in his office, Zinneman, his eyes burning with excitement, studied the picture he had made and immediately rushed it by car to Des Moines, where it went out over the AP Wirephoto lines that night.

It appeared the next day in most of the morning papers in major cities, where it brought a lump of nostalgia into the throat of every man or woman who had ever known a beloved teacher. Later, the photograph was to have far-reaching consequences for the two it had captured in the unguarded moment.

With each succeeding interview and picture the next day, Craig's feeling of deep depression increased. The indefatigable editor seemed intent upon using Craig to win the utmost publicity for the town, which had been left high and dry when the east-west highway was moved twelve miles north.

Caught in the toils of the strings pulled by Zinneman, the master puppeteer, Craig posed for pictures behind the counter of Sam Boal's Hardware Store with the arm of the doddering eighty-seven-year-old Boal around his shoulders, and again at the general store of Jim Blair, son of the late Frank; he visited the old swimming hole and the falling-down grammar school at Mill Crossing, with a ragtag of admiring youngsters at his heels and, standing before the dreary row of main street's store fronts, signed his autograph for excited teen-agers.

At the old Wiswell farm on the edge of town, Craig was guided through a set of rooms that filled him with desolating sadness.

Lora Semple, a fluttery woman, said, "I never knew your folks, but I guess it ain't changed much since your time. We bought the farm with the furniture just as it was, from the people who had it after you folks, I guess, and we ain't made many changes. Things seemed to set right nice where they were."

They came to a room that contained, among other things, a brass bedstead with a cheerful patchwork quilt and a dresser on which lay a baseball cap and glove.

Mrs. Semple said, "This is our Bill's room. He's away at school now. I guess maybe it must have been the same one you had."

Craig made appropriate small talk, but what he wished was to sit on the edge of the bed and bury his face in his hands.

It was the morning of the day of the luncheon when Zinneman took him to visit old, blind Mrs. Norton, who lived over the barbershop. Craig was sure he had reached the end of his endurance, for she remembered his mother.

"She was so kind," Mrs. Norton told him; "so very kind. And I remember her voice was always so wonderful, soft and kind. I can just hear her voice in yours. She was always helping me and doing things for me. And I remember like it was yesterday what soft hands she had when she took mine."

Back in his hotel room, instead of washing up, Craig began throwing things into his bag.

Zinneman said, "If we get to the luncheon by twelve-thirty we'll be O.K."

Craig did not look up from his packing and merely said, "Forget it. I'm not going to the lunch."

Zinneman, taken by surprise, protested, "Oh, now, look here, Craig. Isn't it a little late to ——"

"I said to forget it. I'm not going."

For a moment they dueled wordlessly with glances across the table, each taking the measure of the other. For each knew a secret, and yet each lacked the key that could have unlocked all the long-sealed doors.

Zinneman was the first to drop his eyes. "If you say so." Then he added, "Too bad. I'd arranged in the late afternoon for you to go over and pay a visit to Mary Ellis Morgan. I telephoned her this morning."

The gorge of anger rose dangerously in Craig. "Whatever did you do that for, and who asked you to?"

"No one. It was my idea. I asked whether I might bring you out this afternoon." Then the tall editor courageously moved to the attack, "It's because of her you stayed over, isn't it?"

The emotional beating Craig had suffered seemed suddenly to drain strength and truculence from him. And besides, Zinneman had spoken the truth. He had to know. Was she his old, long-time love first encountered in a dream, a part of this nightmare that had slowly been enveloping him ever since he had taken the fatal step of coming to Huntsville?

He asked Zinneman, "And what was Mrs. Morgan's reaction to that piece of offensive busybodying?"

"She said to bring you over any time this afternoon."

Craig's deep sigh broke the silence that followed. He had been afraid that this was what Zinneman might say. He felt sick. But he could not leave without being sure.

He said, "If I stay and come to your luncheon, you may regret it. Gibson's coming, isn't he?"

"The son, Gibson, Junior. The old man couldn't make it." Zinneman added quietly, "I'll take that chance."

The chairman of the joint Lions-Rotary luncheon finished his fulsome introduction—"This world-famous actor and man, born in our midst, who has brought such renown to our humble little community, our very honored guest"—and Craig rose to his feet to speak.

He had taken an instant dislike to Bennett Gibson, Jr., representing the packing company. His tie was too correctly tied, his hair too precisely combed, his pocket handkerchief too carefully pleated, his nose carried just that much too high.

Craig supposed he ought to begin by telling them a funny story and was turning some of them over in his mind, when he was saved further cerebration by the sudden rising to his feet at the end table of a big barrel of a man, heavy jowled, with hostile eyes and truculent manner, who said, "Ah, siddown. You're nothing but a lousy movie actor." And then he added loudly, "My name, in case you might have forgotten, is Luke Whipple!"

A gleam came into Craig's light eyes. He remembered the man, self-accused in Zinneman's edition as a bully who had never outgrown it, still smarting under a licking he had received as a boy. He regarded Whipple with almost friendly interest.

"Do you think so?" he said amiably. "I know several directors and producers who would agree with you. However, at the moment, if you don't mind ——"

The big man, half a head taller than Craig, stood, his head thrust forward with belligerence. "You're not only a lousy movie actor; you're a lousy fighter. You couldn't fight your way out of a paper bag."

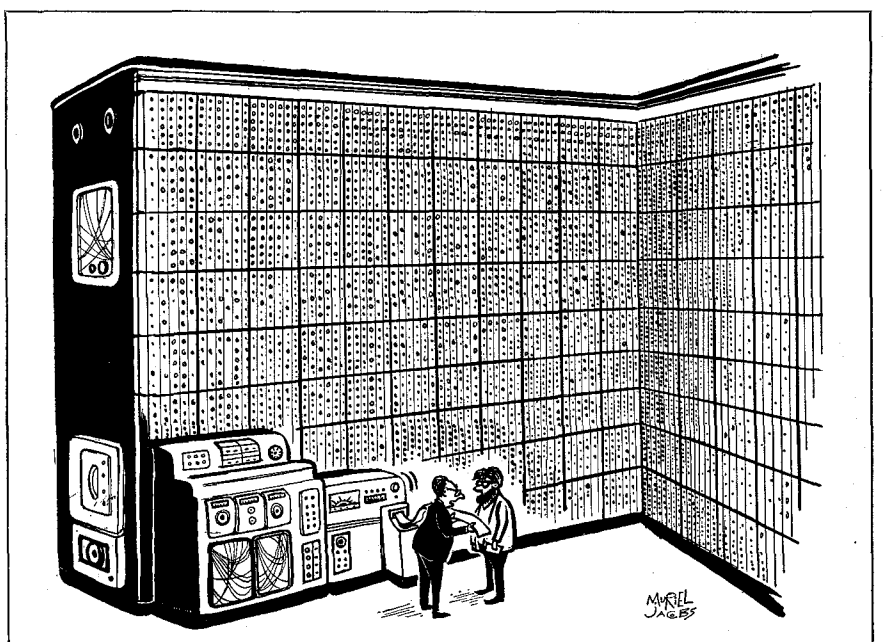
From all quarters of the room arose cries, "Sit down, Luke!" "Shut up, you mugg!" "Pipe down, Luke; he's our guest!"

Whipple paid no heed. He sneered at Craig, "Maybe you licked me once, but you can't do it again."

Craig said quietly, "Oh, yes, I can."

Whipple laughed unpleasantly. "Would you like to step outside, chorus boy?"

Craig looked down at his plate for a moment. For the first time he felt as



"It says the answer is 2."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

WHAT'S NEW IN MOTOR CONTROL?

NOW... PRESTEST THE SELF-TESTING SAFETY LIGHT

Indicating lights are vital to the safety and proper use of many machines, particularly in automation. But such lights always pose a troublesome question. When a light is "off," is it indicating a circuit condition . . . or is the bulb burned out? There is no guesswork with the new Cutler-Hammer PresTest Indicating Light. Merely pressing on the light lens disconnects the lamp from its operating circuit and checks it instantly on a continuously energized test circuit. So simple and easy, it ends the hazards of infrequent testing. PresTest lights are one-hole, oil-tight mounting. Available in both resistor and transformer types. For full information on PresTest and matching heavy duty pushbutton units, write today on your company letterhead for the Pushbutton Handbook Pub. EL-178. CUTLER-HAMMER, Inc., 1259 St. Paul Ave., Milwaukee 1, Wisconsin.

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See full details on label . . . You'll like this zesty hot mustard. It's America's finest! Get a jar from Dairy Dept. open refrigerator of your food market. Frank Tea & Spice Co., Dept. S, Cincinnati.

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A clean, fresh mouth is always important. Make your nightcap a cleansing, cool Lavoris rinse—and sleep refreshed. Lavoris is a stimulating astringent that leaves mouth and throat sparkling clean, soothes delicate tissues. Only a mouth that is clean could feel so clean! And, Lavoris tastes so good your whole family will want to use it.

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SPARKLING RED mouthwash that tastes good ... does good!

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though he might win relief from the welter of fears, disgust, memories and emotions to which he had been prey ever since he had arrived in Huntsville; a chance, through sheer physical action, to rend the curtains that hemmed him in, even though he pulled the house down with them. He raised his head. "'Outside,' has juvenile implications that don't appeal to me. How about right here?"

There was a gasp from the assemblage, a rustle and movement of chairs as the members looked at one another to see what lay in his neighbor's expression.

Craig flipped a spoon into a double somersault and caught it. "This is a private gathering, I take it. You gentlemen are all Americans, brought up in the American way of settling differences. I could agree with our friend, Luke, here that I am a lousy actor and a mediocre fighter, but the chorus-boy business wants debating."

He looked over at Zinneman, whose face was a study, for he was impaled on the horns of a dilemma, one of which made itself manifest when Bennett Gibson, Jr., arose and said, "Do I understand you are proposing to have a fist fight here? That would be intolerable."

Craig regarded him coldly and said, "Shut up, Junior. Nobody asked you. You're a guest here, like I am. I'm leaving it to the boys."

Zinneman sighed, kissed the packing company good-by, but picked up his camera and flash gun with a gleam of pure delight in his eyes.

The chairman half arose, opening his mouth, but was caught in mid-air by, "Siddown, Clay, and let 'em have it out!" from the rear of the room. He hesitated, looking around for nonexistent support, and was lost.

Craig moved smoothly around the tables, peeling the clothes from the top half of his body as he went. He said, "All right, Luke; let's have a try. If you wind up on the deck, I'm still the world's biggest ham, but we cancel out that chorus-boy crack. Is that all right?"

Whipple came forward, pulling off his coat and shirt. He was suddenly self-conscious and deeply embarrassed. It was one thing to rough-and-tumble and slug it out back of a building, and quite another to stand half naked in the center of the floor of the hotel banqueting room before all his fellow townsmen.

Craig was looking happy and relaxed for the first time since he had arrived, and flexed his shoulders smoothly. He had told the truth when he had said he stripped well. His body was his living and he had looked after it.

"O.K., Luke," he said pleasantly. "Put up your hands and let's go," and, gliding in easily and rapidly, struck the first blow, a left hook to the temple.

Thereafter it was a swift, scientific slaughter that was over with merciful speed, as Craig moved about his slow, heavy opponent, whipping in short, sharp punches with a machine gunner's rapidity and a rifleman's accuracy. For the better part of a minute there was no sound but the meaty thud of Craig's fists and Whipple's gasps and grunts. Then Craig leveled one down a trolley wire to the left side of Whipple's jaw, and the big man crashed heavily to the parquet floor and remained there as Zinneman's flash gun went off.

Craig did not even bother to look at him, but took his clothes and started back to his table, examining the middle knuckle of his right hand, which was already swelling, and shaking his head regretfully.

"Same damn one," he murmured.

He was nearly dressed when he reached the speaker's place. Zinneman had picked up a pitcher of water, and doused it over Whipple, who stirred, rolled over and got to one knee, shaking his head.

Craig adjusted his tie and donned his jacket. Bennett Gibson, Jr., pale and affronted, said, "I am leaving."

Craig favored him with his frosty smile. "Stayed to see the fun though, didn't you, Junior? Why go now?" Then resuming his place before the microphone, the actor gave his spoon the double flip again and asked, "All right, Luke?" The beaten man had climbed to his feet.

Whipple waved at him in an odd, friendly sort of way and said, "O.K., John." His legs still trembling, he wiped the blood from his nose and mouth with a napkin. Then, slowly, as though forcing himself against the invisible obstacles created by his inner struggles, he walked the length of the floor. Near the head table he turned and faced the audience.

"I've got something to say," he began haltingly. "I'm a stinker. A prize stinker. I guess you all read about the fight that I once had with—our famous guest here. I guess I don't remember much about it, except that I got a darned good licking and when it was over I wouldn't shake hands."

The room was breathlessly silent. The big man fumbled for words for a moment. "Maybe you don't know that you can think a hell of a lot of things while you're getting beat up by"—he managed a sheepish, split-lipped grin—"by an expert who ain't no chorus boy. I guess the whole thing didn't last long, but I had time to find out the difference between feeling right and wrong in a fight. And I don't ever want to feel wrong in a fight again—or in any other way if I can help it." He turned to Craig. "Will you shake hands with me, Johnny?"

Craig said, "You're darned right I will," and stuck out his hard and battered hand. Then the room rocked with cheers as the two men gripped, and the next instant Whipple was surrounded.

At the height of the excitement and crush around Whipple, Craig picked up Zinneman with his eye and a nod of his head, and together they quietly left the room.

Outside, Craig said, "If you use that shot you made of that poor jerk on his rear, I'll kill you."

Zinneman lied, "I wasn't going to. I just thought you might like it for your memory book." He performed the operation with the camera and handed the print over. Craig studied it for a moment; then tore it into small pieces and dropped them into a waste container.

He said, "I told you you'd regret it if I came."

Zinneman grinned. "It was worth it. I don't know whether we could use a stuffed shirt like that running a factory around here anyway. What time do you want to drive out to Mary Morgan's?"

Craig stared at him coldly. For the moment, he had forgotten. Well, he had made a mess of things. He might as well finish the job. "In about an hour," he said. "Alone! You're just a little too handy with that camera to suit me, my friend."

Zinneman sighed. Then he said wistfully, "Well, let me know how things turn out. Remember, my besetting sin and profession is curiosity." Craig did not reply.

Guiding the Sapphire-Vixen out of Huntsville, following the directions given him by Zinneman, Craig knew that although he had endured punishment in the prize ring, the manifold perils of nature in sea, jungle and desert as well as the hazards of war, he had never come so close to destruction as now, when he was daring to approach a dream and capture it.

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He paused at the crossroads described. At the end of the dirt road leading off from it he saw the green-shuttered white farmhouse, with its accompanying plump red barns half concealed by clumps of century-old willows.

Why not turn back and leave her as she had been, the beautiful and unattainable, the refuge forever? He answered himself by stubbornly pulling the wheel of the car toward the lane.

Within the house, Mary Ellis Morgan heard the approaching car and waited with trepidation which heightened her color. Time had only confirmed the warmth and calm of her beauty. Her fine dark eyes still mirrored the gravity, sweetness and clarity of spirit in which a man might find completion and shelter forever. She had kept her youthful figure, which maturity had enriched.

Through a window she saw now that Craig was alone, and she wished she had not let him come. She heard the door of his car slam, his quick light footsteps and then the ringing of the doorbell. She summoned her courage and her resolve, and opened the door.

They stood facing each other across the threshold, these two strangely assorted people—the woman who had led a life of innocence and the man who had walked in wickedness, but who had treasured the image of her for so long.

... ...

Neck and Neck

The more miraculous grow
the drugs,
The more spectacular grow
the bugs.

Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

... ...

And the words that Mary Ellis Morgan had meant to speak would not come to her lips.

For she had not expected such a harrowed, beaten person, one upon whom success sat as such an empty achievement, who looked so lonely and abandoned and whose hungry, searching gaze penetrated to her heart and touched her deeply.

And thus startled and bemused, they could only communicate with each other across a gulf and at cross-purposes. Craig spoke first. The words came slowly, as though he were addressing her out of another world and another era.

He said slowly, "Hello, Mary."

Mary extended her hand to him and replied, "Hello, John. It is good that you have come back." It was not at all what she had meant to say, but she felt suddenly as though she could not bear to disappoint him. John James Craig took the hand she extended in his own ice-cold hand. He thought his heart would break at her welcome, and when she asked, 'Have I changed much?"

He brought himself to say, as was expected, "No, Mary."

The ache of grief and disappointment, the sense of loss and desolation, were even greater than he had expected. It communicated itself to her and moved her heart to unfold to him as it might to a child.

She said, "Won't you come in, John? There must be so many things you have to tell me. You have become so famous."

They went into the comfortable living room that breathed the atmosphere of peace and tranquillity for which he longed. But the scene and the mood were wrong, and they sat upon the edges of a chair and sofa, apart from each other, in curiously stilted attitudes, like those seen in old daguerreotypes; Craig, with his knotty hands with the swollen knuckle grasping his hat, studied her with his misery-laden pale eyes.

Mary, sat very erect and proper. But she was wishing to hold his head to her breast. Instead she said, "You have never been back here before? I returned myself only a few years after my husband died."

"No, Mary."

"Things have not changed much here."

"Do they ever really? It is we who change."

She continued to speak as though she were reading a part that had been written for her, "Tell me, how do you remember me, John?"

Now pictures leaped into his mind, for, unknowing, she had triggered the dream, the old, old dream.

"How do I remember you, Mary? It was a long time ago. There was a meadow and a stream. The meadow was deep with field flowers; a wind rippled the stream. It was a summer's afternoon.

"In the meadow," John James Craig continued, his pale eyes no longer seeing, for they were turned inward toward his dream, "a child, a girl, stood waiting for me. She had brown hair braided down her back, and deep, dark, grave eyes. And I remember the odor of the sun on her hair and the warm fresh cotton of her pinafore, and it has haunted me ever since. And she smelled of bread and butter, and of jam. Because this was so, I wished to cry; I do not know why, but perhaps it was because she was so young and deeply touching."

Mary Ellis Morgan, her eyes luminous with close-to-the-surface tears, asked, "How did you know I smelled of bread and butter and jam?"

Craig looked at her, astonished. "Don't all little girls? And then it was later," he continued, "perhaps years. Her hair was now braided about her head. She was taller and older, but her eyes were just as deep and dark and grave, and when I held out my arms to her, she came close to me and laid her cheek to mine. And when I touched my lips to hers, I sank into such sweetness that ——"

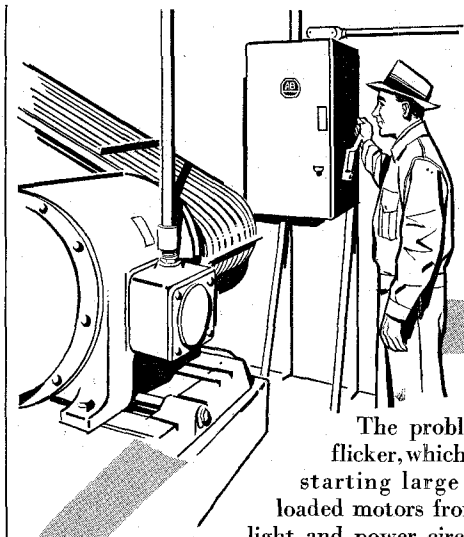
She had to stop him! Another instant and she would have been lost, swept into the maelstrom in which she wished to drown. For they were both on their feet now, facing each other, and that which trembled between them and his hunger for her made her weak and dizzy, until in the last moment she remembered who she was, but above all who he was, and why she had sent for him.

She cried, "No, no! Stop! I order you to stop! Aren't you ashamed, Mr. Craig, to speak this way to me when you have never laid eyes on me before? Have you no conscience, Mr. Craig? Are you not deeply ashamed to have come here to Huntsville to amuse yourself by making fools of simple, honest, gullible people, to take advantage of their weaknesses and their vanity to make them believe you belonged here?"

And she said finally, "Do not look so surprised, Mr. Craig. For I am not fooled by you, and never have been for a single instant. I was born here in this house more than forty years ago; I was raised and went to school here as a child, until I was grown and went away to college. You are not one of the Craigs who lived here once. You were not born here. You never lived here as a boy. You are a fraud and a cheat, Mr. Craig!" And then inconsequentially but movingly, she cried, "Oh, why—why did you do it?"

John James Craig stood there regarding her.

TO BE CONCLUDED



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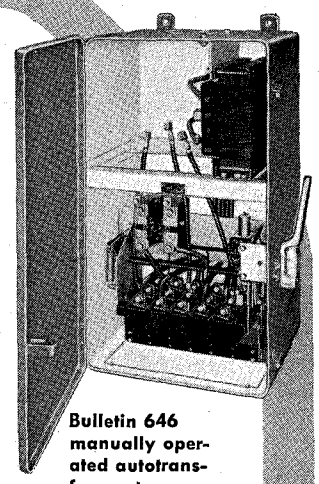

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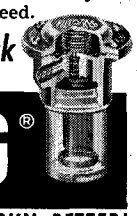

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Mr. President!

(Continued from Page 33)

somewhat funny. He cut short his first press conference on February 17, 1953, by the simple expedient of saying that he had an appointment and walking out. This violation of tradition irritated the members of his audience a little and they got things back into their own hands next week. Ike stared in astonishment when "Thank you, Mr. President!" was yelled, and he roared with laughter at the rapid exodus.

On February 29, 1956, when he was to disclose whether or not he would run for a second term, Mr. Eisenhower did not resist tormenting the eager reporters with a prelude of inconsequential statements. Since his heart attack the previous September, he had been under enormous pressure to stand for re-election. But even before he was stricken, the President had been cagey about his intentions. He had jokingly imposed a year's moratorium on the subject. This did not bar questions, however. At a conference early in August, 1955, Edward T. Folliard, of the Washington Post and Times-Herald, one of the few correspondents whom Eisenhower calls by their first names, pointed out that some Ohio Republicans had visited the White House and, emerging, had commented on the President's stern sense of duty. Did this mean yes?

"Well, Eddie," was the answer, "I can say this: This now pushes my year that I don't have to answer . . . far forward. I said a year from the last question would be the moratorium."

While everybody laughed, Folliard said, "I withdraw the question."

In the months which followed came the emphatic reassurances from the heart specialists. On the morning of February twenty-ninth the suspense was electric. The President walked briskly into the ornate Indian Treaty Room while the motion-picture cameras whirred. A record number of 311 newsmen and women jammed the room and fifty had been turned away. The Chief Executive opened, however, with a tantalizing appeal for the Red Cross. While his auditors squirmed and twitched, Mr. Eisenhower saluted the arrival of Italian President Giovanni Gronchi in Washington. Almost ten minutes dragged by interminably as he discussed farm legislation and an irrigation project in Colorado.

"Now my next announcement," the President said at last, "involves something more personal, but I think it will be of interest to you. Now I have reached a decision ——"

Exasperatingly and discursively, he continued to talk. A simple yes or no could not express his feelings. He would not allow his name to go before the convention unless all the members of the party were agreed "that they would not be nominating some individual other than they thought they were nominating ——" He did not know whether the people really wanted him. But finally the news came. If they did, "my answer will be positive—that is, affirmative."

"Well, at least I had a short conference," the President observed, grinning, as the room emptied rapidly. By a miracle, no injuries were suffered.

Whatever the other verdicts of history may be, there is no doubt that Eisenhower has vastly enlarged the scope of the President's communication with the people of the United States, as well as the world, through the press, radio and television. Nor is there any disagreement that he has greatly heightened his talent for handling press conferences since his first months in office.

Presidents Roosevelt and Truman were the first to hold meetings at which questions were asked freely. But they prohibited quotation except by special permission. Most of their words were translated into awkward indirect discourse. The ban on direct quotation was almost wholly lifted after Eisenhower had been in office two years, and now a word-for-word transcript is available to any accredited writer in about two hours after "Thank you, Mr. President," has ended that morning's conference. James C. Hagerty, the presidential press secretary, makes no attempt to modify what has been said in the impromptu questions and answers. Thus the public reads, sees and hears precisely what Mr. Eisenhower said and his way of saying it.

The President has no illusions that he is a maestro of the spoken word. A learned journalist once asked him whether he had any suggestion for the improvement of "political semantics," a fancy manner of asking whether politicians might not talk sense.

"You know, you must stick to simple words when you're talking to me," protested Ike.

Prior to the first inaugural there were widespread misgivings among newsmen regarding the incoming President's willingness and ability to deal adequately with the press. These gloomy feelings were not quite justified, in view of Ike's candid relationship with newsmen when he was a military commander. In Africa, General Eisenhower actually had informed war correspondents about the scheduled Sicilian invasion—information of such appalling secrecy that many reporters promptly went on the wagon to remove the possibility of an inadvertent leak. Yet as Inauguration Day, 1953, approached, newsmen's apprehensions were not without basis. During the war, General Eisenhower always had a military censor at his elbow. Any slip could be corrected. But in the White House it would be a free-for-all. Also, the President-elect's confidence in the integrity of the Fourth Estate had deteriorated during the political campaign. He had watched with distaste one or two TV shows in which a panel of reporters grilled their victim, however distinguished, as though he were on trial for peddling narcotics. As a candidate, Eisenhower had not been wholly happy, either, with the attitude of some of the reporters who had traveled with him.

"Some of those guys aren't reporters at all," he complained. "They sound more like district attorneys."

But that was before Eisenhower was protected by the dignity of the highest office in the land, and he did not appreciate what the difference would be. Presidents of the United States are no longer subjected to rude questions, epithets or cross-examination, although they once were. On top of this misunderstanding on the winning candidate's part, some members of the administration-elect revealed hostile attitudes toward the press. During the weeks before January twentieth a stream of Eisenhower men visited the nerve center of their future labors. One of them viewed with well-bred distaste the disorder of the lobby in the executive wing of the White House. A large round table in the center was piled high, as it invariably is, with the hats and coats of the reporters. Under it was a collection of rubbers and galoshes, for the day was stormy.

"I can't see why you fellows need so much space," he said. "The general is going to require more room for his staff. Besides, he won't like having visitors questioned just outside his door."

Thereupon a report circulated that the correspondents would be evicted from their quarters, which were far from lavish. It was even said that they might be moved to some temporary shack on the White House grounds. Then came rumors from the Eisenhower postelection headquarters in New York that the press conferences would be abolished. In retrospect it is clear that Hagerty had to convince his boss of their value. Eisenhower had remarked vaguely that he supposed he would call a meeting when he had some important announcement to make.

The doubts were not wholly dispelled by President Eisenhower's initial conference, although the reaction to it was generally friendly. Arthur Krock, the venerable former chief of the New York Times Washington bureau, remarked that no President had ever given "a stronger impression of sincerity, mental integrity and amiability." On the other hand, the new man opened with so many announcements of his own that little time was left for questions. The always articulate, sometimes acidulous Mrs. May Craig, of the Gannett newspapers in Maine, complained that she had "felt like a GI. He gave us a little lecture and then dismissed us."

Any notion that Ike would behave like a commanding general, barking out statements which sounded like orders, proved quite unfounded. The President is geniality personified, often laughing and making jokes at his own expense or that of somebody present. A member of the corps with an extremely high batting average in getting attention is Sarah McClendon, who covers for a string of Southwestern newspapers. Correspondents are required to state the names of their newspapers when they are recognized, and Miss McClendon, a tactful lady, identifies herself with one of her papers one week and another the next. The switch baffled Ike at a session last fall.

"Before I answer your question, will you answer me one?" he asked. "Do you get fired every week and join another newspaper?"

"No, sir," said the blushing news hen. "I try to give representation to all the papers I work for."

"I think that is very fair," said the President.

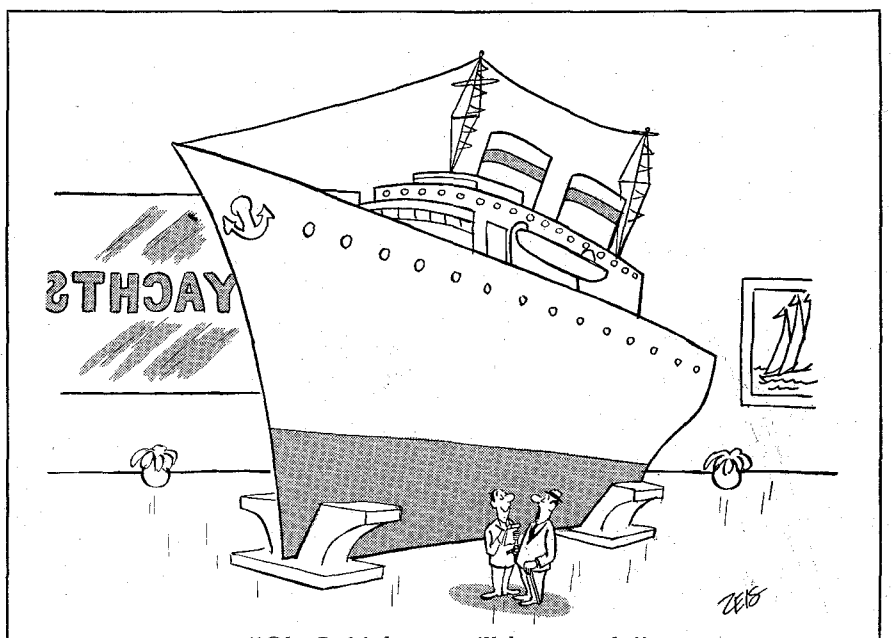
No trace of a ramrod is visible as Eisenhower stands at ease, often with his arms folded or one hand in his pocket. He listens intently and sometimes scratches the back of his left ear as he ponders an answer. Wrinkles appear halfway to his bald head, shining in the lights, when he gropes for an answer.

Considering Eisenhower's decades in the Army, his language is surprisingly free of military lingo. Only a single slip can be remembered. This took place at the Augusta National Golf Club when the President was officiating at the presentation of a portrait of the former golf champion, Bobby Jones. Mrs. Eisenhower was delayed in joining the group and Ike called out, to everybody's delight, "Please ask Mamie to get into this formation."

The Eisenhower press gatherings have no comparable precedent in American history and are quite unknown in any other democracy. The nation's early chief executives paid tribute to the importance of a free press, but did not give its members a chance to ask questions. It was probably just as well, because, as James E. Pollard relates in his The Presidents and the Press, many newspapers had abominable manners when the nation was young. Thus some Philadelphia rag accused John Quincy Adams of going to church in his bare feet. William Henry Harrison was branded "a superannuated and pitiable dotard," while Andy Jackson's mother was called a mulatto. The mildest semblance of such scurrility today would cost is author membership in the White House Correspondents Association and would bar him from press conferences anywhere in the Government.

Theodore Roosevelt was the first President to use the newspapers effectively. But he never permitted meetings to which all were invited, and was rarely quoted. Woodrow Wilson attempted them, but he was too shy and aloof and his scholar's mind could not comprehend the ways of the journalist. Warren G. Harding also tried press conferences, and should have demonstrated a degree of proficiency, being a newspaper publisher. His efforts weren't brilliant, though, because his knowledge of the Government was distinctly limited.

President Calvin Coolidge also held press meetings in a typically taciturn manner and required that all questions be written on cards in advance, so that he could select the ones he wished to answer. The Coolidge years were simple, peaceful ones. The reporters soon learned that it was wise to submit queries about such local matters as new buildings or parks. Coolidge answered these willingly, usually with yes or no. On the other hand, the small New Englander had an acute sense of the dignity of the presidency. He deeply resented being questioned with any persistence. In particular, he detested the then White (*Continued on Page 130*)



"Oh, I think one will be enough."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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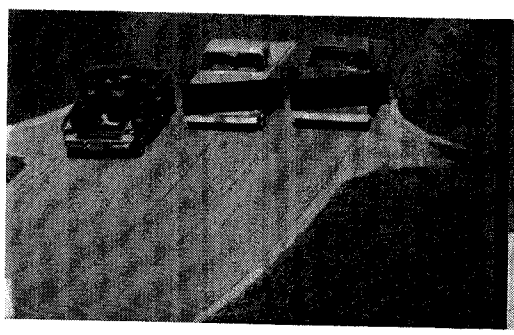

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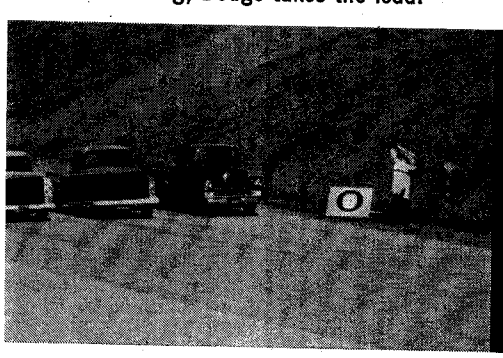

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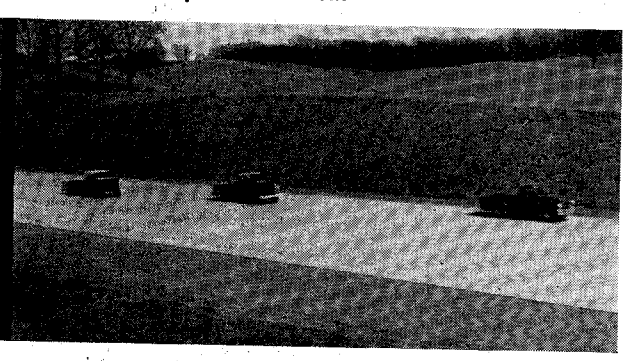

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(*Continued from Page 128*) House man from The New York Times, a conscientious reporter who believed in digging for news. One morning the Times correspondent escorted Adolph S. Ochs, his publisher, to the mansion. Ochs, a gentle soul, sought merely to pay his compliments to the President of the United States. The conversation lagged and soon ended. Coolidge walked to a window; watched the publisher and the reporter depart down the drive.

"Humph!" he said to an aide. "There go the Ochs and the ass."

Franklin Roosevelt's title to being the legitimate father of today's presidential press gathering is beyond challenge.

"I am told that what I am about to do is impossible, but I am going to try it," Mr. Roosevelt said, a few days after taking office. "We are not going to have any more written questions."

Despite the threat of war and war itself, the conferences were held, usually twice a week—to a total of almost 1000. Truman carried on the custom, which had become an established part of the American democratic process. But the meetings of Roosevelt and Truman bore slight resemblance to those of Dwight Eisenhower. If held more often, they were shorter; sometimes less than fifteen minutes. Roosevelt, enjoying himself hugely, completely dominated the scene. He could be ruthless and wisecracking. He could also be cruel, as on the occasion when he suggested that a reporter of distinction—who had asked an offending question—stand in the corner with a dunce cap. Truman never went that far, although he grew waspish when he was annoyed. His answers were crisp. All in all, he provided more important news than is usually the case now. Eisenhower gives little talks on issues and their background. The correspondents can get the complete transcript, but they attend because it means more to hear the President than to read what he said. And then, of course, they want to ask questions.

Mr. Eisenhower has not actually blown his top as yet, but he has come dangerously close to doing so on two recent occasions. The first time, last March, was when a reporter asked whether two helicopters, now being tested, would be used to convey him to the golf course.

". . . I don't think much of the question," said the President coldly, and denied that the egg-beaters would become a convenience for recreation.

". . . the worst rot that I have heard since I have been in this office," was Ike's answer at next week's conference to repeated Washington rumors that he might step aside for Vice President Nixon.

Under such stress, the President has flushed and a sharper tone has crept into his voice. But he has not let himself go any further; at least until back in his private office, when, according to White House gossip, he "sometimes climbs a chandelier." His earlier irritation toward the newspapers was based partly on fear that he was not yet familiar enough with domestic issues. The chance always existed, and still does, of a question artfully designed to trip him. Yet no other President has so rarely fallen back on the refuge of "no comment." One of the few times Eisenhower did so was during the 1956 campaign in response to an imbecilic inquiry on how he thought Stevenson and Kefauver were conducting themselves.

The greater self-confidence of President Eisenhower, very marked after four years, is largely the work of Hagerty and of Murray Snyder, who was his assistant until promoted to Assistant Secretary of Defense for Public Affairs last February. Hagerty, who served in the same role for former Gov. Thomas E. Dewey, of New York, is a skilled technician. He leaves nothing to chance. As soon as one news conference has ended, he begins getting ready for the next, gathering data from all branches of the executive departments and from Congress. He also has twice-daily press sessions of his own at which reporters are free to ask anything. This preparation makes Hagerty confident that he can predict nine tenths of the subjects which will be brought to the President. The Hagerty meetings have another useful function. At them, questions can be suggested on which the President would like to make public comment. Hagerty never has any difficulty in planting these seeds. His relationship with the reporters is informal, friendly and based on mutual trust.

The revolutionary decision to permit full quotation of the President's off-the-cuff remarks followed the development of highly sensitive film which made it possible to take sound movies of the conference without use of blinding floodlights.

From the start, Hagerty had tape-recorded the conferences so that an exact version, including tone of voice, of Eisenhower's statements could be preserved. This was as much of a new departure as was complete quotation.

To a foreign observer, many features of the presidential press conference must seem astonishing and bizarre. No accredited reporter is barred, although all have been carefully screened and fingerprinted by the Secret Service. A representative of the Soviet's Tass News Agency usually attends, but seldom asks any questions. The Indian Treaty Room, seating about 250, with space for fifty more in the balcony, is generally packed; on hot days it is insufferable because there is no air conditioning. Half a dozen movie men with portable cameras move around prior to Mr. Eisenhower's arrival, taking background shots of the correspondents to add variety when the films are edited. The President retains a military man's time precision and nearly always walks in on the minute, when everybody rises.

"Please be seated, ladies and gentlemen," he begins. "Are there any questions?" Or he may start the ball rolling with an announcement or two.

Meticulous care is taken to see that the President is recorded correctly. An experienced firm of shorthand reporters has two operators present. Back in their office, they check their versions with each other and, if necessary, against the official tape recording. Such care is essential, for Mr. Eisenhower's words are not easy to take down. He speaks very fast and his sentences are complicated. The agreed version of what he has said may be purchased by the correspondents that same morning at five dollars for the first copy and two dollars each for additional ones. About 100 are normally sold. No transcript is available to outsiders, not even to Government officials or to the Republican National Committee itself.

Telenews, Fox, the National Broadcasting Company and the Columbia Broadcasting System have their cameras at the conferences, each shooting about 1000 feet during the half hour. The reels are rushed by motorcycle to the laboratories for development and are ready by five o'clock in the afternoon. Two years ago, when the cameras were first allowed, the novelty was so great that the telecasts were sent out in full by the major networks. But even a President of the United States cannot continue to compete with plunging necklines or with tortured participants in $100,000 quiz shows, and the current TV audience is difficult to calculate. Telenews alone sells more than 175 film prints to independent stations, most of which show only a few minutes of the high lights.

Washington station WTTG is one of the few to carry the news conference in full, and Wes Harris, program director, has said that the audience is surprisingly large. This is also indicated by the White House mail. An occasional letter writer demands to know why the President should be subjected to cross-examination by so uncouth a collection of people. Who are these correspondents, anyway?

The fact that countless numbers of Americans can see and hear the President in their homes is significant enough. But the films have an even broader audience. Relevant portions are flown that night to American embassies all over the world. Thus our ambassadors can call in members of foreign governments to see and hear Mr. Eisenhower as he states some policy.

The use of the films abroad goes further. A former attaché of the American embassy in Cambodia told us that he had the sound track translated into Cambodian, and then distributed the films to the operators of local theaters, who were glad to show them. They were sometimes projected on screens in the market places.

"You mind?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

By the time Eisenhower meets his questioners—usually each week unless he has been out of town or ill—he is a well-informed Chief Executive who faces few hazards. Early that morning he has been briefed by Hagerty, Presidential Assistant Sherman Adams and other top-flight administration chiefs. Every Cabinet officer is acutely aware that he is obligated to communicate any late development in his department up to the last minute. The press secretary or his assistant is always at the President's side during the conference and is consulted if necessary. But this is rare. The President nearly always goes it alone.

The sessions are more orderly than might be supposed. Merriman Smith and the other press-association men have seats on the aisle reserved for them, so that they can lead the stampede. The wire-service men always confer on questions prior to the meeting, and normally they get the first nods from the President. Eisenhower appears to be entirely impartial in handling the group, with one exception. He will pick out a reporter from a hostile newspaper just as quickly as a friendly one. Size or power plays no part either. But Ike does incline to favor the lady correspondents—a small minority—who attended regularly. They do not have to compete in agility with the men.

Apprehension in administration circles that TV might cause a wave of exhibitionism among the correspondents proved baseless. The primary purpose of the writers in asking questions is to get stories. When Ike had been in office for two years, Editor & Publisher, the trade journal, searched back through all the transcripts and discovered that 200 reporters had asked 2500 questions during the period. Smith, of the U.P., led with fifty-five, with Raymond P. Brandt, the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, a close second: fifty-three. Because of the President's gallantry toward the ladies, Miss McClendon was third with forty-nine and Mrs. Craig fourth with forty-six. Joseph Chiang, of the Chinese News Service, had asked four questions; Peter Heidenberger, of the Bavarian Broadcasting System, and Otto Leichter, of the West German Newspapers, one each.

Time never permits all the questions to come up. Although fully convinced of the value of the press talks, Mr. Eisenhower resents being held beyond the half hour. When this infrequently happens he watches the clock on the wall, and a brassy note creeps into his voice. Merriman Smith takes seriously his responsibility for winding things up on time and he, too, has his eye on the clock. Yet the minute hand occasionally slips past the half hour, nearly always because the President has answered somebody at unusual length. One of the early meetings in June, 1953, stretched out to thirty-eight minutes.

"You owe me eight minutes," Mr. Eisenhower said to Smith in mock severity.

THE END

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"Viceroy has the smoothest taste of all!"

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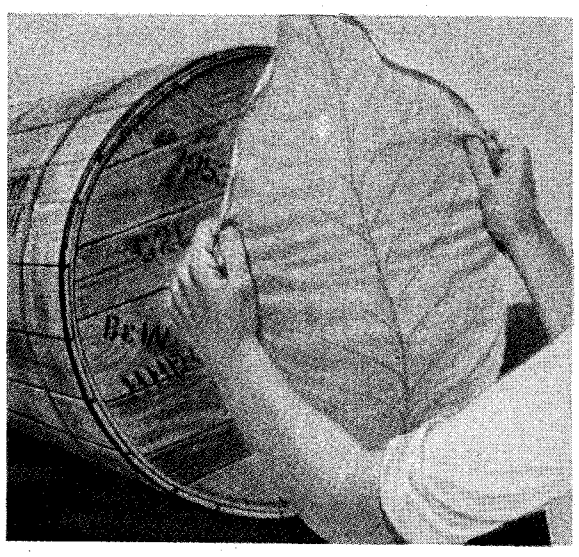

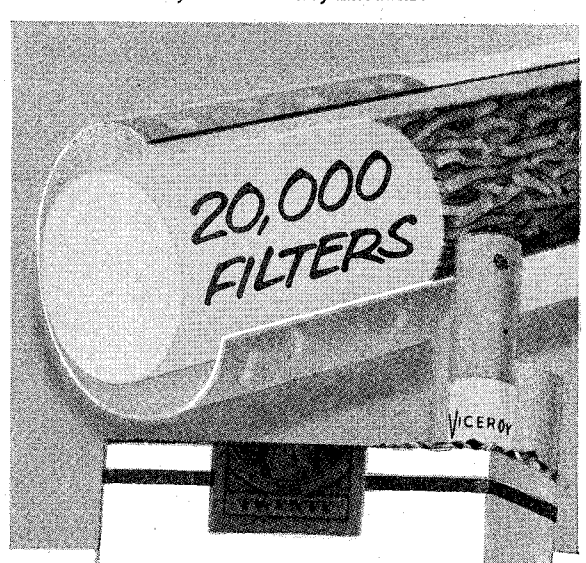

Sam Snead

enjoys a Viceroy with another golfing great, National Open Champion Cary Middlecoff. Says Sam: "Swell to discover a really smooth-tasting cigarette, isn't it?" Says Cary: "You bet! That smoother Viceroy taste is tops!"

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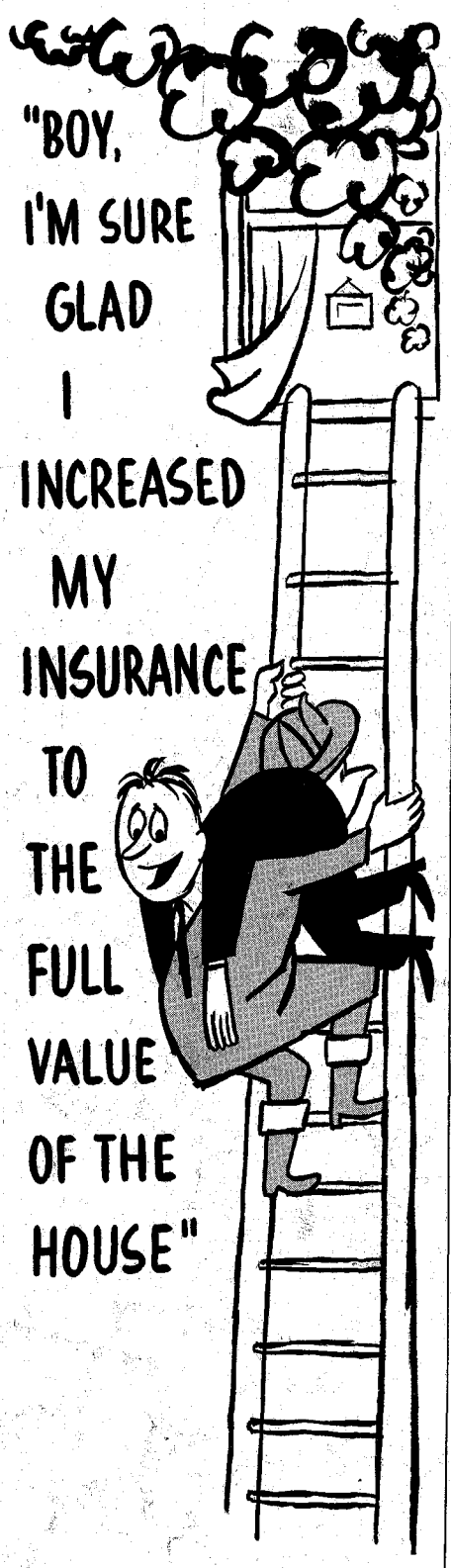

Would you sell your home and household contents for the amount of insurance you carry? No? Then you're not adequately protected in event of loss. The same applies to any business building, furniture and fixtures you own. To make sure you're up-to-date, call an agent representing one of the Phoenix of Hartford insurance companies.

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Keeping Posted

The Colonel Makes the Post

Lt. Col. Kenneth Kay, U.S.A.F., began getting Post rejection slips twenty-five years ago, when he was a fifteen-year-old lad in Atlanta; then there were years of war-and-peace Air Force service; and finally, just before graduating from the Armed Forces Staff College last year, the persistent chap made his first Post sale, a happy landing on page 37. This done, he turned in a snapshot of the three Kays sitting in France, in the room where Louis XIV was born. It seems he had just been assigned to the U. S. European Command—"And we're slowly going broke living in the Pavillon Henri IV, a sumptuous hotel in St. Germain-en-Laye, attached to Louis' natal chamber." They didn't go broke, they went house hunting.

Did Martin Get the Drop on Wyatt Earp?

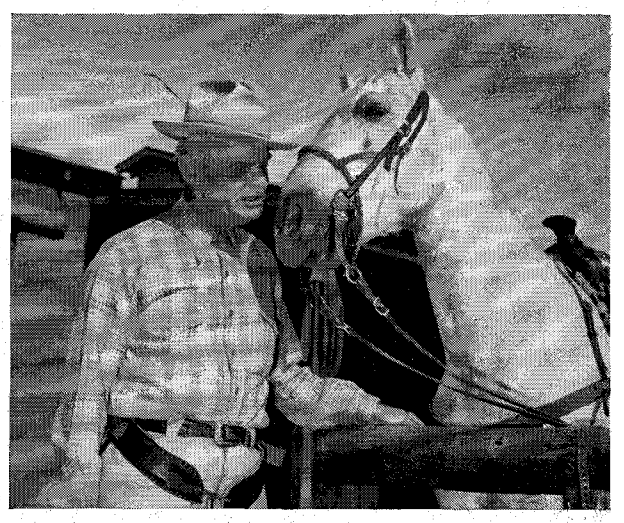
When TV's Wyatt Hugh O'Brian Earp, page 28, and that notorious Eastern straightshooter, Pete Sixgun Martin, conversed in the wide-open spaces of Marshal Earp's Hollywood living room, they relaxed momentarily to practice getting the drop on each other with ancient Colt revolvers. Later, seeing a picture that was taken of this gunplay, O'Brian exclaimed, "Gosh, don't print that! You've got the drop on me!" Martin must have beat the camera, for O'Brian unholsters his artillery in three fifths of a second and Martin certainly doesn't.

While O'Brian was telling Martin the fascinating history of the original Wyatt Earp, Martin remembered a time when he was a young manuscript reader on the Post and he discovered in the mail an article series about Earp (who had died the year before) and other old Westerners, written by Stuart Lake. After the Post published this in 1930, a little old lady dropped into Martin's office one day to make his acquaintance—it was Mrs. Earp. Stuart Lake, who lived with Earp during his last years, wrote the basic story for O'Brian's very popular TV feature. So, as Hugh O'Brian told Martin all about Earp, the writer had an impulse to tell *him* a few things. But he didn't; just sat dead-pan. Interviewers get into zany situations.

Life Among the Authors

Authors **Paul Gallico** (page 26) and Erich Remarque ran into each other in Paris one day, immediately asked each other what women's fashion shows they had attended recently, and then spiritedly discussed the relative merits of the latest female habiliments. A mutual acquaintance finally asked, "For two men, what's the idea of *this* conversation?" Explained Gallico: "We're dressing the women we are going to write about next. Doing it dirt-cheap too."

"It must gratify the Post to start such a reaction as followed my article," reflects **Mary Mitchell.** (Children are Smarter Than You Think, in the March 9th Post, about experiments with teaching science to kindergarten and early-grade pupils in Beauvoir School, Washington.) Examples of the reaction: a California principal promptly closed her grade school for four days and flew east to look Beauvoir over; a Texas public school, which thought it was teaching enough science, decided it wasn't and rushed its P.T.A. president up to Beauvoir; the Vermont State Education Office invited Mrs. Viola Woodside, Beauvoir science teacher, to come and conduct a seminar for elementary-science teachers. Besides such happenings, there was, to be sure, a typical Post-inspired flood of mail, American and foreign, and the flood keeps rolling along. Yes, Mrs. Mitchell, it *is* gratifying.



When serialist **Bud Kelland,** page 49, recently sold his home in Scottsdale, Arizona, that made the twelfth home he has owned and sold, not to mention a dozen or so he has rented and lived in. He says he has never been in favor of living a sedentary life. But now he has purchased a 1680 house in Old Brookville, Long Island, and (at the age of seventy-five) he rejoices, "I do believe I now have settled down!" Does he want to bet?

NEXT WEEK'S POST:
"The Actor in Me"

Are all actors crazy mixed-up types? Kirk Douglas, who is one of the most intense craftsmen in Hollywood, frankly analyzes the reasons for his own behavior on film and off.

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